THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME

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THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME

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THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME

DUNBAR VON KALCKREUTH

Translated from the German by
CAROLINE FREDRICK

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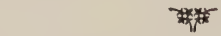

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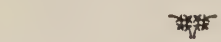

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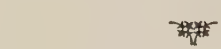

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THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME

Chapter I 1100–900[1] B.C.

THE BIRTH OF ROME

Stranger, where you gaze,
Where mighty Rome now stands,
Before Æneas came
Stretched hill and pasture.

PROPERTIUS

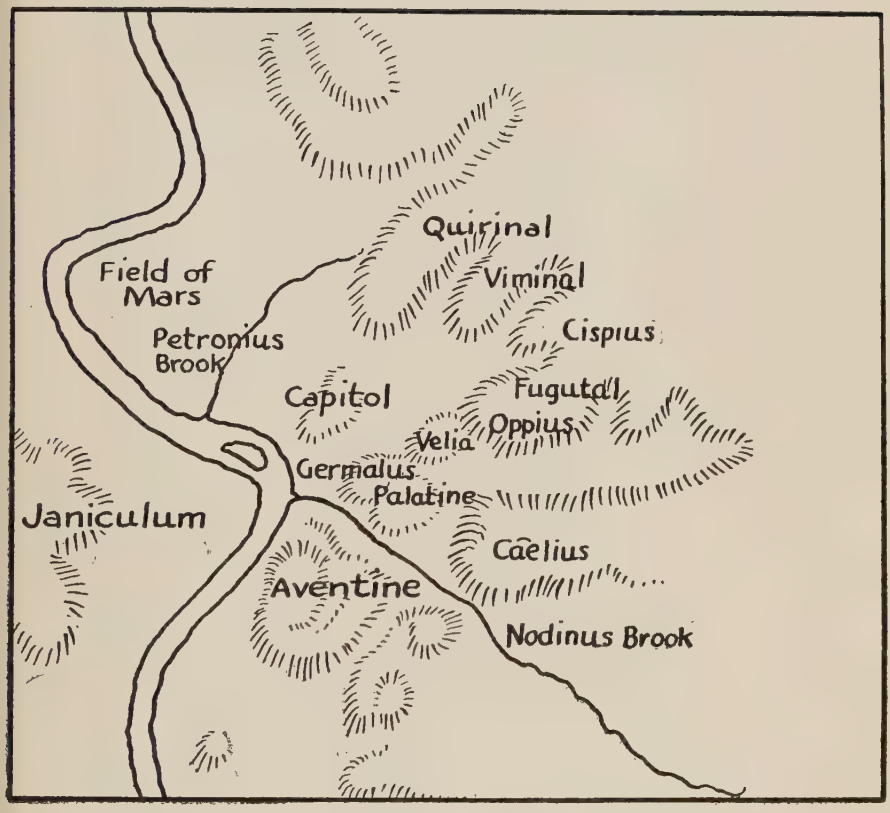
FOR NEARLY ALL THE LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS ROME HAS stood as the focus of world events, yet she entered late upon the stage of history, and her origin was insignificant. Her soil was poor, her early development unfolded slowly, and her patron goddess was the daughter of lowly peasants in the very humblest circumstances. No royal caprice made Rome the chosen seat of a princely household, like the capitals of oriental despots. She was not the result of any scheme in the head of a lordly ruler to found a city, like Alexandria, St. Petersburg, or Angora. Rome had no mother city, as had Carthage, in command of international trade; nor was she a large flourishing colony like Syracuse and Marseille. On the contrary, the brooding world-spirit that gave birth to this great design allowed it to grow in secret. In a field still virgin the seed was laid, a gift of the elements Fire and Water wrestling there with each other in remote ages,[2] surely a worthy spot for the future history of the world to be staged!

When this seed was putting forth its first slender shoots, the human race had already travelled far; dawn was breaking on the Middle Ages of antiquity; the greatest glory of Egypt was long past; Assyria held the reins in the ancient inheritance of Sumer and Akkad; the Hittites had been submerged[3] — that strange people

which was probably the first to carry the near Asiatic civilization into the countries along the Mediterranean; the Jews had attained under David the highest point of their political power; Hellas had already buried her heroes, the siege of Troy was spent, and the gold of the Mycenæan Age had faded. In those days new Hellenic tribes were pressing their way onward and were bringing about definitive conditions in Hellas. The cities of Phœnicia were flourishing and through their commerce were strewing further seeds of civilization out of the lap of Asia along the shore of the Mediterranean. They it was who founded that City of the Sea which grew to such stupendous power almost contemporaneously with the insignificant Latin village. A half-millenium later these two rivals fought their titanic duel, giving to the world an undreamed-of spectacle which was to change the face of the earth for all time.

At this stage the hills of Rome were covered with thick-growing forests, and torrents ran through marshy lowlands to join the rivers. The first human inhabitants had settled in caves and huts upon the Palatine. In one of these — the cave of Cacus, which may still be seen — the blanched bones of a prehistoric sea-monster were found; hence the people believed in giants who might once have lived there. Volcanoes near by drove the shepherds to seek protection for themselves and their cattle on the hill along the Tiber.

Thus Rome was born: the universe itself seemed to labour, the sun to be for ever extinguished while deep night rolled over the Latium plains.[4] The Alban craters flamed like giant torches flinging shafts of lightning. Plutonian thunder was mingled with the far-off roar of the sea and the moaning storm that swept through the virgin forests of the seven hills onward to the raging Tiber. There, to protect themselves in that forest darkness, the shepherds had rushed with their herds in frantic flight. They fought and struggled, stamping their way through dense thickets never before entered; yelping wolves leaped towards them, while in the branches overhead birds flapped their wings and screeched in terror. The foundations of the earth trembled; giant trees were uprooted, and crashed to the ground, dragging others with them as they fell. Torrents rushed



Ancient Rome (Chapter I)

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headlong through the valleys as if they too had been put to flight. Lightning flashed unceasingly, and, looking back, the terrified shepherds saw a glowing fiery serpent [5] crawling nearer and nearer on its slow relentless course. "*Ruma, Ruma!*" [6] they screamed in fear, and deeper into the pathless wilderness they fled, through marsh and thicket, until they came to that hill at whose feet another stream broke raging. "Here we are and here we will remain." [7] That was the hour when Rome was born.[8]

The riot of the elements abated; soon the sun shone again, and the symmetry of the days was restored. In that threatening night, pregnant with destruction and eternal ruin, the foundation of a new order was laid, on which the world today still rests. Out of chaos harmony came forth, as the ancient Aryan mythology had taught.[9] And Aryan offspring was destined to make its deep symbolism true.

When the storm was spent and everywhere stillness reigned,
When soft billows again rose over the sparkling waves,
Then across the waters Æneas perceived a wood
Where the Tiber poured forth her lovely stream to the sea.

VIRGIL

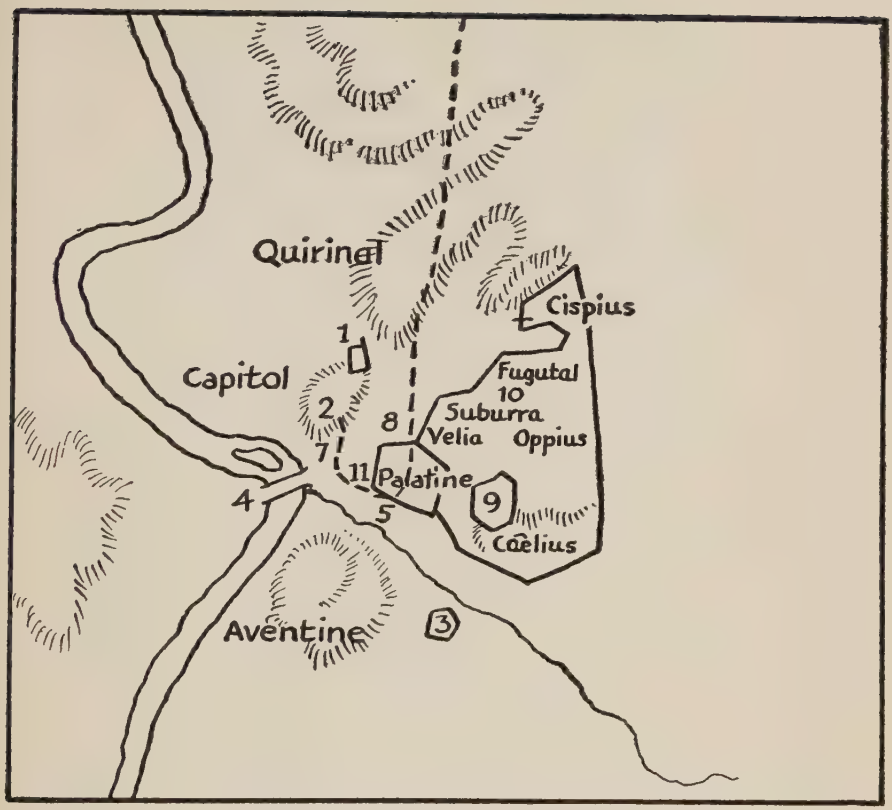
So the descendants of the first shepherds sat upon the rocks that had been their refuge. Generations followed generations, clearing the forest and blazing trails over which new-comers found their way to neighbourly settlements. Peacefully the cattle grazed on ever widening pastures. Savage beasts retreated deeper into the forest, and in gratitude the people offered sacrifices in a cave on the Palatine to "The Defender from the Wolves." Ever-increasing numbers and the same general state of existence finally brought about the beginnings of organized community life.

THE VILLAGE OF THE SEVEN HILLS

Hic ubi nunc fora udæ tenuere paludes.

OVID

SO CONDITIONS REMAINED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS — A troglodyte life in the wilderness — while outside, to the east and south, people in the bright light of history were fighting their way onward or enduring their lot. In Italy that looked towards the west the power of the Etrurians was extending, a puzzling people,[1] probably an offshoot of the Mongols in Asia Minor. At that time excitement had been created by the arrival on sea of the Tyrrhenians and Hellenes, who in their turn had been pushed about by the Greek migrations,[2] crossing the Mediterranean like the vikings. These new-comers landed also in Etruria, bringing with them cultural stimuli, and soon took the lead. They were venturesome and of enterprising spirit; and the perpetual sameness in the life of the primitive Italian peoples — with their village wars, their continual splitting up of tribes, and their utter seclusion — received the first impetus to ethnological disintegration and new amalgamations. The Latin villages formed a strong confederation in those days in order not to succumb to the rising power of Etruria. New settlers, the Latin Ramnes, had established themselves as conquerors on the Palatine and had fortified it; shepherds had become soldiers on the ramparts. Others had colonized the Esquiline, and a group of Sabines had settled on the Quirinal hill. These various peoples made agreements and entered into alliances among themselves of the same significance as the state treaties that simultaneously the Egyptians were making with the Assyrians. Thus one more unit was added to the



THE CITY OF SEVEN HILLS (Chapter II)

——— Route

1. North hill of the Capitol with the citadel of the Tities
2. South hill of the Capitol with the stone of the boundary-god Terminus
3. Aventine citadel
4. Pons Sublicius
5. Circus valley (Vallis Murcia)
7. Forum Boarium (cattle-market)
8. Prehistoric cemetery
9. Cælian citadel
10. Esquiline citadel
11. Cacus cave and Lupercal

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league of fifty-two Latin communities, a unit that in years to come was to be the ruler of those very Egyptians and Assyrians.

Let us look at the future capital of the world at this time, and at the people who were to be the ancestors of those who later created and dethroned Pharaohs and mighty kings.

This insignificant little spot of ground differed in no way from a thousand others, scattered over nearly all the cliffs of the mountainous peninsular, which the immigrating Italians had colonized. Why, then, does every stone the Romans laid, every grave they dug, their primitive manners and customs, their scant religious vision — in short, every trifling circumstance — interest us today more than the beginnings of London, say, or Berlin, or New York? Because just those primitive conditions contain the original cell, the character of the inhabitants, the protoplasm, so to speak, from which directly or indirectly the whole world of today has built itself up; because this spot of earth was predestined to absorb almost all that hitherto had been accomplished in the development of mankind and to make of it unity — the European culture and civilization which rules the world. That was the entelechy of Rome decreed by fate. This primitive cell had its source in the peasants of Latium. Whence did they spring, and what was Nature's gift to them?

The great Aryan mother had already sent many of her sons out into the world; a few had entered into fruitful marriage with heiresses of rich lands,[3] whose culture they brought to full flower; others, through fate or disposition, fell into an obscure life of brigandage; [4] still others became extinct.[5] Then about the middle of the second millenium of our chronology two other sons emigrated: Italus and Hellen, who, as brothers often do, embodied entirely different characteristics of their ancestors; each one was to develop these individual traits to peculiar perfection, becoming both teachers and examples to their descendants.[6] While the Hellenes entered the charmed circle of Eastern civilization, under whose sunlight they quickly blossomed into the finest fruit of the human race, the Italians migrated into the almost desolate country of Italy, with its back turned towards the East. There they remained in complete seclusion

for many years — like Japan during the Middle Ages — their mode of living unchanged from what it had been in their former home. As among the Hellenic people the Athenian crystallized into the most illustrious type of Grecian character, so the youngest Latin village on the Tiber became also an outstanding example; in its characteristic diversity it stands as a representative of many others, consequently enclosing within itself totality. It is for this reason that everything concerning that village and its inhabitants is of interest to us, especially because in its primitive state it did not seem to differ from a Russian *slobode* or a group of Irish peasant huts.

The Italians had brought with them from their native soil a knowledge of farming and pasture-lands. They had the same kinds of grain, the same plough and sickle, the same measuring implements as they and the Hellenes had used while still living together; indeed, they had in common with the Hellenes all the elements that concern the material rudiments of human existence. This fact is attested to by the finding of the same words in both languages. Before their migrations these people did not know the use of iron, a condition still existing when the Romans built the Pons Sublicius [7] and when the Greeks constructed the Buleuterium at Cyzicus; no iron was used in either of these.

While, however, the Hellenes quickly adjusted themselves to the higher civilization that they found, the Italians held much longer to their old implements, their clothing of hides, their Aryan spears and bows, and the round and oval shapes of their dwellings; later both peoples confined this type of structure to definite shrines. Both were bequeathed from their Aryan mother distinctive ideas of equality in birth and rank, of monogamy, law, and religion, and also the making of confederations.

But when once separated the outward form of these fundamental ideas soon changed, as much because of inherent differences in each people's character as from purely exterior influences. The Aryan treasure-house had given to them in common a symbolic and allegorical conception of nature; with the Hellenes this was soon embodied in the artistic, while the Italians clung fast to abstract ideas of all

natural phenomena, modifying them into a scheme of universal animism.[8] Hence they believed every physical thing had within itself its attendant spirit, which passed away with the object itself. They were, first of all, practical farmers who made their ideas of god conform to the most material and prosaic desires. They conceived a debtor and creditor relationship similar to that of the Jews and tried to pay their obligations in a wholly business-like way by sacrifice and senseless ceremony. These thrifty, practical-minded peasants never dreamed of delighting the gods and themselves through art as an end in itself, and they frankly disdained what they did not know or could not do. Everything pertaining to the decorative was brought to them, in the course of time, from without. To this matter-of-fact interpretation of life everything else was adjusted. The strongest kind of patriotic discipline governed the family, actually unlimited despotism on a small scale; and the power of the master of the house, with his control over wife and children, increased arbitrarily.

Firmly rooted like the individual family grew also the clan and province, the town and state. Thus the structure of this small world — only a village, with its farms and pastures, at the beginning — became rigid and unalterable. "The Roman surrendered his personal free will for the sake of freedom in the abstract," [9] while the Greek also loved freedom, though each man loved only his own. To the Roman his love of country dominated everything; the individual counted for no more than a cell in a coral-reef. Thus organically grew the foundation which was to bear a world; and thus certain human characteristics became incarnate: the power of might, obedience, sobriety, common sense, unwavering endurance, industry, and patriotism; through the medium of a Latin village these traits developed to their extreme logical end and stood revealed in the single conception of the character of the Roman people. Growing on the Aryan tree as the strongest limb, it was flattered and caressed by the blossoming branch of the Hellenic nature.

Let us now transport ourselves into the ninth century B.C., when Lycurgus was giving Sparta her constitution, and Solomon was

dividing his kingdom; and let us accompany a Tuscan merchant who was wandering with potter's ware through the wild tribes of Italy. He came from Umbria, lying in the shadows of her great dark forests, and travelled through Sabini and the Ciminian woods.[10] His father was Tuscan, and his mother Umbrian; he told how Etruria had taken Clusium, his paternal city, from the Umbrians, who once had occupied the whole of Tuscany, and how the Umbrians still cursed the robbers in their prayers.[11] A confederation of the twelve cities of Etruria ruled from the Po to the region of Campania, he said. There alone was life worth living, there alone were the cities wall-girt, with temples, vaults, and treasure-houses.[12] The nobles, who were called Lucumos, had magnificent establishments, rode through the streets in carriages, and dressed in purple, with diadem and sceptre; they also built great memorial tombs for themselves.[13] Trade flourished in the ports of Cære, Punicum, and Pyrgi, where ships of the Far East landed, both Phœnician and Greek. The Etrurians knew how to copy on an enormous scale the works of art they purchased, and they spread them through the whole of Italy as he himself was doing. The tradespeople were artists, who worked in alabaster, ivory, and clay, making things of matchless grace,[14] like the Ficoroni casket of Pæstum. Casting in bronze was also known to them; Volsinii, the Delphi of Etruria,[15] had more than two thousand brass images. Because of the wet climate, these people had mastered the building of underground drainage canals, which no one else could copy.[16]

In contrast to all this how pitifully far behind were the barbaric peasants and shepherd-folk, who had no desire for the refinements of life and who for hundreds of years had lived on in totally unchanged conditions! Nearly every year a part of the rising generation left the native land,[17] which could not supply enough field and pasture, and adventurously fought its way from tribe to tribe seeking a place of its own. These barbarians knew no art, worshipped unimportant deities in dark groves, without images, and offered human beings in sacrifice. But in Etruria a wise priesthood, with mysterious and elaborate ceremony, knew how to fathom the will of the gods through sacrificial augury.

While the merchant told all these experiences, the way led over pasture and field and along the old Via Salaria to the villages on the Tiber. Great herds of cattle and sheep to right and left belonged to Latin communities in the vicinity of Rome. The heavens hung low with clouds; it rained frequently, for in those times, when mighty forests covered the peninsula, the climate was far more moist. The sun of Italy had not yet burst forth.

The traveller resumed his story: "There the Tiber rolls on to the Tuscan Sea — a mountain torrent, as they call it here. We are now entering Roman territory, which begins a mile from the ramparts. On the other side of the river everything is Etrurian.[18] Only this land stretching out to the sea belongs to the Romans. They take the salt from these meadows and sell it with profit in the interior of the country. Theirs is the only one of the Latin cities engaged in any trade, but it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Etrurian city Cære, for, like all the places where Italian tribes have built their hovels, it is primitive and peasant-like.

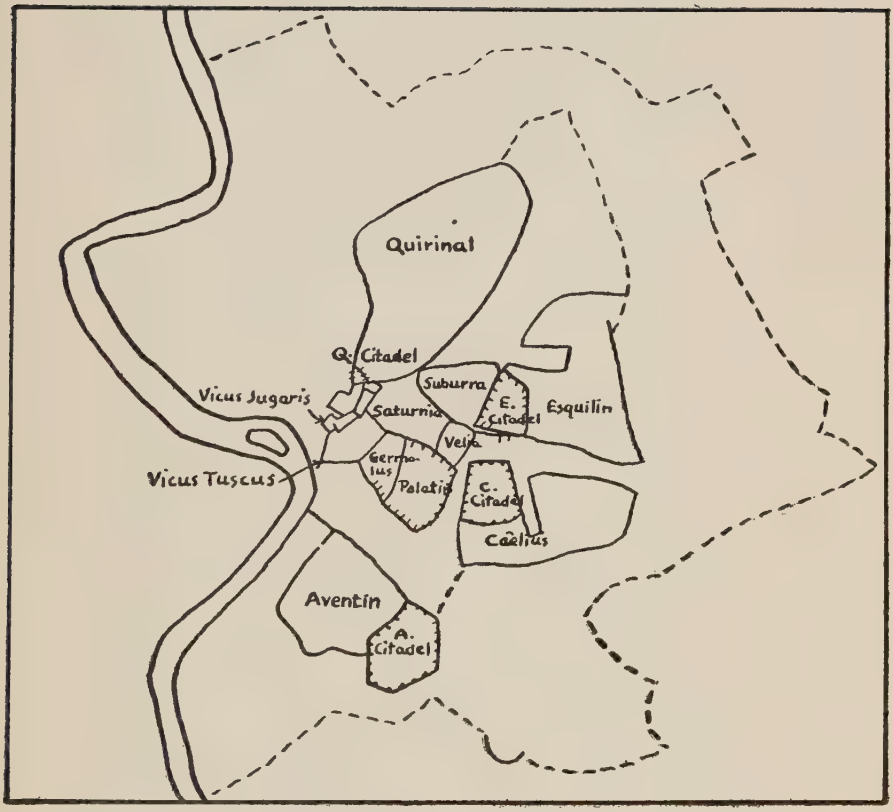
"We are entering now," he explained further, "the Sabine city on the Quirinal, a town without walls or ramparts, but with a citadel to the south, where the chief of the tribe dwells. This is the sacred grove of their sun-god,[19] Semo Sancus; the level stretch there below along the river belongs to the Tities tribe, but it is often so submerged that it becomes a swamp.[20] These Tities once separated from their people in the Sabine region and settled near the Latin city on the seven hills, with which they were often at variance."

The rain had stopped, and through miry paths the way led down to the valley of the Quirinal. "There the ramparts rise which enclose the seven communities," said the guide; "on that summit is the citadel of the Esquiline and the outlying houses of the people. There are no huts here below because the ground is too marshy, but there on the heights they stand together — round buildings made of clay, with high straw roofs and no windows, the hearth-smoke escaping only through the open door; on the shelf above the hearth hang the heads of animals slain in the hunt. These are typical Italian peasant houses," the Tuscan added scornfully. "Behind this wooden arch [21] that forms the

gate to the Sabine citadel is their graveyard; the dead are buried in hollowed-out tree-trunks or in pits cut out of the tufa.[22] Look yonder! There the steep Palatium rises, the four-cornered stronghold of the Ramnes tribe; it at least is built of the large, many-sided stones we use in Etruria. That is the Porta Mugonia,[23] which leads into the enclosure; a herd of bleating sheep is just entering; let us follow them."

To the right rose a grove of sacred oaks [24] from which the vestal virgins brought the branches for making the sacred fire. In front of the crowded clay huts sat the women, with infants at their breasts. Children were playing round and running after the sheep; domestic animals were everywhere. The men looked dark and gloomy in their caps and clothing made of hides, their long hair and beards giving them a rather wild appearance. Young girls and boys crowded round the traveller, who offered them amulets and little clay figures to serve as household gods. But they dared not buy, because as long as the father lived, they were his servants and had no possessions and no rights of their own. Old men fringed with white beards were the rulers, who controlled everything; they could even sell their children as slaves, and none would rebel. Obedience seemed inborn in all; thus it had ever been and thus it should remain. Of these things the merchant also told and then pointed down from the wall into the extensive valley of the Circus Maximus. "There valiant youth practise at bearing arms," he said, "the rich on their horses and the poor as foot-soldiers. Donkey-races, their greatest sport, are also held there on Consus-festivals. This round house belongs to Pales, the goddess of the flocks and shepherds, and that one shelters the city-hearth of the Palatine, with the eternal fire, which three virgins must guard; they are buried alive if they transgress with men," he added mysteriously. "In this hut lives the leader of the tribe; [25] it differs little from the others. We now climb down the old Cacus stairway; [26] at its foot is the sacred cave [27] where the giant was once believed to have dwelt. Near by stands the sacred fig-tree where Romulus and Remus were saved from the Tiber and where the she-wolf found and suckled them.

"Now we come to the cattle-market on the river, where the



PREHISTORIC COMMUNITY (Chapter II)

---- Later extension of walls

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peasants on certain days bring their cows and oxen for barter; upon this large altar [28] they swear with much ceremony to keep all agreements they make.[29] That wooden bridge [30] spanning the river is built by priests, the so-called ' bridge-makers,' [31] and is repeatedly destroyed, so no enemy can enter; for some reason no iron is used in its construction. In these huts lived the poor fishermen who in ancient times crossed from the opposite Etrurian shore and settled here. Nothing else remaining is worthy of note. But we must still climb the hill [32] where the god of the boundary, who watches over everything, is worshipped, in the form of a three-cornered stone. The gate to this height is called Pandana and is always open so that in case of war the dwellers on the Palatine can rush up quickly. Not long ago the Tities gained possession of it by a sudden attack, made possible through the treason of a virgin, Tarpeia. This is the place where she suffered death and where since then all traitors to their country are thrown." [33]

Amidst these explanations the Capitol had been ascended and the loquacious Tuscan pointed to the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, where the people of the Palatine hung the booty of hostile leaders slain in battle. Shaking his head, he sat down on a stone under a huge oak and began again: " The life we see here is wild and disordered, without art or beauty; yet I admire the strong organization in this small community; it always reminds me of the way the large stones in our walls are skilfully fitted together. Each family owns a house, courtyard, and garden as its private property. It is governed absolutely by the paterfamilias. It furnishes one foot-soldier and worships its own Lares and Penates. Ten families compose a clan, called *gens*, which formerly inhabited a village of their own. Their head is the senator, and they furnish one cavalry-soldier to the army. They worship the *sacra gentilicia.* Ten *gentes* form a curia, and their leader is a priest, the *flamen curialis.* Ten curiæ again in turn form one *tribus.*"

He rose, picked up his staff, and took leave, but not without once more praising the splendour of Etrurian cities and pointing with contempt to the homely peasant village, which he prophesied would soon become a prey of Tuscany. He went down the mountain and disappeared below the Tarpeian rock. The sun was sinking, a huge red ball,

behind the thousand-year-old oaks that, threatening and mysterious, stretched their gnarled branches into the evening sky against the Vatican hill.[34] On the horizon, like a delicate silver bar, lay the sea that bound nations together. The Tiber rushed impetuously over its banks. Gradually the sounds of village life grew silent; the smoke from the huts peacefully ascended towards heaven. The sun had set; from the sea a cooling wind arose and murmured through the mighty trees high up on the Capitol. Only now and then a bird cried out, or the cattle lowed in their stalls. Sheets of lightning flashed above the volcanoes on the neighbouring Alban hills. Everything breathed the deepest solitude and peace. Night hung moonless and dark over those seven hills that were destined to become more famed in history than the greatest of mountains.

Only one single glow of fire revealed human life: it flickered upon the state hearth [35] far below on the Sacra Via. Small as it was, it was nevermore to be extinguished, but was to grow into a torch that should light the world. So it was written in the book of fates, so it murmured through the trees of the Capitol, under which the Parcæ sat, spinning the thread of the Eternal City.

Chapter III *700–500 B.C.*

THE ROYAL CITY

So from all that was earthy arose
That world of high splendour — Rome!
And with a single wall she
Enclosed seven strongholds.

VIRGIL

IF WE SURVEY THE SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF RECORDED HISTORY, we seem to be gazing upon a boisterous sea whose towering and ebbing waves are fighting and tossing. Nowhere is there peace or rest; history seems lashed by a raging war-god from eternity to eternity. The fundamental laws of striving matter increase through the life of the race, the people, the state, and the city down to the individual, showing the struggle for existence. Yet here and there we find places to rest and breathe, just as in the wildly tossed waters there are occasional surfaces quiet and crystal-clear. Then the storm wanes, the war-god rests; and beauty, which too never ceases trying to express itself, contrasts its metaphysical and physical laws, uses the brief interval to unfold more quickly, so that it may bestow strength and comfort for the times of continued struggle that are to follow. Such periods are to the individual the loveliest hours of remembrance in his life; in the existence of nations they are the golden age. Then the tree of history blossoms into fragrance. There are only a few such golden ages: the first one known to us dawned for western Asia in Mesopotamia about two thousand five hundred years before our chronology, while China also had her classic age of the patriarchy. Then art, trade, and commerce celebrated their first triumphs; a

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finely organized state ruled by wise princes assured long peace, protection, and justice.[1]

A second epoch of relative universal peace shaped the century 1450–1350 B.C.,[2] when Egypt held the balance of power; at that time a large part of the civilized world breathed peace, the arts reached out their hands to one another, the first international exchange of goods took place unhindered, and a general interrelationship by marriage among the princes sought to prolong peace eternally; the courts rivalled one another in splendour, and over Hellas and the islands shone the sunlight of their first art-epoch. Then followed middle ages covering seven centuries, until about 600 B.C., when a time of classical education set in which so richly loaded hungry humanity with gifts that it still today can feast upon them. In distant China Lâo-Tsze proclaimed the gentle teaching of Tao, and Confucius gave that people its Bible; in India the Spirit revealed itself to the great Buddha; in the West, to the wise Pythagoras. Benevolent princes governed the lands and protected the arts and commerce. Ancient Egypt experienced new glory in its first contact with early Hellenism.[3] Crœsus with his golden sceptre ruled over Lydia; he competed with other princes and rich commercial cities in the magnificent Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. In Babylon Nebuchadnezzar united once again the ancient glory of the empire for a last splendour and built the hanging gardens — one of the wonders of the world. Then came the flowering of the Hellenic cities under their art-inspired tyrants: the Battiadæ in African Cyrene, Cypselus and Periander in Corinth, Pheidon of Argos, and Theagenes of Megara. Athens adorned herself like a bride, under the artistic shield of Peisistratus; Olympia united everything Hellenic in fraternal sports; and the rich colonial cities from Sicily to the Bosporus adorned their temple grounds with treasure-houses. In Delphi, Apollo's temple, to which even Pharaoh had contributed, arose in majesty. At the contests of the Muses Pindar sang his immortal odes to the divine daughters of Parnassus. Proudly the island prince Polycrates showed flourishing Samos to his visitor King Amasis of Egypt; in Sybaris the children of luxurious Rhodes caroused — they founded Pæstum near Naples, with its fragrant groves of " twice-blooming roses." Carthage,

THE ROYAL CITY (Chapter III)

— Servian walls
–|–| Four regions which do not belong to the Capitol or the Aventine
. . . The old individual forts
1. Grotto of Egeria
2. Porta Capena
3. Piscina Publica (washing-pond)
4. Circus valley (Vallis Murcia, crossed by the Nodinus)
5. Cerealis valley
6. Forum Comitium
7. Arx and Auguraculum
8. Temple of Jupiter
9. Royal fields, with altar of Juno Caprotina
10. Sanctuary and grove of Væ Jovis

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the Venice of the ancients, unfolded quickly like an exotic plant; she was queen of the western Mediterranean, and her ships sailed through the Pillars of Hercules bringing gold and silver from Spain — the Peru of antiquity. In this truly golden age, that insignificant village on the Tiber received its first royal dress. Rome had become a prize of Etruria, but not as a conquered city condemned to slavery; on the contrary, the higher civilization of Tuscany had made its entrance peacefully into the city on the seven hills; [4] like an outer garment of great magnificence it was wrapped around the rough figure without altering the individuality. Under the rule of powerful princes who gloried in their Hellenic descent and understood, like *condottieri*, how to master the violence of their voluntary subjects in order to accomplish the most with them, a finely disciplined united city was formed out of discordant independent communities. Deep in the Roman earth they engraved their royal seal, and its traces today are not yet effaced. Their momentous work was as lasting as it was useful, and gratified the far-seeing genius of the leaders as well as the practical minds of those led. With one stroke they stamped that village as the first of Italian cities, by constructing the mighty drainage canals under the earth,[5] with the vast city-walls weighing down upon them; they erected the outward bulwark, which lasted unchanged till a conquered world rested around it; while over all there glittered on the lofty heights the Temple of the Roman Jupiter.

Now we shall join a rich peasant who was setting out from his estate — in the neighbourhood of Ariccia, in the Alban hills — for Rome. We shall follow with him the course that in later centuries was to lead along the queen of high roads, the Appian Way. "I am going to visit my daughter," he said; "her husband is the son of a Roman patrician, for intermarriage among the inhabitants of Latium is not only permitted, but customary. But these haughty Romans have made themselves disliked in our confederation. This

arrogant new city, the youngest of us all, has decked herself out like an Etrurian tyrant's nest. Earlier, however, conditions were different, when we were all equal in our alliance, not in name alone. Of course, Rome always thought herself better, for she was the only one of us engaged in commerce; but now, surrounded by her strong city-wall, which makes her almost impregnable, her greed for power knows no limit. Only a little while ago she razed Alba Longa, our venerable capital city, to the ground, but she did not dare to set herself in its place. We chose Tusculum as the new head of our alliance; we meet there at the *feriæ latinæ* and go to the sacred mount [6] to offer joint sacrifices to Jupiter Latiaris. After these ceremonies the princes of the provinces assemble at the Ferrentina spring [7] to consider the affairs of our confederation.[8] But I am afraid," continued the old man, "that my Roman grandson will some day make slaves of my people in Ariccia if we do not all unite to avenge Alba and to keep Rome once for all within her own boundaries. Our neighbors, the Hernici, the Aurunci, the Æqui, the Volsci, and the Marsi, all think as we do."

It was still early in the day; the sun, which had just risen over the Sabini mountains, illumined the bold sinuous line of the city ramparts; they fitted close to the earth everywhere, in defiant opposition to all outsiders.[9] "We will enter the city," the Latin began again, "through the Porta Capena; this grove on the right conceals a spring where King Numa in the stillness of night received wise counsel from a nymph. There are the white-robed sacred virgins who from it draw the water for the Temple of Vesta."

On the left there was a large pond where the women washed clothes — a custom still prevailing today at the gateways of Italian villages. The copper-tipped gates stood wide open and a covered path led to a second gateway, for twenty-five metres within the outside wall a second wall ran parallel to it. The military belt of the young city fitted only very loosely; she still had plenty of room to grow inside. The separate fortifications of the former independent communities were left standing and looked down upon the flat uninhabited country below, where now, as before, herds of cattle were

grazing. After walking a little way beside the brook of Nodinus, the Latin stopped and pointed to a long valley: "The Vallis Murcia," he explained; "the Nodinus flows through it to the Tiber, and it was called the dead or marsh valley. But the kings had a dam constructed, so they could observe here annually their national festival the Ludi Romani, a fête celebrating a triumph ignominious to us Latins. At that time great numbers of people encamp here, while senators and noblemen watch the games from sheltered enclosures. At specified distances from each other two stakes are driven into the ground and are connected by a rope; then the races and equestrian feats begin. According to Etrurian custom, the gods of the state are also present; they are conveyed in magnificent carriages from the Capitol.

"We will now take our way between these two high Palatine and Cælian fortresses to the valley of Cerialis. There to the left near the Palatine stands the old town hall of the thirty curiæ,[10] where the Nova Via [11] leads. This is the Velia hill, where the Valerians live; over there through that wooden arch is the road to the former Esquiline stronghold; the mighty Cispians, who immigrated from Tuscany, live there, and the Oppians, who came from Anagni. At last we are on the Sacra Via, which will take us to the Forum Novum; it crosses the four sections into which the kings of Rome have divided the entire city; only the king himself is allowed to live there, no private citizen can acquire landed property on it. That square house is the Regia, near the altar of Jupiter Stator, which was erected in memory of his halting the Sabines before they could storm the Palatine. The *flamen Dialis* is just coming out of his house near the Regia, with his white pointed hat, and the little olive-branch in his hand. He is the priest of Jupiter and is not allowed to ride on horseback or to wear a ring, or to touch either a corpse or ivy, which is the symbol of fetters; neither can he ever leave Rome overnight. He offers sacrifice to Jupiter on the ides and opens the vintage; his wife, the *flaminica*, offers sacrifice to Juno on the first day of the month, the calends, which is held sacred to her; their children, the *camilli*, help with the religious service."

Now and then the worthy man of Latium greeted patricians whom he knew, or a senator in red shoes[12] passing with his clients; the Temple of Penates[13] was left behind on the right, and the Temple of Vesta on the left. "There are the virgin priestesses," he said, "just returning with the water from the sacred spring. They tend the ever-burning fire on the state hearth and guard the Palladium, which Æneas saved from burning Troy. The Romans believe its fate and that of their own city to be irrevocably bound together; no unhallowed eye has ever gazed upon it.[14] This is the Forum Novum; what was once a much larger pond is now just that little pool; a few olive- and grape-trees cast their shadows on the smooth hard-trodden clay. On market-days[15] especially, people from the surrounding country crowd around those booths or find shelter from the rain in the arboured walks. That narrow section behind is the Velabrum, with the Vicus Tuscus, because the Tuscan builders lived there; the kings had them erect the temple on the Capitol and other religious shrines and also construct the sewers.

"That unusual gateway standing there alone with its doors open is called the Arch of Janus; it once was part of a Sabine fortress and is supposed to be closed only when Rome is not at war with her neighbours. But as the neighbours have other neighbours, war never ends. So the gate will always be open — until either the whole world is conquered or the Romans themselves are annihilated. The little temple on the way to the Capitol is that of Saturn, the god of riches, who gives dung to the peasants to make their soil fruitful; the Romans do not wish him ever to be moved out of the city, so they have bound his feet with woollen bands. Here at the threshold rests the body of the Greek prince Orestes; the Romans have stolen this too, like everything else; they took it from our grove of Diana in Ariccia. Look! there comes the King in his royal carriage, drawn by white bulls, a true picture of an Etrurian tyrant surrounded by all the splendour of his court.[16] He has doubtless summoned the senate to convene and is now approaching the meeting in state; for his twelve messengers are preceding him with their fasces of elm-wood, from which the axes project. Look at his face, streaked, like

Jupiter's, with vermilion; he wears the sovereign band, the fascia, on his head, his breast is covered with a purple toga, and an ivory sceptre is in his left hand. The senators are awaiting him there under the lotus-tree [17] where Vulcan,[18] the Etrurian Sethlans, is worshipped. Now the carriage turns into the little space [19] five metres above the Forum, in front of the curia; the senators follow, the people must stay below. Come, let us leave the crowd behind us."

The road led past an odd circular building to which a square structure seemed to have been added later; this was the state prison, the Roman Bastille.[20] After we had climbed a hundred and sixty feet higher, the settlements on the hills stood out like islands on a green sea, safely surrounded by the far-reaching curve of the city-walls. On the summit stood an altar to Juno,[21] shrouded in trees, and the Latin pointed to a stone under a roof, not far away. "That is the Auguraculum," he explained, "and there comes the augur himself in his antiquated toga and carrying his staff. He has probably been surveying the eastern heavens trying to find, through the flight of crows, woodpeckers, eagles, or vultures, a state oracle for some important decision. The air is clear, so neither thunder nor lightning could give him any information about the future. He is coming towards us across the sward where the herbs grow which the fetiales carried when they went to an enemy's frontier to demand reparation or to declare war."

The augur, an old man of high rank, whose long hair mingled with his flowing beard, shook the hand of the Latin with gravity. "After a while I must go to a meeting in the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius," he said, "but let us first sit down a little in this warm sunshine." "I am agreed," the man from Ariccia replied; "and can you not take this opportunity to explain to the stranger here the superiority of your state organization? For you know I am merely a Latin, familiar with only the simple conditions that have come down to us from our early ancestors, good and hence unchanged."

The augur, although perhaps realizing the irony of these words, shrugged his shoulders, laid the staff across his knee and answered: "Voluntarily or not, you outside will have to conform to us, in a

not too distant time. Whoever rests rusts. We also once thought as you do; but people who do not advance stand still. We are proud of ourselves and seek to follow the path pointed out to us by our forefathers; but we are not content with that alone, as you are. Above everything else each of us in his own way has the feeling of responsibility to our state — which we ourselves are. Our young men think as we do; they are obedient and patriotic. We do not go forth with a blind zeal for war from love of adventure, and sacrifice our bravest to it; we seek only to protect our frontiers — cost what it may — even if we must fight with the whole of Italy. We are settled peasants like you; we wish to live in peace, and for that reason we carry on war. Everyone thinks the same, and this unity makes us strong."

After a pause he continued: "The nature of our state is complex and yet simple. It holds fast to the old and adds the new in due order. At the head stands the king, our agent, the paterfamilias of the state, who executes the laws but may not alter them without consent of the people. As the representative of the great and most high Jupiter, the deity of this city, he is robed like him; in war he is absolute outside the city; in peace he is administrator of the income and the justiciary. The senate, typical of our earlier constitution, is composed of three hundred representatives of our three hundred families; the king calls them for advice when he needs it. As a kind of joint executive, they wear the red shoes, the ring, and the purple stripe on the toga.[22] They are not allowed to interfere in the affairs of the army or with legal decrees; yet they can register their veto if the assembly of the thirty curiæ proposes a law that in their opinion is contrary to the interest of the existing order. Our full citizens, the people, are, as the sum total of the state, alone sovereign. The sovereign people have the right of clemency and they only can ratify changes that the king proposes in the law. Only as citizens of the state are the sons equal to the fathers. The king is our highest official, and any full citizen can be elected to that office; he commands unconditionally; all government rests in him and he is absolute except as bound by the law; he is not an omnipotent head of the state, for

he is not allowed to control private or family rights. The senate is the highest authority and governs the state during an interregnum. In conclusion, the people, although representing the sovereignty of the state, are not allowed to act alone, but must act jointly when our plan of government is to be changed."

The augur rose, looked at the position of the sun, and ended his explanation: "So the three divisions of our state are interdependent in the wisest possible way. They have developed out of our own people and are neither artificial nor borrowed. Come with me now to the southern peak of the mountain, where our most high god lives with the women of his household.[23] In our watch-tower there, we seek to fathom his will, under the protection of the helpful Juno."[24]

The way led downward to a place shadowed by great trees where, guarding the indissoluble union between the Arx and the Capitol, the weird Væ Jovis was worshipped. "An old sanctuary was here," explained the priest, "when this was still neutral territory between the Quirinal and the Palatine; now it too is drawn inside the strong fortifications surrounding our sacred hill. That broad field below, stretching to the river, belongs to the royal house. Members of the royal family are buried there, for on that spot where the tall trees at the altar of Juno Caprotina[25] cast their shadows, Romulus disappeared from the sight of the people, during a review of the army, and was transported to the gods."

The road led up the hill again to the new Temple of Jupiter. The Latin looked grimly at the terracotta quadriga crowning the roof, and said sullenly: "This temple was built from the proceeds of triumphal spoil taken from us Latins." "Yes, that is true," the augur answered, "but it was consecrated to Jupiter, whom we all worship together at our joint shrine.[26] Hence the temple of the god of the allied Latins was copied." "Yes, and the quadriga, like the image of the god himself, was made in the Tuscan city of Veii; the whole house was built by Etrurians," said the Latin. "So must even the land of the enemy contribute to adorning our city and to honouring our gods worthily."

Then the augur took his leave and crossed to the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius. The Latin did not wish to enter the shrine, for he remembered grudgingly what had decided the Romans to become the rulers of the whole of Italy. At the building of this temple they had found a still bleeding head, which had inspired the augurs to the prophecy and had given the hill the name Capitoline. So he left to visit his daughter, who lived in the Vicus Patricius; he hurried past the shed where the geese consecrated to Juno were kept, down the newly-constructed Clivus Capitolinus, which led to the Forum.[27]

The temple, with its low roof, a wooden architrave, and widely separated columns, presented a clumsy appearance. The wooden doors stood open. In the middle niche, on a high pedestal, stood the painted clay image of Jupiter[28] wrapped in robes of victory; his face streaked with vermilion gave him a bloody aspect; in one hand he held a thunderbolt, in the other a spear. The sun streamed through the open roof — the only gold that filled as yet that unobtrusive spot. With hesitating steps a young boy approached, tall and of noble bearing. Proudly he carried the purple-bordered toga,[29] like a young king; over his shoulder hung bow and quiver; his gleaming eyes gazed on the highest god. He approached solemnly, knelt down, and held towards him with outstretched hand as if in consecration, his wooden shield, on which lay a sword. Then he rose and walked backwards with measured steps, his eyes still fixed on the divine image. A circle of light from the radiant morning sun surrounded him. Suddenly he turned and rushed out of the temple with a shout of joy, striking his wooden sword against the shield. He was Young Rome itself in its youth.

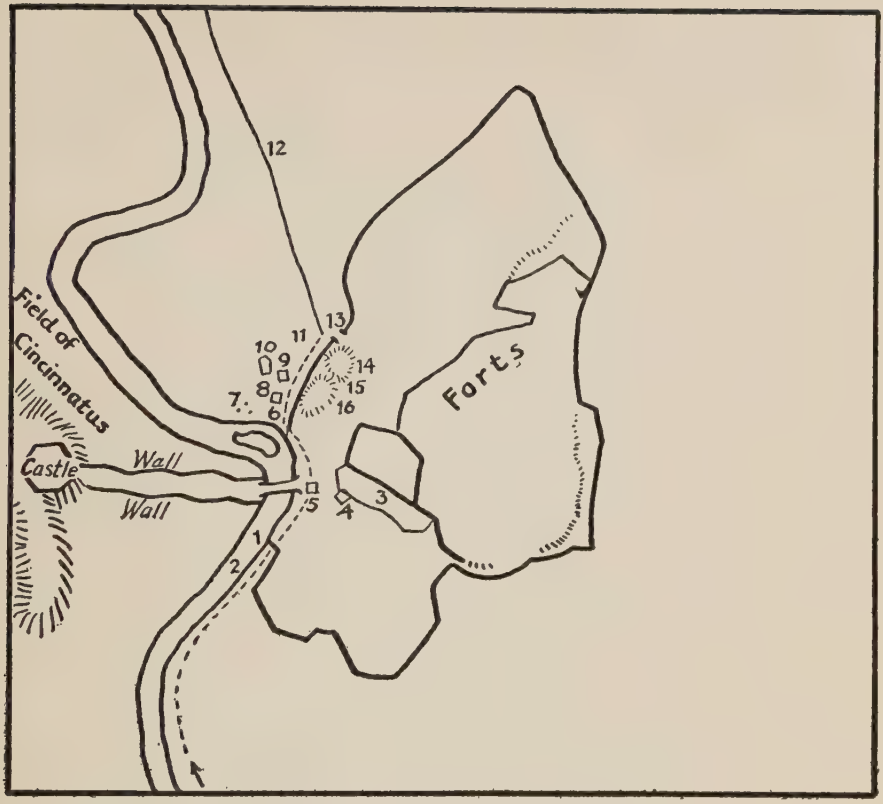
REPUBLICAN ROME

Parcum genus
Patiensque laborum.

THE INSATIABLE SPIRIT OF ASIATIC DESPOTISM, EMBODIED at this point in the rulers of Persia, had once more set its slaves in motion. It had rushed upon Africa, at one stroke had annexed the worn-out empire of the Pharaohs, and had sought to get Carthage also into its power. Then it took up again the historic struggle with Europe, when for the first time a definite boundary line was established. The Greeks defended that part of the earth destined by fate to govern the world, as if they were champions of future Rome itself. During this era a democratic impulse peculiar to Europe swept through all its nations, overthrowing dynasties, modifying aristocratic constitutions, and putting the weight of power into the hands of the propertied classes. In Rome a reactionary revolution had driven out the deteriorating kingdom and had re-established the ancient government of the tribes, but was forcing it step by step into democratic channels. For now began the two hundred years' struggle between the old nobility — the patriciate — on the one hand, and the great body of plebeians on the other. The latter order had been formed from the free peasantry living on the Aventine hill — the last community to be added — from the serfs of the old citizen class, and from the craftsmen and tradespeople settled in Rome, on whom the kingdom had relied for aid, and whom it had specially favoured. The patrician and the plebeian were the twins which the Roman she-wolf had suckled; both had the same love for her, and the same interest in her property and laws. The

dissension between them kept the state internally always alive and prevented any premature torpor. Violent as the struggle often was, as soon as an agreement was reached, Rome stood stronger than before.[1] Outwardly she always preserved iron discipline and unanimity.

Having become republican,[2] the commonwealth developed during the two centuries in the following manner: In civil administration, the royal title was conservatively retained in the "*rex sacrificulus*"; he lived in the old residence of the kings, but could exercise spiritual functions only; in emergencies a dictator could be appointed for as long a period as six months, and all the rights of the former royal power were then vested in him. This same sovereignty was at times jointly embodied in the consuls — first called prætors or indices — the two kings of the year. But gradually their power was divided through the creation of new offices.[3] The senate again became an assembly of three hundred kings, representing the old Roman families and possessing whatever state knowledge existed. It was not allowed to make the laws as it formerly had done, but its deliberations had as much force. Its confirmation was necessary for magistrates elected by the people, and after their term of office expired, it filled up any gaps in its own numbers from among these officials.[4] The patrician class was the body of old Roman citizens, whose power had been limited by the kings, but who now had regained all the former prerogatives of government. To keep this power a hard struggle arose with that group of plebeians whom the kings had always used against the patricians and who through preferment in office had gained considerable wealth. These rich plebeians, together with the prosperous peasants on the Aventine, had — since the system of Servius Tullius had reorganized the army — provided twelve centuries of cavalry to every six furnished by the patricians. The old conception of knighthood applied to both. The efforts of this part of the plebeian class were naturally directed towards equality with the ruling patricians, who assiduously excluded them from all offices. Hence the rich plebeians were tempted to make clever use of the needy situation of the poorer members of their class in order to attain place in the state government. As opposed to the consulate proper, they created



ROME, 300 B.C. (Chapter IV)

1. Porta Trigemina
2. Wood dock and salt-works
3. Circus Carceres
4. Temple of Ceres
5. Temple of Mater Matuta at the cattle-market
6. Porta Carmentalis and vegetable-market
7. Lucus Poetelinus
8. Temple of Apollo Medicus
9. Temple of Bellona and the war-memorial
10. Villa Publica
11. Sæpta or Ovile
12. Street to Veii
13. Porta Ratumena
14. Robur — state prison
15. Comitium with Senate House
16. Forum Romanum

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the tribunes of the people, who were to provide revolutionary help, protect the weak from the insolence of the officials, and gradually take away the privileges of the patriciate. Thus they set up a permanent state of civil war.[5]

The plebeian ædiles were appointed at the same time, to protect the people from the oppression of the patrician landowners. They looked after the city-police, the grain-supply, and the determining of market prices. The poorer plebeians, owning little land, and suffering from failure of crops, hostile devastation, and continual war, soon fell into a condition of dire distress. The patricians then lent them money at usurious rates, and because of the severe debtor law of the state, made slaves of these plebs, who were rarely able to pay. The nobility also seized territory taken from the enemy, increased its own herds at the expense of the state meadows, and deprived the poor of them by renting out their use. It was the duty of the ædiles to see that those in distress received help from the plebeian treasury in the Temple of Ceres.[6] In the *lex agraria* proposed by the tribunes in 486 B.C., power over the state domains was to be taken from the senate, and the public land was to be surveyed and divided — a part to be distributed among the needy, and the remainder leased for the benefit of the public treasury. This was the spectre that was to haunt the rich for centuries. Important also was the *lex Publilia*, proposed in 472 B.C., following the murder of a tribune; for it equalized the assemblies which represented the independent middle class — excluding all patricians and the plebeians who owned no land — with the assemblies in which the rich formed the majority. The law of the Twelve Tables (compiled 457–449 B.C.) was the first written law to endorse tribunal help; it was also the first and only Roman law pertaining to landed property, by which later the consuls in their judicial power (and after 343 B.C. the prætors) were bound. Finally in 367 B.C. the Licinian laws, which were passed through the efforts of the wealthier plebeians and the peasantry, ended the political ascendancy of the patricians; they created the office of prætor, a new magistrate, lower in rank, but with powers resembling those of the consuls, and also established the curule ædileship.

Step by step, just as Rome conquered the world, so one part of her population by obdurate struggle obtained equal rights with the other; by the end of the fourth century B.C. offices of state were open to both patrician and plebeian.[7] After 356 B.C. a plebeian could become even dictator; plebs entered the senate as *patres conscripti* with the right to vote. Equality of the two classes found its almost symbolic ending in the *lex Ogulnia*, which sanctioned marriage between them. Only the priesthood [8] remained, until a much later date, closed to the plebeians; for all vacancies caused by death were filled from within its own class. This was of supreme importance, because the patricians were thus enabled — and it actually became customary — to prevent the plebeian elections; for these, like every state action, were dependent upon the miraculous auspices interpreted by the patrician augurs. If the oracle was unfavourable, the officials were obliged to declare the elections null and void. The plebeians in their turn then threatened emigration.[9]

But through the final union of the patricians and the rich plebeians, only an old condition was created anew; for aristocracy in office resulted, and the people consisted merely of the poorer part of the resident population and grew more and more dependent upon the nobility. In fact they were compelled to elect only those to office whom the magistrates themselves upon retirement indicated as successors.

While this desperate struggle for equality of class raged within, the spirit that gave life to Rome as a whole was so strong that gradually by the wonderful discipline of these classes she rose sovereign over the host of small states in Italy. Above everything Rome was indebted to her military institutions, one of the most valuable legacies from the days of the kings. Under the organization of Servius Tullius, service in the army was required of the well-to-do plebeians, at the request of the overburdened patrician class. There were two groups: those from eighteen to forty-six years, for field-service; and those from forty-seven to sixty years, for garrison-service at home. The levy was the same in each tribe, in order to eliminate differences in station and to blend all classes by the levelling military spirit. The

patricians had held all places of command in the army and had furnished 600 horsemen; the rich plebs added 1200. The Roman cavalry was not disbanded during time of peace, but practised at manœuvres and games. At first the soldiers were classified in the 168 divisions according to their wealth; they were disbanded after every campaign, and enrolled again for the next one. Complete equipment was required of 80 centuries of cavalry, while the remaining 88 gave full military service, but provided only part of their horses and armour, etc. The *adcensi*, who were unarmed, formed the recruits, the musicians, and the workmen. Here also in the army the struggle for equality made itself felt, for the well-to-do plebeians soon demanded positions as officers and obtained them; and the assemblies of the centuries, instead of the thirty curiæ of the patricians, had to give consent before any offensive war could be started. In case of mutiny, all serfs returned to their patrician overlords; but the free Aventine peasantry — who felt itself equal in power to the old Roman citizens — together with the artisan class of the Cælian and Esquiline hills, withdrew to the Aventine [10] until a compromise had been effected.

Increases in population, political ambition, greed for land, slaves, and metal — these things entangled Rome, like all the world elsewhere, in endless wars, in which it — *fortes fortuna adiuvat* — through its endurance, its military system, and its political character, was usually victorious. Having become the head of the Latin league, succeeding Alba and Tusculum, its confines had increased from a thousand square kilometres [11] to ninety-eight thousand, through conquests over the Etrurians,[12] the Æqui, and the Volsci. The founding of the famous Latin colonial cities then began. There the surplus nobility as well as the sons of the middle class found a new home, fashioned after the pattern of Rome. They were independent, yet were obliged to serve in the Roman legions. Further hostilities followed with the Sabines, then with Samnium — the Italian state next in importance to Rome — then with rebellious members of the Latin confederation, and finally with Gauls on the coast of the Adriatic Sea. So the boundaries of Rome grew to twenty-seven thousand

square kilometres. It comprised Latium, parts of western and eastern Etruria, the greater part of Umbria, the boundary lands, and Campania. Cities of these conquered regions became municipalities; they were obliged to give military service and to pay tribute and were deprived of the right to vote. Naples, Tarentum, Ancona, and the Marsi were allowed local self-government, but auxiliary troops were levied. They in turn demanded representation in the Roman senate during all their disputes with other states.[13]

The final result of this era was the supremacy won by Rome over all Italy, and the settlement reached between the two great classes at home. "The patrician embodied authority, the plebeian strength; the two united were unconquerable." Thus equipped, republican Rome of the olden days — which lived in the minds of later generations as the time of lofty chivalry[14] — entered into the ideal period of its career, the age of heroes.

Let us now accompany a Roman senator hurrying from his country-seat to an important meeting of the senate at Rome. For the greater part of the time, Roman families lived on their estates in the country, and repaired only seldom to the fortified city. Inside its walls were government buildings, temples, houses of the wealthy, and business stands of mechanics and shopkeepers. On market days grain, cattle, oil, and wine were there exchanged for salt, iron utensils, and weapons; in the same place were held the religious festivals and games, and civic duties were looked after. The dwellings of even the patricians were insignificant in appearance, the builder being usually the owner of the house himself. The lowest layer was of hewn stone, which served as protection from flood, the house then being built upon it of unburned clay bricks, and its roof covered with shingles. The whole family lived together as one household. The atrium or entrance-court had a partially open roof to give light to the surrounding rooms, and the rain-water for the family washing was caught in a tank called the *impluvium*. An arbour — afterwards the tablinum — connected the house with the garden. There were no tapestries as yet upon the walls; the furniture was modest, and

the dishes were made of clay. Only after the war with Pyrrhus in 280 B.C. were occasional silver dishes to be found, and these were lent from place to place for festive occasions. Food and clothing were prepared within the house by the women and their slaves. Neither hair nor beards were cut. The public buildings were made of the native tufa and peperino, the columns were overlaid with stucco, and the plaster walls were often covered with paintings. Not until the time of the decemvirs, in 450 B.C., were occasional public monuments erected to men who had been of special use to the state. The patricians were allowed to hang death-masks on the walls of the atrium in memory of their ancestors. There was very little precious metal; it belonged to that small list of things imported from abroad, together with earthenware from Etruria, perfumes for funeral rites, purple dye for the robes of state, and slaves. The exports were limited to salt, and wood for shipbuilding.[15] In appearance Rome resembled a mediæval city, with its towering walls, its narrow quarters that could be shut off from one another, its maze of still narrower streets, only four or six metres wide, its crooked, unpaved alleys, and with the open country about serving for agricultural purposes.

The senator Licinius Stolo, coming from the south, followed the left bank of the river to the Trigemina Gate;[16] he passed the salt-works and the dock for loading wood. "Through this gateway Camillus left Rome[17] when he was banished to Ardea," he explained to his companion, "and that statue of the man with the corn-measure in his hand was erected by the people to L. Minucius[18] in their gratitude for his good management of grain; every citizen gave a half-as for that statue." Then he passed through the triple-arched gateway and pointed right and left to the two old altars for Evander and Hercules Invictus; he called attention to the cattle-market and to the wide stretch of circus ground at the foot of the Palatine hill. He explained that the consuls and ædiles had charge of the games at the Ludi Romani[19] and sat on the wooden platform which he indicated; the Carceres,[20] only recently[21] built, were the starting-point for the three-chariot races. During the big games, pantomimes with flute accompaniment were added[22] for amusement. "The dictator

A. Posthumius," he continued, "laid the foundation in 496 B.C. of that round Temple of Ceres over there, according to Sibylline Books. It is the religious centre of the plebeians[23] and since 449 B.C. has held their archives, where the ædiles guard the decrees of the senate; they also pay relief money to needy plebeians from the temple-treasury. The walls inside were painted by two Sicilians.[24] Farther above, along the river, the new government-dock and arsenal are being built;[25] the ships captured at Antium[26] are anchored there. This open space is our cattle-market, where the big fairs are held annually in July, September, and November. One of those two temples was built in honour of Mater Matuta, a goddess similar to Vesta, and Camillus restored it in 367 B.C. The other is consecrated to Fortuna Virilis. The transparent stone statue of the goddess erected inside is wrapped in two tunics once worn by Queen Tanaquil and King Servius Tullius. Here is the *locus saxoconseptus*, where in times of great danger foreigners are offered to the gods as sacrifice;[27] near it the vestal virgins buried the palladium when the Gauls burned Rome in 389.

"That stone called 'Daliola' covers a deep pit dedicated to spirits in the infernal regions, and no one is allowed to spit upon it; the holy books of Numa were hidden there at the time of the invasion of the Gauls. That little island in the river, with no bridge connecting it, is public property; it originated from the bad grain that grew on the royal fields — the Campus Martius — which after the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus was thrown into the stream.[28]

They next crossed to the Campus Martius through the left arch of the Porta Carmentalis; the right was accursed, for through it the arrogant plebeians had driven the old Fabian family from Rome, because the latter made no concessions to them. Pointing to a little grove beside the shore, the senator began again: "That is where M. Manlius Capitolinus in 389 B.C. was condemned to death by the comitia as a traitor to the state. He was accused of striving for kingship. We are now at the vegetable-market, the Forum Holitorium,[29] and these old altars are sacred to Janus and the Carmentis. That temple at the foot of the Capitol[30] was dedicated to Apollo

in 433 B.C. during a pestilence; it had to be restored after the Gauls' invasion. Bellona Pulvinensis occupies the other temple. Appius Claudius, the victor on Lake Regillus, built it in 495 B.C. to the goddess of war. Beside it is an old senaculum where the senate once received envoys from the enemies of Rome.[31] That column [32] is the boundary line, and the fetiales tossed the spear over it as an emblem of the declaration of war. Behind it our riders are exercising their horses! Here on the Campus Martius [33] we sacrifice a horse every year on the fifteenth of October. That is the date of the conquest of Troy, and the victim symbolizes the Trojan horse through whose cunning the native city of Æneas perished. The altar of Pontifex Maximus is sprinkled with the still warm blood, and the tail is nailed to the wall of the Regia.

"That building in the enclosure is the Villa Publica, our government hall and court-yard.[34] It is the place where troops are levied and where every four years the census is taken. Foreign ambassadors occupy the house, and victorious generals stay there till the senate decides whether or not they are allowed to march into the city in triumph. Romulus once pastured his flocks near the enclosure,[35] which now serves as a meeting-place for the centuries; when the matter of aggressive warfare is being considered, they must always first give consent. Today this very thing is to be debated in the senate. Then the red flag of war will wave up there on the Arx. We have now walked round the Capitoline hill from the north; let us go back into the the city along the street Veii, through the carriage gate — the Porta Ratumena." [36]

The way led through a ravine formed by a spur of the Esquiline round the north hill of the Capitol and ran into the Forum. They passed the Robur and the senator remarked that in 449 B.C. Appius Claudius had died a miserable death in that state prison. Then he went up to the Comitium, a little square space five metres higher than the adjoining Forum — a most antique picture: the curia, a fig-tree, and several statues. "Here the curiæ assemblies are held," he explained further, "but their rights have long ago passed to the centuries and the comitia. The people are not admitted; the officials

address them from the Forum. Here the Salii[37] dance in honour of Mars, and men who have ravished the vestal virgins are scourged by the *rex sacrificulus*. This is the fig-tree that, in the days of the kings, the augur Attius Nævius miraculously transplanted from the Palatine; there stands his statue, and there in the Puteal — a deep hole made where lightning struck — lie his whetstone and shearing-knife. The fig-tree bestows eternal life upon our city. That little new chapel was just built by C. Flavius from usury money. It was erected in honour of the goddess Concordia and commemorates the reconciliation of the patricians and plebeians.[38] That column to the left beside the curia was built in 338 B.C. It is the first public monument erected by Rome to the conquest of Latium. In the next year, 337 B.C., this statue in honour of C. Marcius Tremulus was set up in honour of his victory over the Hernici.

"The statues at the two corners of the curia represent Pythagoras and Alcibiades; in the war with the Samnites an oracle advised us to honour the wisest and bravest of the Greeks in this manner. The other figures are Hermodorus of Ephesus, who aided us in compiling the laws of the Twelve Tables, and Horatius Cocles. That platform at the end of the Forum proper is the Rostra; it was built in 338 B.C., and from it the orators speak to the people. It was decorated by Gaius Mænius with the prows of ships captured from the people of Antium. The laws of the Twelve Tables and the treaty with the Latins are also hung there. Recently, in 305 B.C., the equestrian statue was erected in honour of the great Camillus — though he is not wearing his toga — who drove the Gauls from Rome. The others are the seven Roman ambassadors who were murdered in Fidenæ. I must now hurry to the town hall, for the city fathers are already assembled."

With these words Licinius Stolo disappeared inside the unpretentious building where the senate was listening to the report of a consul recommending a campaign against the Gauls, after describing the situation in Latium and Campania. The tribunes sat at the entrance on plain wooden benches, ready every minute to plead the cause of the people with vigour. Outside, however, on the Forum the crowd

awaited the heralds who announced the hour of noon when the sun shone directly over the Rostra; [89] or it wandered along the rows of shops where the silversmiths sat; these formerly were butchers' stalls, which had been moved in 338 B.C. to the Forum Piscatorium in the Suburra; now taverns had been provided with roofs and balconies from which the games on the Forum could be watched. On the beams hung silver shields captured in the war with the Samnites.

At the top of the market-place Saturn was enthroned; he was the protector of the old peasantry and hence guardian of the treasure.[40] At the other end rose the temple of the Dioscuri, those heroic helpers of the young republic. And finally Concordia, too, had taken up her abode, the very youngest among the patron saints of Rome. The old gateway of war — the Arch of Janus — stood wide open; on the citadel the red flag waved; soon from the city-walls the horns would again resound, calling the people together for military review.

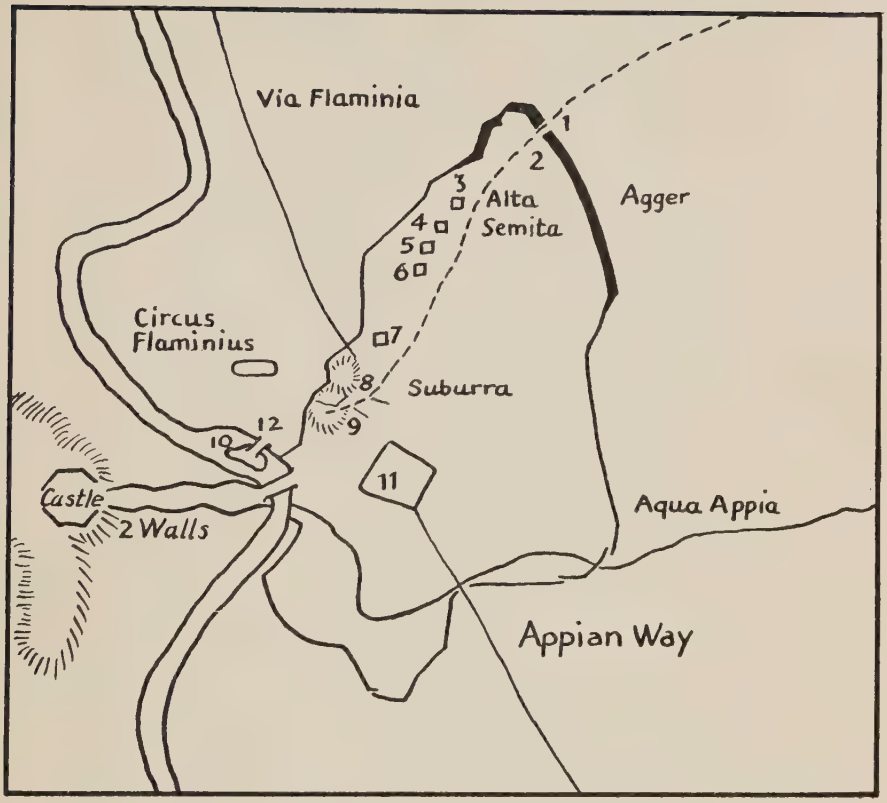
But up there on the pinnacle of the temple on the Capitol stood the god who tossed the lightning — destined to set a world in flames.[41]

THE HEROIC AGE OF ROME

Not only a single hero,
But a nation of matchless men!
Rome gave to the one eternal fame,
And world dominion to all.

HUMANITY, WITH ITS EVER-URGING DESIRE TO SIMPLIFY, is only too willing to place one name where many were really responsible for the carrying on of great movements. For the individual hero is something definite, with distinct qualifications. The whole age honours itself in him; it is therefore named for him, and all great deeds are laid to his credit. First there were the times of demigods, patriarchs, and legendary characters of fame, standing out on the horizon of history as ideal representatives. They were the glorified remembrance of an age of childhood, the mythical heroic age, when the people as a whole were struggling out of darkness into the sunlight of history. Necessity was then their nurse, and work their teacher; yet later days look back upon this age as upon a lost paradise. It is only when a people has matured to man's estate that history is reflected in the splendour of the individual hero. Then the tree unfolds its blossoms; great men become leaders of the mass — of its ideas and ideals — and by helping these ideas to attain achievement, they form that illustrious group of heroes and saints and creative geniuses who shine in the firmament of history like a guiding star.

Nearly all the civilized nations of antiquity had neared the threshold of old age, and, resting upon their inherited treasure, they had leisure to look back into the past, where Typhon and Osiris fought, where great Pharaohs sat on their thrones, where patriarchs, kings, and



ROME, 200 B.C. (Chapter V)

1. Porta Collina
2. Ager Sceleratus
3. Capitolium Vetus
4. Pulvinar Solis
5. Temple of Quirinus
6. Temple of Salus Publica
7. Temple of Semo Sancus
8. Comitium and Senate
9. House of the Scipios and the Sempronii
10. Temple of Asclepius
11. Temple of Victory on the Palatin
12. Pons Fabricius

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prophets ruled, where, in the Islands of the Blest, Heracles and Theseus rested from their labours, and whence the Trojan song of songs resounded. Hero-worship of the Epigoni! Then Macedonia, the youngest son of Hellas, entered upon his heroic career and summoned his still vigorous older brothers to a last combat. But this heroism was no longer impersonal, nor was it born out of the necessity of the time, as when far-seeing leadership suddenly seeks to save a threatened existence. It was the romanticism of later civilization, the fruit of a surplus of power that wished to stamp its intellectual impress upon the whole world. Alexander became the standard-bearer, and in him Nature seemed to have overstepped all her limits; she had endowed him with infinite gifts, so that all the power of his time was centred within him. Romantic hero that he was, Alexander solved the great problem of his age by drawing together the political and cultural results of the old world's history, and uniting her people in panhellenism. But through the death of the leader of this idea the idea itself was weakened, and heroic romanticism grew into heroic adventure which no longer distinguished the possible from the impossible. In her characteristic ability to create, the Hellenic spirit passed through every phase in the conception of a hero: the eponym was first applied to those of great physical strength, who, when the people were driven from their old home, safeguarded their existence; next to the romantic heroes, with their profusion of intellectual strength; and lastly to the adventurers who, incited by personal gain, took from the people by emigration a much-needed national strength. This finally ended in a class of reckless mercenaries. The spirit of creative genius, like a brother, has always accompanied the hero on all his undertakings.

This phenomenon may be traced through all peoples, however much it may be modified by the character, talents, and destiny of each nation. It appears in manifold forms.[1] Usually that chapter of history is called the peculiar heroic age of a people, excluding only the blossoming time of creative genius when the fundaments of a nation's later historical calling are extended and made secure. In Hellas this happened in its second period of development, when it fought against

Persia's supremacy; but in Rome it occurred during the first period, when Rome was uniting all Italy and protecting the West against the encroachment of the East in the form of the Greek and the Carthaginian. Hence this is the period that has been called the heroic age of Rome.

Operating like a natural force, the power of Rome was anchored in the rare union of two elements: the severest self-discipline within — like the rules of a religious order — and strong military discipline without. Never before in the history of any nation had these two been so perfectly combined, and the result was outstanding. Teaching, example, scrutiny, and fear created a structure unbending as granite.

After the two great classes had been adjusted, Rome rose to her full power. Growing wealth did not weaken the old manners and customs, nor did it influence the simplicity and rugged strength of the earlier times. Instead, the power of the state, residing in the nobility, educated the new generations in obedience, duty, and military efficiency. New grants of land were given as rewards and were colonized by peasant and soldier. For even in barbaric times a country was conquered in the end only by the plough and belonged to him who, instead of devastating, cultivated it and made it his home. The patrician-plebeian nobility made further political revolutions worthless by holding to established customs, by military success, by good government, and by the development of a system of clients and of a favouritism in which the middle class profited.[2] The nobility considered it a sacred duty to incorporate more and more within its ranks those members of lower status who had distinguished themselves by their intelligence and military efficiency. Thus patriarchally ruled, the plebeians held fast to their old manner of life, they remained a strong peasantry, rich in children and full of patriotism. Patiently and perseveringly they took upon themselves all the hardships of peasant life and warfare, for the common good.

With this soldiery and perfect leadership, together with a never-ending willingness to sacrifice, Rome was able to conquer the chief commercial power of the East, in the First Punic War, 264–241 B.C., to destroy for ever its supremacy on the sea, and hence to gain her

place in the destiny of the world. With this peasant strength she acquired a territory populated by six millions, in which seven hundred and seventy thousand soldiers could be mustered if necessary.[3] Thus Rome made herself mistress of the plains of the Po and opened for herself the future path to world dominion. After all the success that had made Rome the first power of Italy, strong within and without, she was threatened by the sudden uprising of Carthage, in a life and death struggle so tenacious and so tremendous that its like has probably never been fought between any other two nations; and which really was the turning-point on which hung the fate of Rome and the countries of the Mediterranean. According to Livy, it was the most memorable of all wars that have ever been waged; and never has the spirit of history been more personally or more dramatically embodied in two contrasts than in Rome and Carthage. Evenly matched — represented by the heroic character of a whole nation on the one hand, and by the individual genius of a great general on the other — they faced each other in combat.

Let us now draw a comparison between Rome and Carthage, for the result belongs to the typical examples appearing in history of two absolutely different systems of thought, which only too often have set the world at war.[4]

I. *Economics*

Both Rome and Carthage were agricultural and commercial cities; in both, art and science were always secondary.

In Carthage the financial system was superior to the agricultural. In Rome agriculture had the ascendancy.

In Carthage the farmers owned large estates and many slaves. In Rome the great mass of citizens still cultivated their fields themselves.

The mass of Carthaginians owned no land and were always eager for reforms and open to the bribes of the rich; while the majority of the Romans were property-holders and were therefore conservative.

In Carthage wealth ruled, as it does in all powerful commercial cities; while in Rome every effort was bent towards the preservation of patriarchal strictness and economy.

II. *Constitution*

Both Rome and Carthage were aristocratic. Senators ruled in Rome, and judges in Carthage,[5] together with similar police systems. The method of government in each kept their officials dependent — Carthage was harsh, cruel, and absolute; Rome, mild, understanding, and admonitory.

In Carthage the senate represented the noble class exclusively and watched over affairs with a jealous eye. Its chief characteristic was distrust of both upper and lower classes; the officials dared not encroach, and the people grew disobedient.

In Rome the senate represented the nation in the highest sense. It had no need to fear the officials, and the people could trust it.

The Carthaginians refrained from struggle when a last effort might have saved them. They were either tired of great tasks or had forgotten them. They allowed the half-finished structure to collapse, planning to begin it anew after a few years. But the Romans possessed a firm political course, which did not yield in misfortune nor gamble with the favour of chance by half-way measures or carelessness.

In Carthage the officials were frequently at odds with their constituents and hence, contrary to the constitution, opposed to them and joined instead to the reform party. The capable Roman official was always in complete accord with his home government.

III. *Politics pertaining to subjects*

Rome gave to one province after the other the rights of citizenship, granting to the Latin communities the legal right to be added to the citizen population of Rome.

Carthage, locked within herself, did not grant to her dependent provinces even the hope of a future equality of rights.

Rome conferred on the communities tribally related to her their share in the fruits of victory, especially in conquered lands, and she tried to form alliances with the remaining dependent states by favouring particularly the rich.

Carthage kept for herself every result of victory and took away the freedom of trade from even the cities of Punic rights.

Rome did not as a rule deprive conquered communities of their entire independence, nor did she lay upon them any fixed taxation.

Carthage sent her bailiffs everywhere and burdened even the old Phœnician cities with heavy duties, while conquered tribes were treated virtually as slaves.

The Roman government carefully protected the rights of all and engendered no opposition by cruelty; hence not a single community in the Roman-Italian confederacy would have gained anything by revolt, but on the contrary would only have lost.

In the whole Carthaginian-African confederation of states (Utica excepted) there was not one that would not have gained politically and materially by the fall of Carthage. Carthage transferred a commercial calculation where it did not belong; she held her lower subjects in hand by making them more afraid of the rebellious Lybians, while chaining the propertied classes to herself by means of paper money.

In Rome the Italian confederacy, in spite of its loose structure, endured in civil war like a wall of granite; the Carthaginian alliance for protection and defence tore like cobwebs as soon as a hostile army stepped on the soil of Africa.[6]

IV. *Finances*

Without doubt the state revenues of Carthage exceeded those of Rome, but her tributes and duties always ebbed away at the times when they were most greatly needed. Besides, the Carthaginian method of conducting war was far more expensive than the Roman, for as a rule Carthage used mercenary troops.

V. *Resources*

These were very different in the two countries, yet in many respects not unequal.

Carthage had a population of 700,000 and in case of need could muster a citizen army of 90,000 infantry.[7]

Rome could raise an equally large army, and the number was soon doubled because of her ever-increasing extension of civic rights to the provinces.[8]

In Carthage there existed an inborn dislike for the profession of arms. There was still a body of 25,000 native Carthaginians serving as a guard of the general in the third century; but in the second century only the officers themselves were of Carthaginian blood.[9]

The Roman peasants, however, were not merely names on the roll-call, but soldiers on the battle-field as well.

The Lybians were even less warlike than the Carthaginians and freed themselves from military obligations by the payment of money.

The Latins, however, offered no less faithful service to the Romans than her own citizens.

Such were the conditions when the great war-drama began, a struggle which lasted almost twenty years and which was finally to ruin Carthage physically and Rome at least morally. Not as a heroic adventurer, flashing across the war-sky of Italy like a comet and vanishing again as did Pyrrhus, but as a great hero of achievement Hannibal advanced at the head of the army of Rome's traditional enemy, carrying everything along with him; over the highest mountains of Europe he came, straight into the very heart of Italy. Passing quickly from one attack to another, not giving the enemy a chance to breathe, he hurried away from victory to victory until in the bloodiest of all battles (Cannæ, 216) he thought he had struck the death-blow. Everything seemed irretrievably lost, the earth of the seven hills trembled, the work of a thousand years was crumbling in ruins. Then the miracle happened. It seemed as though the spirit of history, holding the scales of fate in her hand, really desired Rome's side to sink decidedly in the balance. For Rome remained true to herself; in her direst need she determined to perish rather than to deny her own character. Never was her heroism greater! She refused peace by compromise, which would have robbed her of Italy, the basis of her sovereignty. For thirty days she was submerged in deep mourning. Then she pulled herself together, determined to the last man to offer resistance without end. This could not be a prosperous war, for all reckless courage, all passion, all enthusiasm had to be suppressed under iron discipline; instead, therefore, Rome took upon herself that most difficult of all systems of warfare, comparable only to the

labour of Sisyphus, an unheard-of war of exhaustion whose end could be reached only by cold reason, unemotional planning, never-ending perseverance, and unprecedented sacrifice.[10] In a ten years' struggle, with two or three field armies conducting operations in different localities at the same time, and by the constant evasion of battle, Rome finally succeeded in driving one of the greatest generals of all history from the very threshold of the city to the last fishing-village on the southern point of Italy. Thus it was that the Roman wolves hounded the African lion to death.

Then dawned the time when Rome began to personify herself in the genius of her great sons. After a passive resistance lasting ten years she took the offensive and climbed to the peak of the art of war, conquering Carthaginian Spain, crossing over into Africa, and finishing this great war-drama with a *furioso* by the victory of Narragarra in 201.

Let us now look at the new capital of the world, successor to Babylon and to Thebes with its hundred gates!

We stand before the Porta Collina,[11] where the Servian wall had reached the high plateau of the Quirinal; it no longer was built upon the natural wall of rocks, but had to be erected artificially;[12] on a mound of earth four metres high, before which lay a dry moat thirty feet deep, rose the wall, also four metres high; there were three lines of huge peperino blocks, each block three metres long and joined together without cement. Through the Porta Collina the plebeians had emigrated to the sacred mount, through it the conquered Gauls had entered in 389; and through it later Hannibal too had pressed when the spear was defiantly hurled across the wall.[13] The mighty gate is flanked by towers, beneath which run subterranean passages for purposes of defence. The inhabited portions of the city do not reach this far — everything is still open field. To the left of the gateway lies the ill-famed Ager Sceleratus,[14] where the unchaste vestal virgins were buried alive. The last unfortunate was called Opimia and met this fate in 215.[15] The way leads to the Alta Semita and past the Capitolium Vetus, the ancient capitol [16] on the Quirinal where Jupiter,

Juno, and Minerva were worshipped, and where facsimiles of the gifts to the gods offered in the great Capitoline Temple were placed. Beside this sanctuary we see the Pulvinar Solis,[17] consecrated to the old Sabinian sun-god, where in 293 the son of the consul L. Papirius Cursor put up the first sun-dial in Rome. Next is the Temple of Quirinus,[18] before which two myrtle-trees stand, representing the patrician and the plebeian. The patricians noted with satisfaction that the plebeian tree was about to die. Then follows a fourth temple, the Salus Publica,[19] in honour of public welfare. One of the few painters that Rome ever produced (for artists on the whole were despised) was the aristocratic Fabius Pictor, who decorated the interior of this temple in 309. Now we enter the thickly populated quarters of the city proper.

During the first three centuries of the republic Rome had preserved an unchanged exterior. Her few public buildings were built of the local tufa, lustreless and insignificant in appearance. The ancient citadels of the separate communities enclosed within the great wall were nearly six hundred years old and were all in ruins, even the old Capitol, also. New building-operations were beginning everywhere. The site of old fortifications became steep, thickly populated streets. Only the gates still stood in solitary remembrance. And as the hills became more densely settled, new traffic roads grew necessary, and new stairs and foot-paths were cut in the rock.[20] Yet the complete picture of the city showed then as now a tangle of narrow crooked streets. The ancient groves, where later temples were built, had disappeared, as well as the dwellings,[21] with court-yard and garden. Houses of several storeys arose, built closely together, with steep stairs ascending to each storey separately. On the winding unpaved streets, scarcely four metres wide, the whole crowded traffic of the people's life was carried on; the streets grew narrower and still narrower as shopkeepers set up their stalls opposite one another, with balconies almost touching. Instead of glass windows there were wooden shutters for protection against the weather. Here and there on the street-corners stood small chapels where the Lares of the separate localities were kept; these were worshipped especially at the

feast of the Compitalia. Other chapels housed the utensils that were used on the seventeenth of March, for the festival of Argos, the great atonement procession around the four sections of the Tarquinian city. It passed twenty-four chapels, six in each section. It was the same kind of lustration which took place on the Lupercanian festival around the Palatine, at the Septimontium around the seven hills separately, and at the Terminaliæ around each private property. It was a religious-legal act to establish the right to property and to wash away the sin that had gathered around the property in question. It corresponded to the procession of the Panathenæa in Athens.

Now we reach the Temple of Semo Sancus, the Sabinian-Umbrian sun-god, on the southern slope of the Quirinal, which preserves the Treaty of Confederation, which Tarquinius Priscus made with the Gabii, and which was written on the hide of a bull; [22] there stands also the statue of Queen Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquinius I, with her distaff and sandals. We will now climb these steep stairs to the densely populated Suburra, where the poet of Tarentum, Livius Andronicus,[23] founded a Greek and Latin school. Winding through the little narrow streets, we reach the Forum, the centre of the city's life; on the whole it has retained its touchingly simple appearance. A frightful conflagration in 210 burned all the rows of booths. In 204 a platform was added to the rostrum for the use of friendly ambassadors from Marsilia, who watched the games on the Forum from this place of honour.[24] Up there on the Comitium is where the *rex sacrificulus* scourged to death the ravager of the vestal virgin Opimia.

That large painting on the outside of the city-hall, represents the victory of M. Valerino over Syracuse and Carthage in 263 at Messina. On the opposite side of the Forum stands the dwellings of the Sempronii, and of P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus, the victor over Hannibal. Next comes the new Temple of Saturn,[25] where Scipio deposited the treasure he brought back from Carthage — a hundred thousand pounds of silver. We pass this sanctuary on our way up the steep Clivus Capitolinus, the way taken by all the conquering heroes on their triumphal processions. At a turn in the road we see the Porta Stercatoria, consecrated to Saturn, the god of dung, who first taught farmers the

method of fertilizing. Here on the fifteenth of July the vestal virgins throw the refuse from the Temple of Vesta with much ceremony.

Now we arrive at the Capitol grounds. There in a separate enclosure you see the geese of Juno, whose cackling saved the Capitol from the Gauls and who are therefore fed at the expense of the state. Here is the old hut of Romulus,[26] with the statue of the suckling she-wolf; and there in the centre of the place rises the main altar where the state always sacrifices a young white ox on Jupiter's birthday, the first of January; there, too, young citizens offer sacrifices after putting on the *toga virilis*, and mustered troops take the oath of allegiance to the flag. To the right the altar of Mens was erected by Titus Otacilius Crassus in 215; the other altar, of Venus Calva, was built in memory of those brave Roman women who gave their hair to be made into rope-ladders when the Gauls besieged the Capitol in 390. In front of us rises the old main temple of the city; it is nearly square, and on its low-hanging roof there now stands a bronze quadriga in place of the old clay one; this was donated by the Ogulnii; and likewise, after lightning had hurled the head of the old statue of Summanus into the river, a new bronze image was placed on the gable in its stead. Statues of the seven kings of Rome [27] stand at the entrance to the temple, and also one of L. Brutus, who banished them; he holds a drawn sword in his hand. That golden shield over the middle entrance belonged to Hasdrubal the brother of Hannibal.[28] Crossing the threshold of the bronze door, we enter the hall, with its three naves. The place is no longer empty, nor is the god on his throne lonely. A colossal statue of Jupiter, cast in 296 by Sp. Carvilius from weapons taken as booty from the Samnites, stands beside the glorious Hercules of Lysippus which was dragged to Rome from conquered Tarentum in 209. Between the cellæ of Jupiter and Minerva stands another statue of Jupiter, adorned with the wreath of pure gold which T. Quinctius carried away as booty from Præneste.

In this consecrated hall, in the presence of Jupiter the Most High, and surrounded by the trophies of those many great victories which led Rome to the sovereignty of the world, the senate held its ceremonial meetings at the beginning of the year and upon the declaration

of warfare. From this sacred spot the generals started out to war, and to it they always returned on their triumphal processions, to consecrate the most precious of their spoils. Let us step outside the stillness of the sanctuary, and view the city of Rome from the height of the Capitol. There in the distance runs the first of the great highways [29] through conquered Italy, built upon drained swamps.[30] Another masterpiece of engineering is the Appian aqueduct,[31] which conveyed the first pure mountain-water to Rome. These were her great contributions to civilization — the peace-time contrasts to her military skill, examples to be esteemed for all time to come.

But foreign influences are already threatening Rome; the serpent of the god Asclepius, to whom cures were attributed, had landed on the Tiber island — a precurser of the degeneration of Olympus.[32] On the Palatine, in the very heart of Roman existence — accompanied by Scipio and received by honourable matrons — Cybele, the great mother of the gods, had made her entrance from Asia, with her frenzied cult, into the temple of the Roman goddess of victory itself! [33] And thus unfathomable fate with one hand had given Rome through Scipio the staff of the sovereignty of the world, and with the other had led in that spirit of the old East whose intoxicating poison was to disintegrate the Roman blood and finally to stiffen it in death.

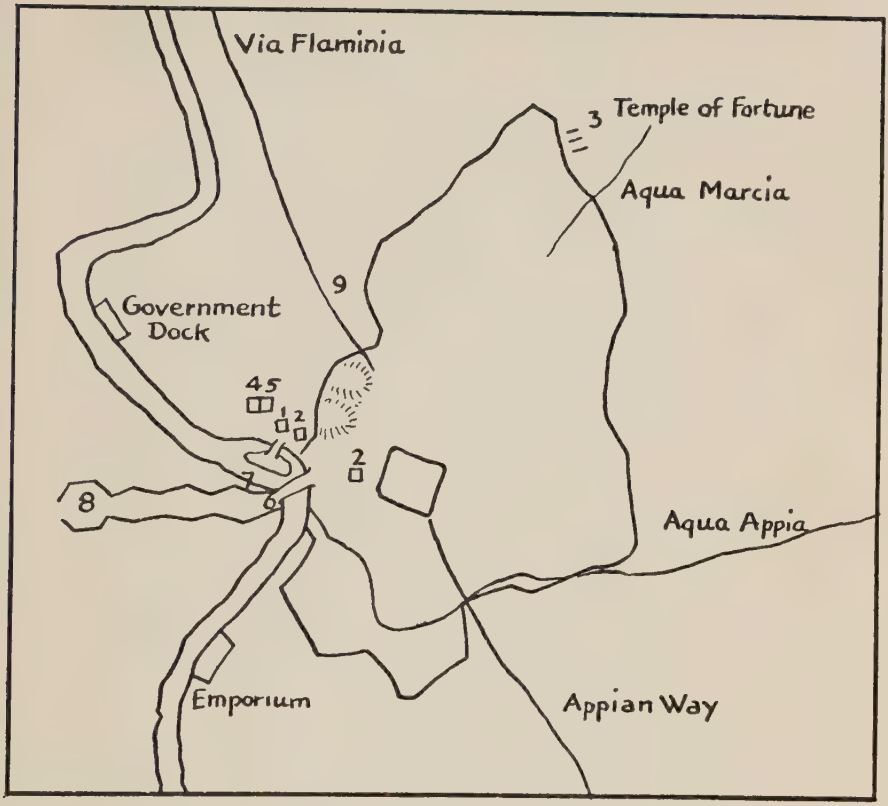
IMPERIALISM

O mighty Rome, lord of all peoples,
Spare the foe that is broken — cast down the defiant.
Let the arts flourish, and grant the world peace.

VIRGIL

WHEN CLIO ENGRAVED THE HISTORY OF NATIONS ON THE bronze pages of her book, being one of the Muses, she naturally selected an artistic form of expression to suit the varying characteristics. Of India she made a voluminous epic without end or beginning; though, having no vitalic development, it was enmeshed in a gaily coloured whirl of bright visions, a billowy sea of unshaped creatures held in motion by the omnipotence of blind fate, and the arbitrary power of a world tyrant. The history of China she wrote in the didactic terms of a soulless uniformity, commonplace and uninspired, with no creative clarity or individualization, yet serious and conscientious. She carved in the porphyry and basalt of obelisk and temple-wall the pictured history of thousands of years, appealing to both eye and ear. Looking down from the heights of Parnassus on the rich and varied life of the Hellenes, Clio could express their history only in that highest form of art, the symphony;[1] but the deeds of Rome she built into a sublimely serious drama in which the hero, fighting for a world, forces fate to give him the victory, only to find himself later utterly destroyed. For the victory of Zama-Narragarra, the ideal zenith of Roman history, was followed by the loud measured beat of unrelenting revolution.

The purity of ancient Rome had been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism,[2] the survivors were caught in the frenzied consciousness



ROME, 150 B.C. (Chapter VI)

1. Temple of Spes
2. Temple of Juno Sospita
3. Temple of Felicitas
4. Portico of Philippus
5. Portico of Octavius
6. Pons Æmilius
7. Pons Cestius
8. Citadel on the Janiculus and two walls leading to Pons Sublicius
9. Suburb Æmiliana with the country villa of Scipio

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of unlimited power; from Cannæ's shadow of death, where one-seventh of all men able to bear arms fell, they had suddenly been hurled to the giddy summit of world supremacy. This abrupt change had altered the soul of the nation, for thereby were developed to their extreme limit those peculiarly Roman traits which aroused more fear than devotion.

At first the chariot of victory rolled on without stop. At dramatic speed the fate of the Hellenic East was consummated; after the decay of the world empire of Alexander the successor states were obliged to maintain an absolute balance of power. This artificial condition of affairs began to tremble when Macedonia, deeming the time opportune, hurled herself against the empire of the Ptolomies. Athens and the King of Pergamum and Rhodes were the first to seduce the eagles of Rome into this controversy because their commerce had been greatly harmed. Obeying the call of fate, the Romans overcame all political motives,[3] and, even though in an exhausted condition, enough volunteers were found to carry the venture on to victory; Macedonia was struck from the list of great powers,[4] and, as a morning gift of first love, beautiful Hellas received unlimited freedom.[5] After the boundaries of Italy were extended to the foot of the Alps by the war against the Boii,[6] a new storm-cloud of opposition appeared in the eastern sky.[7] Antiochus the Great, King of Syria, incited by Hannibal's restless thirst for vengeance, thought that he, as the successor of Xerxes, could annex Asia Minor to his satrapies and by a mighty *coup d'état* could set up a bulwark against the influence of Rome. In Hellas herself, which Rome had renounced, the Sultan celebrated his wedding-feast.[8] Then Cato approached, and again the armies of Asia were defeated, first at Thermopylæ and later at Magnesia by the Scipios, when the second great empire fell like a house of cards. Scipio, brother of Africanus, received the epithet of Asiaticus. Fifty thousand Syrians fell, but only three hundred and twenty-four Romans. The illustrious victor claimed none of the land, but rewarded in princely fashion all who had given support. Liguria was next subdued, and King Æpula of Istria fell. When Eumenes betrayed to the Senate the war preparations of Perseus, Cato was

roused to severe action. The proud legacy of Alexander was vanquished at Pydna,[9] the Kingdom of Illyria was divided,[10] and to the unfortunate land of Epirus was meted out the fearful punishment of hatred and revenge; a hundred and fifty thousand Epirates were sold as slaves and the country was turned into a desert. Its people suffered cruelly for the campaigns of their King Pyrrhus. A thousand of the noblest Achæans were made prisoners of Rome.[11] Then Æmilius Paulus came to the Capitol with two hundred and fifty chariots filled with paintings and statuary, and from that time Rome ruled the political affairs of the East.[12]

The flood-gates of the world were wide open, and the first international waves poured into depopulated Rome and Italy. They rose to the summit of the seven hills, but the victors controlled the flood. Power to oppose as well as to attack, which had been instilled in every Roman by the life and death struggle for world dominion, now guided the rising tide into artificial channels. Rome took over the inheritance of the culture of the world and administered it to the end. While Mars had given continuous victory to his sons, Saturn, the god of wealth, whom the Romans had riveted to their hearts, now seemed ready to grant them a new golden age. Streams of silver and gold from all parts of the world flowed into their treasury.[13] The state had suddenly become rich — more than rich — for debts no longer burdened it, and the peasant economy of old had lost its meaning. Instead encaptive millions gushed from the swollen coffers in all directions, forcing commerce to a premature bloom. The censors turned their efforts to public buildings: the foundations of the Capitol were restored, the Temple of Jupiter was splendidly decorated both inside and out, and the image of the most high god now stood beneath a gilded ceiling.[14]

Three basilicas modelled after the Greeks arose on the Forum,[15] nearly all the streets were paved with lava blocks, and arcades miles in length were adorned with treasures of art taken from Greece; [16] new bridges spanned the river,[17] the Aqua Marcia conveyed water to the Capitol,[18] a great commercial quarter with extensive warehouses arose on the Tiber,[19] and a statue of Cato Censorius was placed

in the Temple of Public Welfare because he had completed the work of the kings — the imposing canal system of the city. Those gods also were remembered who had bestowed such great abundance: three shrines were erected to Fortuna at the Colline Gate, to Spes and Juno Sospita at the Forum Olitorium,[20] to Hercules Invictus at the Circus Maximus,[21] and to the Goddess of Felicity on the Triumphal Way.[22] The royal ship of Macedonia was anchored in the state dock, and ever farther stretched the imperial streets; they were like great arteries through which the blood from this new heart of the world streamed to and fro. Not only were monuments built for posterity, but brains and hands were busy everywhere. There was plenty of work, supply and demand rose to dizzy heights, for all Rome was ruled by a commercial spirit of almost demonic power. *Homines, quo plura habent, eo cupiunt ampliora* (Justinian).

The state, whose meagre administrative machinery was suited only to earlier conditions, found itself unable to manage directly the tremendous possessions that had come to it so suddenly. It therefore determined upon that easier but fatal policy which carried the seeds of future social revolutions. Everything was leased: mines, gold output, forests and pasture-lands as large as whole provinces, and the tenth parts of Sardinia and Sicily. New millionaires shot up like mushrooms; they soon received the golden ring of knighthood, and together with the nobility they formed a plutocracy of the upper ten thousand, who vied with one another in usurping the state possessions and exploiting them by levying enormous numbers of slaves.[23] The other classes of the population also secured substantial profits, providing for themselves in the flourishing colonial cities of northern Italy; they went to war as poor volunteers; then, richly supplied with money, these adventurers plunged into all sorts of lucrative enterprises at home; they established banks, received commissions for army supplies, and took part in commercial and maritime ventures; they built huge tenement-houses towering into the heavens, with rents rising equally high, for everyone wished to move from the country into the city in order to share in the general development. The standards of life rose like everything else. The treasures of a

world in the hands of men who formerly had counted what they owned by pennies, whose lives had been spent in constant work for the state, whether at war or agriculture, could not but have a pernicious effect on those fine qualities which times of discipline had developed in such great measure: obedience and the sense of duty and stern morality. Curbed by nothing, those traits of character took the form of unlimited arrogance, greed, and voluptuousness, casting heavy shadows on the Roman portrait. Rome witnessed her first banquets on a grand scale, the first intoxication of the senses, bloody circus-spectacles and debaucheries. In 186 B.C. a law against the increasing Bacchanalia was found necessary; likewise in 181 B.C. against gourmandizing. But this generation, though grown so rich in outward splendour and material plenty, was the age to which Scipio, Æmilius Paulus, Cato, and Flaminius belonged; it was still brightened by the reflection of that philhellenism which was the only sentimental movement in Rome to which posterity is indebted for the continuance of Grecian intellectual culture; for conquered Hellas conquered her rougher conquerors.[24] Greek philosophy entered the more distinguished families and sought to prepare the soil for the reception of universal ideas. Greek teachers instructed the youth in the language of Homer and Plato. Greek artists followed the treasures of art that had been dragged away to Rome.[25] Greeks in the capacity of managers of the households arranged the festive banquets; and Greeks planted within the Tiber city the more polished technique of their applied arts.

The reign of Saturn lasted only one generation, when, growing into a saturnalia, it ended as suddenly as it began; after the apportionment of Macedonia and Illyria, the Temple of Janus had to close its gates. The state, which had begun to depend upon wars in its domestic economy — wars that yielded a thousandfold more than they cost — just as that host of mediaries whose existence depended entirely upon state contracts for army supplies and the like had done, now saw the earth slip beneath it, and destruction rise threatening before its eyes. Everything was already in strong hands, everything was leased, everything divided; nothing was left for specu-

lators to seize. Everywhere the activity of business life ceased, and corruption poisoned the air. The supply was greater than the demand, and unemployment grew apace. Competition by cutting prices destroyed the prosperity that had been raised up so unsoundly. Poverty spread where only yesterday men had feasted and caroused. Capital was held in ever fewer hands, and money grew to greater power in the republic. The foundations of the state disintegrated simultaneously with society; the army grew appallingly less trustworthy, led by the legion of Roman citizens, themselves the kernel of the army, and the Latins quickly followed this example. The demand that military duty should last only six years had to be granted, and when the Spanish provinces were in complete revolt, in 154 B.C., not an officer nor a soldier could be found in Rome willing to leave for the scene of war.

Such things could not continue if Roman history itself were not to lose its meaning. And this same Rome which after long restraining her love of pleasure had drunk deeply of the magic draughts of world supremacy could not and would not again renounce it. The people of Hannibal's time, with all their ideals, were about to become extinct; the present generation, mixed with a rabble from everywhere to whom nothing any longer was sacred, caring nothing for the customs and politics of the fathers and in possession of riches they had gained quickly without struggle — this class of people of a new age suddenly realized that everything was to be lost or won; and thus was born the frightful imperialism of Rome. While the heroic struggle for existence and the hard-won final victory had granted to the Romans the moral right to their supremacy, our eyes turn away with deep aversion from their descendants; for nothing but licentious motives — unparalleled greed and the illimitable fear of losing their wanton booty, the demon of *fames auri sacra* — were the things that whipped Rome on into those frightful wars of devastation when Macedonia was utterly crushed, when Carthage and Corinth were consumed by flames, when the Spaniards at Numantia were starved to death, and when twenty thousand slaves in Sicily met death by crucifixion.

Thus was it shown with terrible certainty that the old power of Zama was still unbroken, that having overcome the first fatal weakness the Spirit of Rome, stronger than ever, with a blood-stained sceptre in her hand, would from her Capitol direct the fate of nations to the end, through frightful days of terror and revolution. Her motto was:

Flectere si nequeo superbus
Acheronta movebo.

VIRGIL

REVOLUTION

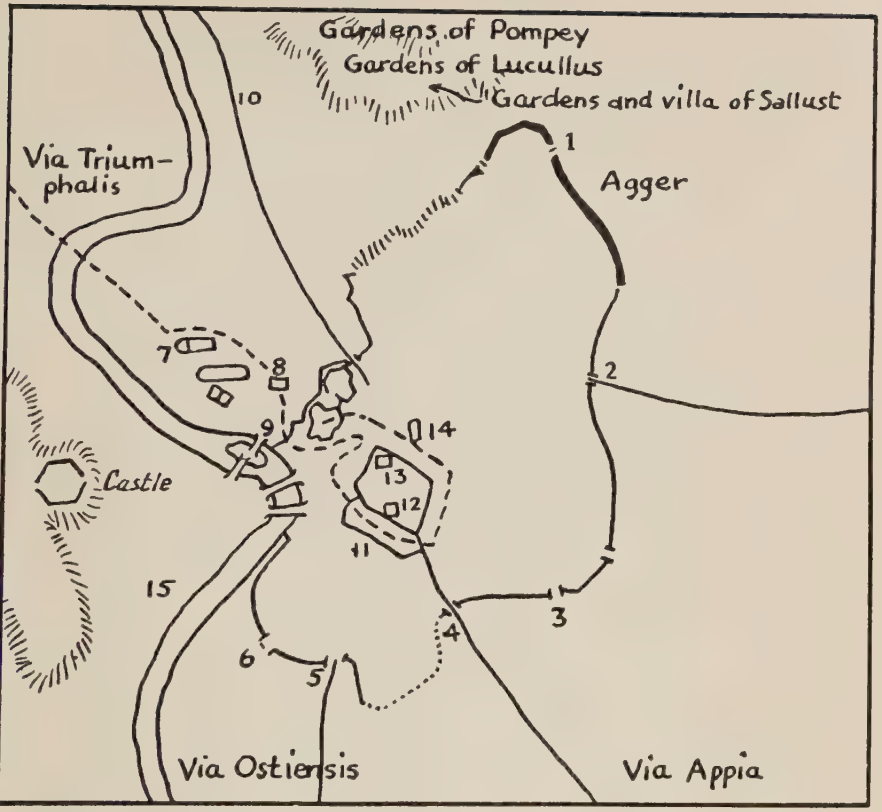
Quippe ubi fas versum, tot bella per orbem
Tam multæ scelerum facies.

ON THE STAGE OF THE WORLD'S THEATRE THE FOURTH act of the great Roman drama is beginning; after rising to ideal heights in the third, the hero becomes the guilty prey of Nemesis. In the regular course of Roman history the period of autocracy — the end of which is associated with the name of a Brutus — was followed by five hundred years of republican rule. The first half of this time was full of civil and constitutional conflict, until the people were reconciled and by unusual effort were able to experience more than a hundred years of unexampled prosperity, which led them to world supremacy. Then followed a second period of civil and constitutional struggle, and another Brutus stood between the epochs; the republic ended,[1] and again, as at the beginning, there was absolute monarchy.

So the state, after reaching the height of a world empire, began again to slip awry, just as the little peasant republic had done after the kingdom was overthrown. Then, as later, a social chasm destroyed the unity of the nation by dividing it into two violent, opposing factions. Then the plebs, gaining self-respect through the holding of land and by the aid of their poorer comrades, had succeeded by persistent effort in becoming a part of the patriciate and in directing jointly, as co-members of the nobility, the further destiny of the ship of state. Nothing since had disturbed the domestic peace, for the nobility renewed itself from the rich lap of national strength, administered the government successfully, and by military successes made the material foundations of the general public constantly better and

more secure. Meanwhile the world had been apportioned,[2] but money and possessions were amassed into huge fortunes, which together with the power accompanying them fell into ever fewer hands.[3] That portion of the aristocracy which had not followed the trend of the times in taking opportune advantage of the general enrichment became impoverished as quickly as the landed, free-born peasantry, whose possessions were bought up and merged with the business activities of the large landowners.[4] Both increased the following of the old plebeian class, the cosmopolitan proletariate of the capital. The consequence of agrarian decline was a lessening of the rural population, which reached its lowest point in 163 B.C. The other part, the opulent group, having become rich beyond all measure, drove the former patricians with less consideration than ever into a rule of the few, aided by the torpid and dying methods of the republic and guided by selfish interest alone. This was the goal of the newly-rich after they had attained nobility, just as in former times it had been true of the landed plebeians.

Into the unbearably stifling atmosphere, with civil war let loose, the grandsons of the Sempronii and the Scipios threw the first firebrands, which were meant to strike at the root of the trouble, but which really set their own house in flames. They were the advocates for the people's party that was clamouring for reforms. Across the Forum thundered the voice of the tribune: "Wild beasts have their caves, they know their resting-place, but the free men who would fight and die for Italy have nothing but light and air. Rulers of the world are they proclaimed, but not one clod of earth can they call their own!" The *lex Licinia*, ever threatening the rich, he again unrolled before the eyes of the senate, which remained grossly self-centred; he demanded peremptorily a new division of state domains. The people agreed gladly, and the senate yielded with reluctance. A committee then went forth to re-apportion the great estates. But when, contrary to the constitution, Gracchus had himself again elected for the next year (132 B.C.) in order to further his own plans, terrible riots resulted at the Capitol. It went so far that in order to support their own authority, august senators, armed with the legs



ROME DURING THE TIME OF THE CÆSARS (Chapter VII)

1. Porta Collina
2. Porta Esquilina
3. Porta Querquetulana
4. Porta Capena
5. Porta Radumentana
6. Porta Lavernalis
7. Curio and theatre of Pompey, next to the country-house of Pompey
8. Temple of Bellona
9. Porta Flumentana
10. Grave of Sulla
11. Circus Maximus
12. Villa of Augustus
13. Villa of Cicero
14. City home of Pompey
15. Gardens of Cæsar

——— Triumphal way

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of chairs, aided by three hundred followers, struck down the people's tribune.

His law survived him, but the supply of land was soon exhausted; the crisis had become a permanent condition, for always new and threatening motives were carried into this struggle for state power. Monarchical tendencies were already appearing, in an effort to reduce the tyranny of the nobility through a single ruler appointed by will of the people. This was what Gaius Gracchus, the brother of Tiberius and his successor as tribune, wished; for on principle he fought only against the senate,[5] the stronghold of the optimates, whom he hated. Thus he supported, in this unscrupulous struggle, two factors that were to become critical in the continuance of the old state. In the first place, he made of the legislative and hence sovereign people of Rome,[6] whose favour he had to court — through his corrupting gifts, through the cheap distribution of grain by the state, and through military relief — that lazy and arrogant rabble which later clamoured only for food and games, and which at times of election and legal intrigue sold its vote to the highest bidder.[7] The second factor on which Gracchus based his plans was that class of parvenus — financial geniuses working underhand — who had got the ring of nobility dishonourably and found the doors of the senatorial palace shut to them. As the ruling senate was prohibited by law from holding any of the state-leases, the tribune of the people, through the *lex iudiciaria*,[8] not only delivered to the nobles the taxes from leases in the provinces, but also appointed these vampires to the offices of judge in all provincial extortion cases. From then on, the pasha rule of wealthy merchants and lessees spread through the unfortunate countries, robbing and plundering without punishment, till the name of Rome was held not only in fear, but also in contempt. When this dangerous tribune, in order to increase his popularity still further, overstrained the bow by trying to grant the rights of Roman citizens to parts of Italy other than Rome,[9] the sovereign mob engulfed him — being unwilling to share its rights with any others.[10] To celebrate this deed people and senate together rebuilt the old Temple of Concordia.

So this beginning storm not only cleared the atmosphere, but cast over Rome after the death of Gracchus the increasingly oppressive sultriness of reaction, bringing about the final catastrophe which was to consume the entire republic. Holding to its position of power, the senate, together with the privileged nobles, for thirty years exploited the exhausted countries; after the abrogation of the Gracchus reforms it quickly bought back the peasant estates, sent generals — always one less competent than the last — to the scenes of war, and quieted the opposition of the plebeians at the capital with sports and feasting. Social evils were apparent everywhere, complete corruption was open to the strongest light, so that even Jugurtha, the African king, dared say in Rome that everyone could be bought, only the price differed.[11]

If, as was said later, the blood of the Gracchi was the seed that was sown, certainly Marius was the fruit. For he, a plebeian, finally ended the scandalous war in Numidia (105 B.C.) and he himself thrust the ax at the roots of the expiring republic. The army, which is the physical strength of every nation, was taken away from the control of the senate, which before had conferred military command, and was placed under the public assembly. The second blow that struck was the reorganization of the entire army; the sons of citizens soon disappeared from its ranks after the admission of those without property had made it a mass of mercenaries, who were certainly willing instruments in the hands of ambitious generals. So through Marius, the first of all the military rulers, the army became an element in democratic politics; at the same time an organized depopulation of Italy began, because the retired veterans preferred to have the state provide for them in foreign countries. Six times in succession the people made Marius generalissimo and consul; and just as he had quickly stopped the disgraceful war against Jugurtha, so he also destroyed the advance-guard of migrating peoples, the Cimbri and Teutones, who, as the Gauls had done in times past, were settling in northern Italy, to the terror of the Romans.[12] The liberator himself then fell ingloriously; he had agreed to overthrow the constitution, but he betrayed the democratic party at the last moment; the

Capitol was stormed and rescued from the rioters (100 B.C.). Thus the second revolution was suppressed.

In the beginning of the following century the waves of general discontent rose ever higher, but they were to rush over much tyranny and mob-rule before they finally ebbed away in the calm waters of the principate. The senate found the thieving nobles ever more burdensome; so, in order to take from them the *lex iudicaria*, the senators, through Lucinius Drusus, joined the people's party, and an act was passed to give back the jury tribunals to a senate double in size. As a reward for this, the re-apportionment of state domains that still existed in Italy was promised to the people.[13] One crisis was scarcely over before another more terrible appeared in sight. In 90 B.C. this same Drusus made the demand that citizen rights, to which they had so long held claim, should at last be granted to parts of Italy other than Rome. The noble tribune was cowardly assassinated, and thus ended his far-seeing policy; a general revolt of the peninsula from Rome resulted, and the free republic of Italy was proclaimed at Corfinium. Inflamed with rage, Rome was not ashamed to call upon Gauls and Spaniards for help, and a war of terrible devastation swept the glorious fields of Italy. When even the loyal Umbrians and Etruscans began to waver,[14] concessions were finally made, and the *lex Julia* gave the right of citizenship to all those who had not revolted. A year later Plautius and Papirius, tribunes of the people, extended its jurisdiction from the Rubicon to the Strait of Messina.[15] Henceforth the history of Rome and the history of Italy were to be one.

While Rome was bleeding from a thousand wounds, afflicted by ever new attacks, and searching for one physician instead of many, a mountainous wave arose on the distant Black Sea; it flooded Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Hellas and buried a hundred and fifty thousand Romans beneath it.[16] This was a last uprising[17] of Hellas and the East before they found peace in the world empire of Rome.

Quick action was needed, and Rome had the right son ready — her own ruthless self incarnate — in L. Cornelius Sulla. He hurried to the city rent by party strife, took it by storm, and tore the general's

staff from the waning power of Marius, who was banished to the ruins of Carthage. He crushed the strength of the tribunes and then crossed with his mercenaries to Epirus to strike a blow at Mithridates. After plundering the temples of Delphi and Olympia he laid siege to Athens. This Roman then wrought such havoc as once Xerxes had done;[18] he uprooted the trees beneath which Plato had walked, the Odeion of Pericles for a second time was a prey to flames, and the Acropolis was stormed and pillaged. Having been victorious at Orchomenos and Chaironeia, he crossed over to Asia, where in 85 B.C. he dictated the peace of Dardanos.[19] Then, having become a despot, he turned homeward, to hold fearful court in Rome.

While Sulla was thus placing the East again under Roman domination, civil war was raging at home. Marius had returned, no longer as a *pater patriæ*, but as a demon of vengeance craving to bathe in the blood of his enemies. Everything Sulla had organized was declared null and void, he himself was outlawed *in absentia*, and his house was razed to the ground. The victor of the Teutones for the seventh time ascended the consular chair, maddened by drink and bloodthirsty vengeance, and soon went down to a dishonoured grave. He bequeathed the reign of terror to Cinna, who was murdered by mutinous soldiers when after three years of fruitless opposition to Sulla he tried to embark at Ancona. During these frightful times the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol was consigned to flames.

Landing at Brundisium, the fearful Sulla, the first ruler who was master of the army, pushed on towards Rome, crushing everything in his way.[20] Like Nemesis and the laws of nature, he was resolved to take over the office of judge and avenger in cold calm majesty. Before his entry into the city, he sacrificed to Bellona the hecatomb of six thousand Samnite prisoners; then he seated himself on the throne of the dictator, and the memorable "proscription" began, when day and night the blood of nearly five thousand men [21] flowed from the Forum into the Tiber, upon whose waters the ashes of Marius also floated away. "The Favourite," as the tyrant styled himself, re-establsihed the constitution — which since the time of the Gracchi had become disordered — according to the strictest inter-

pretation of the optimates. When this was done, this remarkable man retired from the scene of his greatness to the solitude of Puteoli, where he died the following year of a hæmorrhage.

Scarcely was he interred in the royal tombs [22] when his constitutional work began to crumble; but men already lived who were appointed to enter into the inheritance of the dead, for the destiny of Rome was ever more clearly personified in the figures of her various sons. First Pompey, the son-in-law of Sulla, followed in his footsteps and, supported by the army that was bound to him by oath, tried to make the new foundations of the state secure. For by this time the army alone could manage the civil discord that had become such a lasting condition. By order of the senate Pompey defeated Brutus at Modena and then hurried to Spain, where Sertorius had set up an empire of his own and had made an alliance with Mithridates, the arch-enemy of Rome.[23] For nearly four years he carried on a guerrilla warfare typically Spanish, until the efficient Sertorius was assassinated and his less worthy successor, Perpenna, was defeated. Meanwhile a huge army of gladiators — far stronger than sixty years before — was in revolt against Rome in the cause of liberty and justice (73–71 B.C.). After many victories under the brave Spartacus, it was finally defeated not far from the capital by Licinius Crassus, who was the richest slave-dealer of his time. In the decisive battle following, at South Calabria, sixty thousand of these wretched men were killed. The remainder fell into the hands of Pompey upon his return.[24] Twice drunk with victory, he advanced to the Campus Martius, demanding the triumph and, contrary to the constitution of Sulla, the consulate also. Both were granted him. But Crassus,[25] likewise victorious, became a jealous colleague. In the reaction following Sulla's death, new conditions arose. The tribunal authority was re-established in its former capacity. Fortunately during this period, roused by the scandalous proceedings of Verres, a law was passed giving the judicial office in extortion cases to senators, nobles, and tribunes of the treasury alike.

At the end of his term as consul, Pompey, conscious of his ability, desired to return to a military career. He sought a command of great

distinction worthy of him — sweeping the pirates from the Mediterranean. As he could gain this only by will of the people, he suddenly allied himself with the people's party.[26] The young Julius Cæsar, son-in-law of Cinna and nephew of Marius, also belonged to this party. Hence he voted in the still rather sluggish popular assembly for that *lex Gabinia* which was to give absolute power to Pompey.

Just as Rome at that time ruled the land, so the pirates ruled the open sea and the coasts; becoming ever more daring, they plundered the rich ports and not only captured the Roman pleasure frigates, but insolently seized the grain boats that were to supply the capital with food. Then Pompey again stepped upon the scene; invested with unlimited power, he defeated the pirates at Coracesium (67 B.C.), and before three months had passed, not a pirate ship was to be sighted on the Mediterranean.[27] After this really great service, which gave Rome police power on the sea, food prices fell and business prospered, so the great general coveted further laurels. The people through the tribune Manilius, and the senate through Cicero,[28] gratefully bestowed upon him the supreme command in the war against Mithridates, which until then had been held by the increasingly successful Lucullus. So he went to Asia and entered into an alliance with the Parthians. Where the Euphrates rushes down from the Armenian mountains, the great King lost his greatest battle, Artaxata fell, and the Romans pursued the fleeing King till the Caucasus mountains forced them to stop. Turning back, Pompey entered splendid Damascus, put an end to the empire of the Seleucidæ, and made a Roman province of Syria. Just as he was preparing for a campaign into Petræan Arabia, the death of Mithridates (64 B.C.) freed him and Rome from their greatest enemy. Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, who had driven his father to his death, was proud to call himself a vassal of Rome.

Pompey then conquered Palestine and captured Jerusalem. Having arranged at Ephesus for the temporary administration of the new countries and for the safety of his veterans, he turned slowly homeward, visiting Athens and the island of Lesbos on the way.

Meanwhile, however, anarchy was again raging at Rome, for, fearing that Pompey's return might cause a reaction as in the time of Sulla, Cæsar and the rich Crassus had joined forces, hoping with the help of the Catilinarian conspirators to overthrow the government of the optimates. But just in time Cicero prevented Catiline's election to the consulship. Three years later Catiline was again a candidate, together with C. Antonius, but the latter, with Cicero, was chosen. Then the crisis burst forth. In southern Etruria an army of insurgents gathered, and Catiline threatened to set fire to the four corners of the Capitol. His attempt to assassinate Cicero failed, and he himself met death in a desperate encounter near Pistoria. In the trial of his fellow conspirators Cato advocated and Cæsar opposed the verdict of death, but Cicero carried it through. The prisoners were strangled in an underground dungeon near by.[29] Standing on the orator's platform, Cicero announced to the people simply: "*Vixerunt.*" Instead of torches a sea of fire gaily illumined the city. It was the greatest day in Cicero's life.

Like Sulla before him, so Pompey the Great landed on the soil of Italy at Brundisium, and Rome trembled at his approach. But Pompey did not wish to rule as monarch; he retired his soldiers and contented himself with the most magnificent triumph that Rome had ever witnessed. Captive kings and princes followed his chariot to the newly-built Capitol, and into the Temple of Saturn he poured a gift of milliards. But he soon realized only too keenly that without an army he had no power in Rome; the senate refused to ratify the arrangements he had made in the provinces conquered by him, or to provide the grants of land for distribution among his faithful veterans.

At this turning-point in his victorious career Julius Cæsar,[30] the man most highly esteemed in the people's party, won Pompey over to his policy, made him his son-in-law, and together with Crassus, who was the embodiment of financial power, they established the first triumvirate of Rome (60 B.C.). The consequences were plain. In his consular year 59 B.C., without approval of the senate, Cæsar ratified the maintenance of Pompey's army in Campania and had the

governorship of the two Spains granted him for five years. Cato was sent to Cyprus, and in 58 B.C. sorrowing Cicero went into exile. Cæsar then undertook, in the hope of tremendous spoils, that conquest of Gaul from the Pyrenees to the Rhine and the North Sea which was to make Gaul for ever a part of Roman civilization,[31] and which was to be of the greatest consequence in the later history of the West. He created an army for himself that could protect a throne, while Pompey could not even prevent the ceaseless party strife that filled the streets of Rome with the stormy followers of the tribune Clodius.[32] Hence in 56 B.C. the triumvirate and two hundred senators met in conference; it was decided that Spain should fall to Pompey, and Syria to Crassus; and that Cæsar's proconsulate in Gaul should be extended. Then the three great men, after violent election riots, entered upon their consular office (55 B.C.).

The next year Pompey had himself represented in Spain by two legates. But Licinius Crassus, greedy for gain, went to the East himself, where he fell at Carrhæ in 53 B.C. His head was cut off, and, filled with gold, it was tossed to the feet of the Parthian King.

An oppressive sultriness, pregnant with future revolt, hung over Rome like a gathering storm, when Pompey, tired of the disorderly street rule of Clodius and Milo, in 52 B.C. became autocratic consul. A rupture with Cæsar grew unavoidable when Pompey threw himself into the arms of the optimates and demanded extension of his own proconsulate in Spain and the revocation of Cæsar's honour. The only question of world interest turned upon which man should issue victor from this joint rule.[33]

In the winter of 50–49 B.C. the legions of Cæsar were in full march upon northern Italy without Rome's suspecting it. Commissioned by the senate, the consul Marcellus went to Campania to appoint Pompey defender of the republic. At the same time both tribunes of the people rode at full speed into Cæsar's camp at Ravenna. The die was cast, and a world began to reel when on the following night Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and fell upon Italy. The consternation of the senatorial party at Rome was so beyond bounds that everyone gathered wildly together and, abandoning Rome, followed Pompey

in flight. Cæsar, rushing after them, reached Brundisium just in time to see a fleet conveying the fugitive government across to Epirus.[34] Thus Italy was spared during the first of that world war. Arriving at the deserted capital, the usurper took the vast state treasure by force and appointed Lepidus as prefect of the city. Then, laden with booty, he set out with his army for distant Spain, declaring he would first fight the legions of Pompey without their general, and later the general without his army.

Returning victorious, he was elected consul for the next year (49 B.C.), and, putting the affairs of Italy in order as well as possible, he set out for the East. At Pharsalus the two great rivals met. Cæsar's efficient smaller army quickly defeated the legion of senatorial recruits.[35] All the world now lay at the victor's feet, and his opponents sought to make peace. Only Pompey, who in his fallen greatness still had a few loyal followers, sought safety in flight. He hoped by the assistance of his fleet to turn back the wheel of fortune. Steering his ship to neutral soil, he sought the hospitality of the King of Egypt. The treacherous court eunuch Potheinos, hoping to commend himself to Cæsar's favour, sent out three assassins, who stabbed Pompey just as he landed (September 28, 48 B.C.).

When the new sovereign of the world was received at Alexandria, amid the greatest display of splendour, he was smilingly presented with the head of the great Pompey. In that city of luxury he became ensnared by the charms of the beautiful queen Cleopatra, who revived the old game of Hercules and Omphale. She presented him with his only son, Cæsarion. He was recalled to his duty when the excited mob at Alexandria besieged the royal castle. So he forsook love and the crumbling glory of the Ptolemies, which he had brought under Roman dominion, and, proceeding to the East, he "came, saw, and conquered" the whole world of the Orient. He then returned by way of Greece and went on to Numidia, where at Thapsus in 46 B.C. he defeated Cato,[36] who, not wishing to survive his republican ideals, committed suicide at Utica. As the finale Cæsar set out for Spain, where he crushed the sons of Pompey[37] in 45 B.C. at Munda. Triumphing over three continents, the ruler of the world marched into

the capital as the dictator of Rome for life. Two hundred thousand men had been sacrificed by him to the most high Jupiter. After storm and terror there now shone upon Rome, for all too short a time, the sunlight of peace.

The reorganization of the government began by establishing the monarchy upon the union of the tribunal with the imperium.[38] The senators became an advisory body of the monarch, but they were not co-rulers; their former authority was intentionally lessened when enfranchised citizens and centurions received the laticlavia. Cæsar tried by wise reforms to remedy the evils, both private and public, which century-long wars had fostered and which were disintegrating the entire state. He possessed both magnanimity and shrewd wisdom. Hence he tried to protect the provinces from officials and soldiers alike, and also to mitigate the differences in rank between them and Rome. He had the inflated lists of citizenship examined, and struck off the mob that was unwilling to work. Eighty thousand colonists were sent out to rebuild Carthage and Corinth. He hoped to give meritorious work to the masses of unemployed, by huge street-construction, by the regulating of the Tiber,[39] and by a canal joining Rome with Terracina to drain the Pontine Marshes. Working feverishly, as if for him there were only today, great Cæsar laboured at tasks for the future, improving the *jus civile*, the financial system, and the calendar;[40] planning to change the Campus Martius into a second Alexandria, and, with equal insight into great and small, removing muddy pools from Rome while fixing the boundaries between the barbaric and the civilized world. Yet, as a son of Mars and a grandson of Aphrodite, his highest ideal was that he, the instrument of Providence, should bring to successful issue the historic unity of Greek and Roman culture.

But fate was already floating that diadem above his head with which he longed to crown his work. The royal splendour of the queen of Egypt had increased Cæsar's desire to enhance the outward effect of his omnipotence by titles and insignia.[41] An obsequious senate bestowed upon him the royal toga, and he, remaining seated, received the honourable fathers like a prince.[42] He planned great deeds:

to do what Alexander had done, to open the wondrous world of the distant East, to avenge Crassus, to hurry over vanquished Parthia into India. Then, having conquered and cleansed all the habitable parts of the earth, he would return to Rome to rule there as emperor of the world.

But lightning shot from a clear sky and ended the radiant dream. The old republic in her death-struggle of forty years had been waiting for deliverance, yet she slew the great physician who had tried to heal her pain. Was it the irony of fate that Cæsar's terrible end chanced to occur before the marble eyes of Pompey's statue? [43]

When a vacuum suddenly arises, everything around makes effort to fill it again; so, also, the appalling void that followed the death of that stupendous figure. Pandemonium succeeded the catostrophe, plunging the world afresh into civil wars.

While the bewildered murderers fled to the Capitol, Mark Antony inflamed the rage of the people by proclaiming Cæsar's last will.[44] He was determined to become the political heir himself and acted as though Cæsar's adopted son, Octavius, did not exist. His arbitrary rule estranged everyone.[45] He refused Syria and Macedonia to Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of Cæsar; yet both men by hurried escape gained possession of these provinces.[46] War broke out with Gallia Cisalpina, which Mark Antony had tried to seize from Decimus.[47]

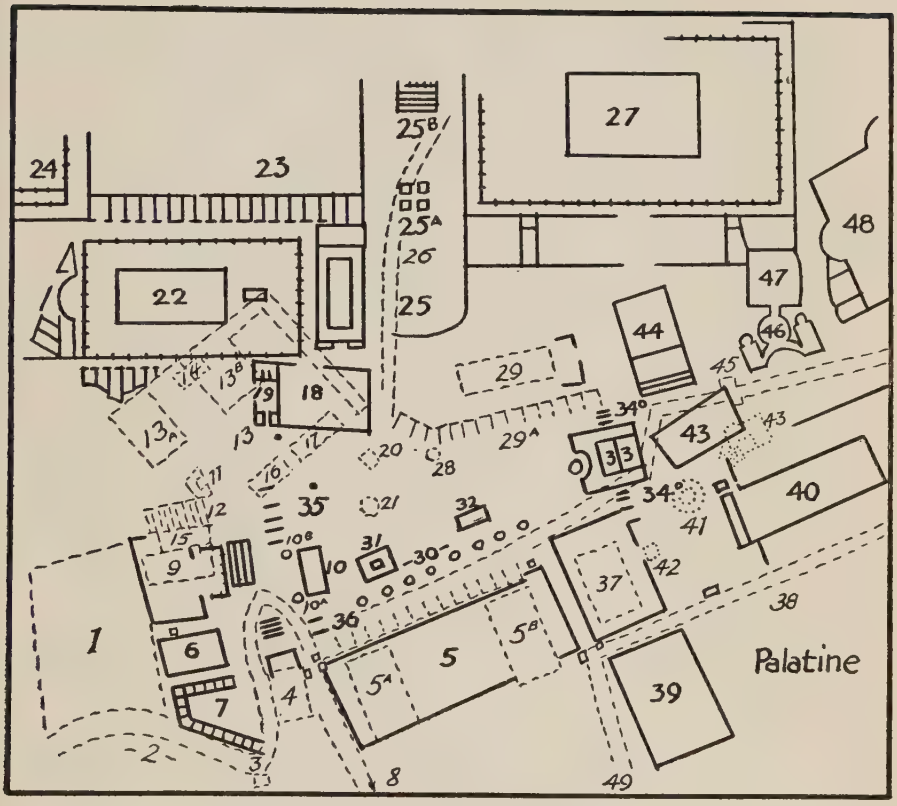
Meanwhile Cicero by his thundering philippics incited the senate to action. He tried to make use of the young Octavius, who hurried to Campania and gathered Cæsar's veterans to his side, as well as two of Mark Antony's legions. United with the senatorial party, he was victorious at Modena, and Antony fled.[48] But the optimates then dropped him and gave the chief command to Decimus. That was an hour fraught with fate for Cæsar's youthful heir, then but twenty years of age; he rushed with his army to Rome and not only forced the senate to make him consul, but together with Mark Antony and Lepidus established the terrible triumvirate of 43 B.C.[49] The new government was ushered in with a criminal court never before equalled; three hundred senators and two thousand nobles fell in the

carnage, the Forum was lined with heads, and the great Cicero's stared down from the orator's platform. Then the road led east. The triumvirs with their twenty legions were victorious at Philippi, and Brutus and Cassius fell on their swords. The republic was dead!

Antony remained in the East, where another heritage of Cæsar awaited him — the delights of Cleopatra's love. Octavius marched home to more serious occupation. Countless veterans expected him to support them; this could be done only by cruelly ejecting others from their property.[50] Disturbances arose; his own mother-in-law, Fulvia, and Mark Antony's brother fought against him; Sextus Pompey blockaded all the ports, and riots increased in Rome. Octavius found a faithful ally in Agrippa, the friend of his youth. Together they besieged Perugia, which Fulvia was defending; it was razed to the ground, and Octavius slaughtered three hundred of its citizens at an altar to Cæsar which he erected in Rome. Italy trembled with rage and called upon Sextus Pompey, ruler of the seas, for help against this youthful tyrant. He captured Sardinia in 40 B.C., and a year later, by the treaty of Puteoli, he was admitted into the alliance of the triumvirs.[51]

Peace did not last long. Octavius recovered Sardinia by treason; Antony, who asked for legions to help in the Parthian war, gave Pompey into his hands; Lepidus came from Africa to aid, and at Messina and Naulochus the star of the island king sank in the waves.[52] When Lepidus laid claim to Sicily, Octavius broke off relations with him and sent him into exile at Circeii, where he later died, without exercising any influence, as pontifex maximus of Rome.[53]

The history of the world now hung suspended in the air, the East against the West. Who was to win; Antony, symbolizing the ideals of the old Orient, the splendour of the past?[54] Or Octavius, who represented the political purpose of Rome to win world supremacy for the West? The East, rich in treasure, had no need of the poor West; while the very source of life was cut off from the Occident. Octavius closed completely all doors of military supplies, for only by fresh troops could Mark Antony gain any victories in the East. The triumvirate ended in 33 B.C. Antony sent a decree of divorce to



FORUM ROMANUM

full lines: Forum during the time of the Republic

dotted lines: Forum during the Imperial period

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Key to Forum Romanum

1. Tabularium of Sulla
2. Clivus Capitolinus (to the Capitol)
3. Porta Stercoraria
4. Temple of Saturn
5. Basilica Julia
5a. House of the Scipios
5b. House of the Sempronii (later Basilica Sempronia)
5c. Tabernæ Veteres
6. Temple of Vespasian
7. Schola Xanthi or the seven Planet-gods (Porticus Deorium Consentium)
8. Vicus Jugarius
9. Temple of Concordia (enlarged)
10. The new Rostra
10a. Umbilicus (World-navel)
10b. Milliarium Aureum (golden central milestone)
11. Carcer
12. Scalæ gemomæ (Stairway of sighs)
13. Old Comitium
13a. Basilica Porcia
13b. Curia Hostilia
14. Temple of Felicitas
15. Basilica Opimia
16. Græcostasis
17. The old Rostra
18. Curia Julia
19. Secretarium of the Senate
20. Arch of Janus
21. The Pool of Servilius
22. Forum Julium, with Temple of Venus Genetrix
23. Forum of Augustus
24. Forum of Trajan
25. Transitorium of Nerva
25a. Temple of Janus Quadrifrons
25b. Temple of Minerva
26. Argiletum street to the Suburra
27. Forum of Vespasian, with the Temple of Peace (during the time of the republic: fish-market)
28. Temple of Venus Cloacina
29. Basilica Fulvia-Æmilia (enlarged)
29a. Tabernæ Novæ
30. Honorary statues
31. Column of Phocas
32. Equestrian Statue of Constantine the Great
33. Temple of Cæsar Divus
34a. First triumphal arch of Augustus
34b. Second triumphal arch of Augustus
35. Triumphal arch of Septimius Severus
36. Triumphal arch of Tiberius
37. Temple of Castor (enlarged)
38. Via Nova
39. Temple of the deified Augustus
40. Round Temple of Vesta
41. Pool of Juturna
42. Old and new Regia
43. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina
44. Fornix Fabia
45. Heroon of Romulus
46. Temple of Sacra Urbs
47. Basilica Maxentia
48. Vicus Tuscus

Octavia, whereupon her brother issued a declaration of war upon Cleopatra. She collected both army and fleet at Ephesus, went with her husband to Patras, via Samos and Athens, and in the spring farther on to the Gulf of Ambracia. Then followed in rapid succession the closing scenes of this great drama. When the decisive struggle was raging, the Queen treacherously fled with sixty ships; Antony, bereft of his senses, followed her. From that day, September 2, 31 B.C., Rome's brow was adorned with a proud imperial diadem.[55]

Arriving at Alexandria, Antony and Cleopatra, abandoned by history, squandered their last respite in a riot of joy. Pitilessly the end approached. The Queen's effort to worship the new sun was all in vain. While Antony, having taken his own life, was bleeding to death in Cleopatra's arms,[56] she sent the keys of her frontier fortress Pelusium to Octavius, but the new lord was cold as fate and refused the bribe. Then she, too, passed from the scene of history.[57] The bite of an asp caused her death, and her empire became a crown domain. The loveliest pearl of all, it completed the wreath of Roman provinces.[58]

All Rome now awaits with feverish joy the return of the absolute monarch, the bearer of peace, the saviour of the world! [59] The city of the old republic for the last time has put on her familiar festive dress before changing it to imperial marble. The sacred temples on the seven hills wear wreaths and garlands of flowers; gay-coloured streamers float from their ridges; precious tapestries hang from the windows, over balconies, and along the stairways. Flaming tripods with bowls of fragrant incense are burning everywhere between the pillars of the arcades. The waters of many fountains spurt high in the August sun, and fall back sparkling into their marble basins. Yellow sand and rose-petals cover the pavements. Great throngs are encamped on both sides of the old Via Triumphalis. The whole city is awake; the roofs are thickly crowded with people, and overhead the swarms of pigeons, finding no place to perch, circle restlessly to and fro. On the Forum the guilds gather round their leaders: the merchants who deal in articles of luxury from the Sacra Via;[60] the seven guilds of the Suburra;[61] the carpet-weavers from the Velabrium. They all

stand in line, with their guild insignia and sacrificial offerings, and then move in a body to the Campus Martius.

High officials in their vestments, surrounded by lictors, force their way roughly through the dangerous crowds, which immediately close again behind them; runners with whips in their hands try to make room for the processions of great ladies and their court in litters. Daises have been erected for them in the marble halls of Octavius and Philippus,[62] where they recline among pillows upon damask couches; canopies of scarlet protect them from the sun, and huge fans of ostrich feathers cool the air. On special galleries the rich nobles and their numerous clients are seated. The senators assemble in the temple of the goddess of war, according to custom, to await the conqueror.

All Rome is a roaring sea of voices, and the shouts of rejoicing thunder ever louder and louder, drowning the blare of trumpets, as the endless triumphal procession draws nearer. It passes the huge semicircle of Pompey's Theatre,[63] the curia[64] where Cæsar was murdered, on to the Temple of Bellona.[65] Seated on ivory chairs, the senators there receive the great captain. Octavius renders an account of his deeds and asks for the honour of the triumph. It is granted him for three days, and for the same length of time the people bestow upon him unlimited power in the city. Then the tremendous procession moves on, through the Porta Flumentana, turning into the Vicus Jugarius at the Temple of Felicitas, entering the Forum at the Temple of Saturn, and returning through the narrow Vicus Tuscus. It crosses the cattle-market to the Carceres, whose three gates lead to the Circus Maximus. On this wide race-course, divided by the spina, which is ornamented with altars, statues, and pillars, the procession unfolds in all its splendour. Hundreds of thousands fill the stone seats, as well as the wooden galleries above.[66]

The loud acclamations swell into a single shout when the trumpeters and choirs of singers appear at the head of the triumphal march; behind them come the white bulls fattened for the sacrifice, with richly embroidered covers on their backs; next follow the long lines of student priests, with the pontifex maximus in full vestments at their head, carrying spoon, ax, and fan in his hand; images of the gods in

costly raiment are carried by the priests or conveyed in carriages. Then comes the never-ending line of spoils immeasurable: weapons of all kinds piled mountain-high, bales of Babylonian rugs, Indian brocades, clouds of delicate fabric from Byssus, draperies of purple, baskets filled with gold coins, and ingots of precious metals mounting up to the millions.

This still-life spectacle is interrupted by Parthian horses, wild donkeys, dromedaries and elephants, black-maned lions from Mesopotamia, Arabian panthers led by rings in their noses. The vegetable kingdom follows the animal: a forest of rare plants carried in huge silver tubs, date-palms from Egypt, cedars from Lebanon, Armenian apricots, cherries and chestnuts from the Black Sea, peach-trees from Colocassia. Next the mighty engines of war roll by, and soldiers in pairs carry aloft, fastened between two poles, great war paintings of conquered cities and countries. Again the tubas sound, and again the pageant passes: the statue of Cleopatra under a canopy killing herself with the venomous snake; the crowns of Egypt, her precious jewels, the famous chain of pearls, gold and silver images, vases, and vessels for the victims' blood — the whole vast treasure of the Queen of the Ptolemies is carried by, amid loud shouts of rejoicing from the astonished throng. Then there comes a train of lictors dressed in purple attended by players on zither and shawm. The Roman officials, bearing their insignia, march in dignified procession, while six hundred senators in flowing robes follow.

At last, amid the uproar and deafening noise of the multitude, the conqueror himself arrives, in his high chariot drawn by four prancing white steeds. A slave holds the golden crown of laurel leaves over his head, whispering steadily: " Remember that thou art mortal! " In one hand is the ivory sceptre, in the other an olive-branch. His face is streaked with vermilion, for on this day, robed in the toga palmata of Jupiter, he incarnates the most high god of the Roman people. Directly behind his chariot follow his male relatives and friends, then the legates and centurions of war, and, amid rousing cheers, the whole victorious army, cavalry and infantry, all adorned with laurel. Meanwhile the conqueror has long since passed through the eastern gate of

the circus and has proceeded, midst the shouting crowds, along the hallowed drive round the Palatine, as Romulus did long ago in shadowy prehistoric times. The procession then passes along the southern slope to the very old shrine of Venus Libitina,[67] turning into the Sacra Via and by the Temple of the Trojan Penates and of Jupiter Stator[68] into the Forum, the old meeting-place of the free people.

A new time entered there with Octavius, and venerable buildings were to rise again in new splendour. The bloody horrors of the storms of history had passed. The conqueror closed the portals of the Arch of Janus as a symbol of eternal peace; the goddess of victory floating over the world[69] was carried into the new senatorial palace, and Octavius drove to the Temple of Jupiter[70] at the Capitol. All around, the city sent up her jubilant hymns to the mount of the gods; drums and fanfares sounded the war-songs of the army of victory; according to ancient custom, sacrificial animals were slaughtered on the main altar, while the new ruler of the world, followed by his generals and illustrious senators, entered the temple hall. Before the majestic statue of the most high god[71] he knelt in prayer; he removed his laurel crown and bestowed it on the eternal spirit of Rome. Then he stepped to the threshold of the sanctuary and gazed down upon the great city. He realized that a time of ancient glory was spent, a time when Rome belonged to herself. For now Octavius had given her the world and she had lost her former liberty. Henceforth she must rest on her laurels, and veil herself in radiant beauty, having become the Eternal[72] City.

Tantæ molis erat
Romanam condere gentem.

VIRGIL

IMPERIAL ROME

Rome, first so plain and unadorned,
Now gleams with gold.
Vast treasure stores are sent her by
A serving world.

OVID

THE GIANT RIVER OF ROME, INTO WHICH THE WATERS OF three continents have poured, flows on, broad and majestic, to meet the tide. It has passed through the rapids of great revolution and, bearing along with it the Torroroca, has rolled out into the ocean of history.

The levelling of the world of antiquity had taken place amid tremendous cataclysms, and its elements still alive became, under the protection of Rome, part of a single body — the Roman Empire [1] — and of a single soul — the Greek-Italian culture and education. The world, thus outwardly united and reconciled, was to find itself at peace within, through "the creator and prince of life"; [2] for together with the foundation of the world empire the founder of the world Church was born.

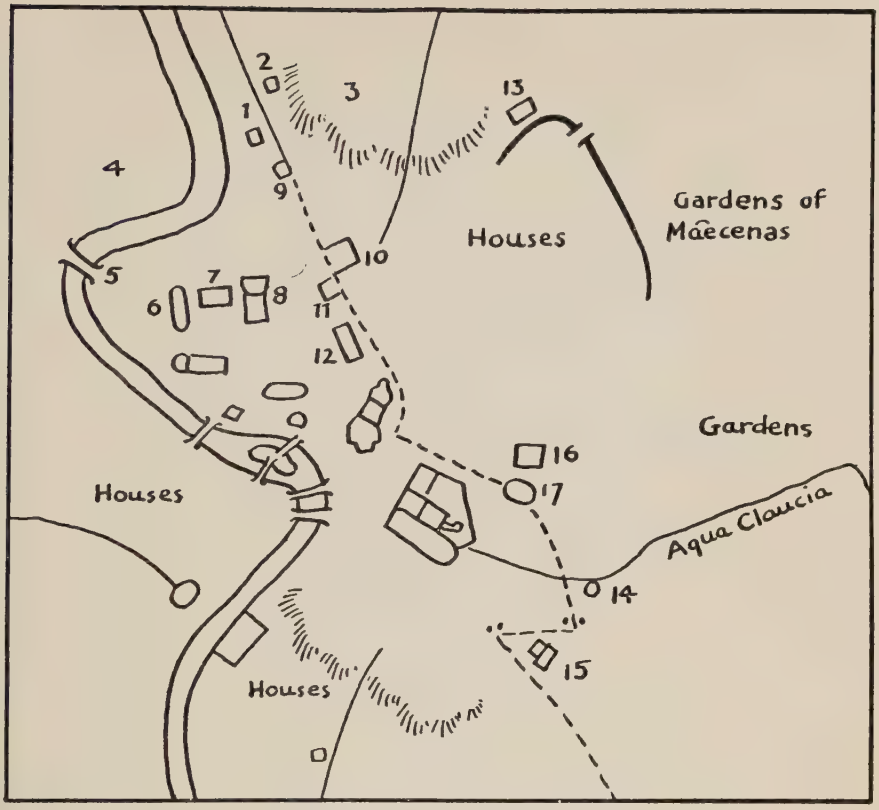
In this most critical epoch Providence sent a man into history whose singular quality was to take humanity by the hand, to guide it carefully from the riven forests of the past to a quiet plain on the heights, where life was still to be granted a beauteous eventide.

Rome had swept away the political development of the old world most ruthlessly. Ancient forms of state, small and great, which had required millenniums for history to unfold — in kingdom, church, and republic — all were in turn shattered and undone by the Romans; and together with them fell all those aristocracies which were the

guardians of historical and cultural traditions and which, because of their peculiar privileges, had obtained for themselves the monopoly of wealth in their cities or countries. Enormous fortunes had lain in idle hands, indulging only traditional luxury. In rivalry with these, kings and princes, fostering the arts and sciences, had set up flourishing seats of the Muses in their capitals. Roman proconsuls had then moved into the old royal castles, and, by uniting many districts, had ruled on a grand scale over far-spread regions. If till then wide areas of the population had groaned under the burdens of costly individual governments and the extravagance of court and nobility, certainly during the civil war the Roman pasha system of plunder and exploitation brought them to the edge of the precipice.

Under the wise rule of Augustus, as he must now be called, new life was breathed into the people. The rapacious governors vanished from the purified air of the new age. The prosperity of the provinces increased year by year, for through the pax Augusta, free trade in all countries from the Oxus to the Tagus and from the Nile to the Weser brought about an active exchange of commodities; all duties were removed, nearly all the monopolies were ended,[3] pirates no longer infested the seas, and Rome demanded only such tribute as each country could pay.[4] Commercial routes, newly built or repaired, made traffic by land possible in all directions, and legions at the frontiers guarded the safety of the giant empire; international trade was awakened and countries never before united were brought into close connexion. Conducted hither and thither by a thousand streams, raw materials and industrial products, as well as the money that had long lain idle in treasury and temple, entered into circulation. The place of the privileged classes, the upper ten thousand, was now occupied by the self-made man, the hundreds of thousands of the middle class. It was the merchants, invariably the same type in all countries and united by the same interests, who spread a layer of social humus over the whole new empire, by means of which the nations were to become assimilated.

Italy, the dominant country, enthroned in the midst of the provinces, having shared equal rights with Rome for a hundred years, had,



Imperial Rome (Chapter VIII)

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1. Mausoleum of Augustus
2. Mausoleum of Nero
3. Gardens of Messalina
4. Gardens of Agrippina
5. Nero's bridge to his circus
6. Stadium of Domitian
7. Baths of Nero
8. Pantheon and Baths of Agrippa
9. Ara Pacis Augustæ
10. Porticus Europae
11. Porticus Nationum and temple of Neptune
12. Saepta Julia
13. Gardens and stadium of Sallust
14. Macellum Neronis
15. Temple of Honor and Virtus
16. Baths of Titus
17. Colosseum

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like Rome, lost her old individual life and her native population during their joint struggle for world supremacy. Civil wars especially had left once flourishing regions desolate; thickly inhabited Samnium had but two cities left; only the names remained of once populous towns in Latium.[5] Whole tribes had been transferred hither and thither; all attempts to stimulate agriculture through giving grants to the soldiers had failed; the veterans unsuited to such a life had quickly sold the land apportioned to them to the greedy property-owners, and on the great estates pasturage and fruit-growing took the place of agriculture. Descendants of slaves from all parts of the world gradually became the resident population of Italy. Being the ruling country, she considered herself above the necessity of providing for her own needs, for she had the provinces to serve her. Later times proved to her that by so doing she had gradually sold her independence. Augustus tried to correct these evils as best he could; he established twenty-eight colonial cities, granted them a monopoly of the wine-trade and the export of olives, and levied no burdening taxes. All this had a beneficial effect on the enrichment of the country. Italy and the provinces showed their gratitude by erecting temples and altars everywhere to his name, as to a god who showered blessings.[6]

In the heart of the world, in his modest dwelling on the Palatine,[7] sat the wise ruler whose chief political purpose, *speude bradéos*, was to create a model republic under a crown and to revive the national life of Rome both intellectually and physically. He sought to avoid the mistakes of Sulla and Cæsar, who had used force to bring about new conditions, by aiming rather to make the necessary step in history from republic to absolute monarchy as little noticed as possible; and hence, by combining with the institutions that had existed everywhere for ages, to preserve in outward form at least the rights of senate and people.

The old constitution of the city, measured by the scale of world empire, was found inadequate. The many senators agreed in their opinions upon only the one principle that nothing should be changed; there was a lack everywhere of the necessary administrative officials, and hence the working of state property had to be surrendered to

private individuals; the exhausted organs of the republic were no longer capable of converting new ideas into action; the new period therefore demanded peremptory adaptation to changed conditions, and a central government supported by a standing army. Augustus placed the machinery of state upon a firm basis of healthy progress. Under his hand a strange spectacle took place: the beginning of the Roman state — that primitive cell of the patriarchate — after having been divided again and again in the kingdom and during the *patrocinium* of the republic, now grew together again into one body. The new leader by gradually absorbing within himself the honours of all the highest officials became the absolute paterfamilias of the state; his family council became the state council, his servants the state officials, and the state treasury his private purse. The Roman idea of family authority was thus embodied in gigantic form during its last period of world supremacy. It was the opposite of the oriental conception, for the emperor was not the state, but the state was the emperor. The state *per se* was sacred to the Romans; it was the highest deity of all, and hence its holiness passed on to the imperator. This also was opposed to the theocratic conception of the East, where the sovereign in himself was god. During the last of the imperial era both ideas were merged and became the source from which all later princes drew their claims.

Though outwardly everything appeared unchanged, in reality the people and senate had surrendered their sovereignty to their chief executive. The elections had grown cumbersome in form, so the comitia was gradually deserted; the citizens [8] enjoyed peace and a safe existence and wanted only food and amusement; [9] the financiers awaited rich gain from international peace and hence favoured the autocracy; the old aristocracy alone, so long accustomed to rule, was vigorously opposed to it. Augustus tried to gratify their desires by military and diplomatic positions; he gave back to the senate its old authority and sought in every possible way to make the educated classes forget the political shortcomings. Long prosperity had weakened their will-power and they too preferred to enjoy the harvest in peace. When, however, they entered into conspiracies against the degenerating des-

potism of the last Julians, nearly all of them, together with the dynasty, perished.

The strength of a republic rests in its citizen army; that of a constitutional monarchy on standing armies; and that of absolutism on body-guards.

In the transitional government of the first Emperor all three forms existed side by side. When Augustus in 27 B.C. renounced his life imperium in all the provinces, a division occurred: half became imperial provinces, and the other half senatorial.[10] While the legions were composed of Italian citizens enjoying full rights — professional soldiers bound by oath to the emperor alone — the troops levied in the provinces were called auxiliary forces and formed his house-guard; the picked troops of prætorians, consisting of Romans of full blood, became the body-guard of the emperor and were removed by Tiberius to Rome. When the Roman citizens themselves became inactive, they found expression in this chapter of their history in the innate strength of the soldiery. Internationalism finally brought about dissolution, but before Rome disappeared like a drop in the sea, her eagles were still carried to the shores of the Elbe and to the frontiers of Scotland. Then the policy of expansion was shown in its real meaning, and definitive boundaries began to be protected by great fortifications.

When public safety was ensured, when, following the turmoil of civil wars, property rights had been determined anew, when laws had been improved, then the first emperor began to think of moral development and the combining of Rome's national virtues with the attainments of Hellenism. As in everything else, he tried to hold the downward stream of the times in artistic flood-gates and to stop the fall of the cascade. So he issued his famous edicts for the preservation of discipline and morals, which were coming to naught, and for the protection of the sacredness of marriage — the foundation of the state and of religious faith as well. He offered Rome to the arts[11] as a home, a Parnassus to be adorned; and in the gardens of the great that hothouse plant of Roman literature found loving care.

Augustus erected four pillars that were able to carry the foundations

of the world empire for centuries: these were economic unity, the centres of power and culture arising everywhere, the indestructible belief in an undivided *respublica* (whose administrator, however, was not above the emperor), and, lastly, the creation and maintenance of equilibrium between the East and the West, with Italy, by means of her Gallo-Roman policy, balancing the scales.[12]

The Augustan age therefore was not one of quiet enjoyment, for it was filled with constant effort to give a new coherent aspect to the world. It was a period of sowing for the future, and a purely materialistic spirit pulsed within it. It was an era of creation, and new classes of strong men arose. In the fullness of time, when the world of the ancients had been united through the historic efforts of Rome — *orbis terrarum paccatus* — when the melting together of the nations, no longer separated politically, was well under way — when the people, threatened with complete absorption in material tasks, had heard a world emperor proclaim an earthly golden age — then in this time of sowing, as Isaiah says, a new seed was planted in the heart of humanity. The birth of a world saviour, whose coming had been heralded in Babylonia and in the old mysteries of Osiris; the hope of the Greeks for the god of light and the bearer of salvation who would bring to humanity a new time of peace on earth; the expectation that filled the whole world of antiquity, making it see in astonished terror that the great god Pan was dead;[13] the Messianic hope of the Hebrews — at last all these became reality when on a quiet night the brilliant star of promise rose over Bethlehem Ephratah.

After the first emperors were dead, when the complete change in all conditions became apparent, when the barriers between tradition and the new epoch had fallen, then all the world — following Rome and the madness of the Cæsars — rushed into the whirlpool of the closing era. Peter saw the depraved grandson of Augustus in the Circus Vaticanus demand the blood-testimony of the first Christians; the defiled soil of Rome was sanctified anew by the heads of two apostles; the temples of Jupiter and Jehovah simultaneously became a prey to flames;[14] and on the distant isle of Patmos John wrote down the greatest of all visions.[15] So the seed that was to

take possession of Rome and the whole world for ever had already sprouted silently.

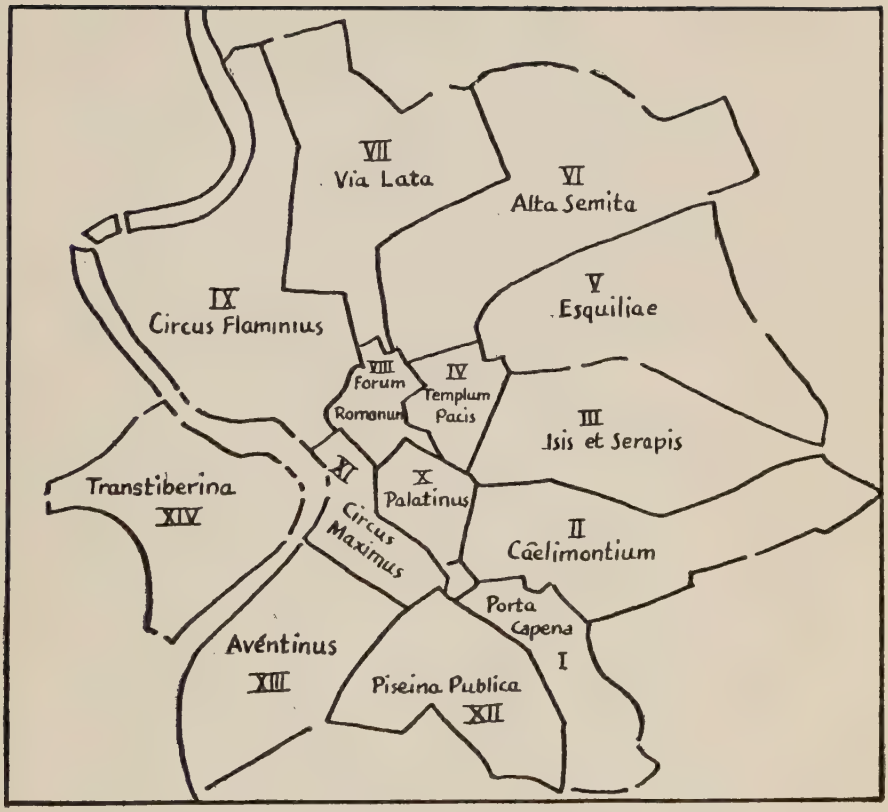
Rome, capital for three hundred years of Italy, for two hundred of the Occident, and for one hundred of a world empire, had shown no desire over a long period of time to match her ever-increasing importance by outward appearances. Contrasted with those cities, already referred to, that owed their origin to royal whim, as, for example, the capitals of the East that developed from court residences and often did not last longer than the reign of their founders and their founders' dynasties; or Alexandria, Constantinople, or St. Petersburg — or, later, Angora — which after being laid out according to the plan of a court architect reached in a few years the height of their development; or the richly decorated commercial cities, where strangers could picture their prosperity at a glance — in contrast to all these republican Rome, since the time when the personal interest of the kings had given her the first imperishable ornament so long ago, had remained unchanged through the course of many centuries; modest, even shabby in appearance, looking like a beehive occupied by a community soul; always a tangle of narrow streets, with houses covering the hills and valleys. The Forum, the scene of the political life of the republic; the Capitol, the dwelling of the gods and justice; the Circus, the hallowed spot for public amusement — these were the three foci in all the changing times. The national soul, then so undeveloped, had no special feeling for interpreting any period in monuments; the city was a huge village, always unchanged in appearance, its development resembling the dry history of the year chronicled by the priests and kept in the *regia*. Such a condition is the direct opposite of that highest state of development that abides in controlled calm. Only after Rome began to personify herself in great men, did she become conscious of the feeling for their age, which then found expression in suggestive works of architecture. Thus the philhellenic period of the Scipios erected the first basilicas and built long arcades where the art treasures, taken in great numbers from foreign cities, were stored. A Greek architect built the arcades of

Metellus, and Pompey gave Rome her first stone theatre, fashioned after the pattern of one in Mitylene. Individual taste also expressed itself independently in the construction of private palaces, especially on the Palatine. The more money and power were assembled by individuals, the more Rome verified the lines imprinted by the builder of the Alhambra proving that great works of art outlive time:

Abodes that tell his praise when he is dead —
Such must the builder build who fame would win;
Structures of greatness rising on firm ground,
Proclaiming what the builder's mind thought great.

Cæsar, at the height of his power, had planned to conduct the Tiber round the Vatican and to build upon the whole level plain a west end of Rome surpassing in splendour every residence place in the world. In the heart of the city he tore down long lines of streets to make room for the Julian Forum, which became the model for all later imperial fora. The civil war following his death prevented the carrying out of his other plans. Beginning with Augustus, when the state merged with the ruler, the sovereigns more and more impressed their individual character upon the city in the buildings they erected, according as they considered their position limited by the constitution or absolute. If some, by undertakings of great importance, tried to delude the people concerning the hidden corruption and loss of liberty, others looked upon the city as their special residence, belonging to them personally and to be burned down at will, so that place could be made for the ruthless laying-out of their tremendous country-seats.

In the personal reign of the Tarquins, from the conglomerate mass of many separate fortified communities arose the first city of Italy strong and united, with its four districts, its Capitoline temple, its great sewers, and its encircling walls. The Julians gave Rome the imprint of a cosmopolitan capital, with fourteen districts and thirty-seven gates for the collection of duties.[16] Augustus alone built thirteen new temples and restored eighty others; he had Agrippa supervise the cleaning of the wonderful sewer system,[17] and five hundred fine wells were constructed in all parts of the city.



Districts of the City in the time of Augustus (Chapter VIII)

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Rome had more than a million inhabitants.[18] In the three hundred and thirty-five large granaries of the emporium, five hundred and sixty million bushels of grain were stored for seven years, to be distributed monthly by the master of supplies among three hundred and twenty thousand [19] of the less prosperous. Gaul furnished cattle for slaughter; Spain, wool; Sicily, honey; Egypt, glass, linen, and paper; and wine came from the Greek isles. Rome had become the centre of international commerce, and, as now in London, every product of nature and art that could provide for either the refined enjoyment of life or the most extreme luxury was brought to Rome. India sent spices, the Alpine countries cheese, Belgium ham, the Black Sea rare fish. Specially constructed ships brought huge loads of marble from the quarries of Europe and Africa, porphyry and basalt from Egypt, alabaster from Damascus, and transparent stone from Cappadocia. All the seven hills were enshrined in marble, to the queen of the nations nothing was unattainable, she was the richest city on the earth. Her circus sports consumed billions. In the deserts of Arabia and the Sahara, lions and ostriches were caught; herds of elephants in the Sudan; bears from caves in the Alps and the Caucasus; Ethiopia sent crocodiles, hippopotamuses, and antelopes; wild boars were trapped in the virgin forests of Germany. Silver from Spain, gold from the state mines of Dalmatia and Macedonia, undreamed-of treasure amassed by oriental monarchs — all flowed into the imperial mint [20] in the Arx of the Capitol, and out again through thousands of channels to the coasts of India, the Russian steppes, the mountains of Scotland, and the distant lowlands of the Vistula. The Roman Empire possessed no state bank, all wholesale trade lay in the hands of the knights — financial magnates who had organized huge corporations with branches in all cities of the empire, in York and London as well as in Trebizond, Cologne, and Jerusalem. To stimulate trade the treasury often advanced large sums; the stock-exchange business was conducted on the Forum near the Temple of Castor. Neither a stable middle class nor the development of technical workmen prospered; slaves did all the work, and the provinces supplied whatever was needed. Instead of being employed, the Roman whirled from one

pastime to another. Since the reign of Tiberius the calendar had eighty-seven holidays, not including special amusements like triumphal processions, embassy banquets, state affairs, and the ceremonious entry into office of high officials. Magnificent concerts, fairy pageants, and ballets were given in the playhouses of Balbus and Marcellus; tragedies in the large Theatre of Pompey. During the remainder of the time, the scented populace lounged in the splendid public baths of Agrippa, Nero, and Titus, in the playgrounds, the arcades of Livia, the Vispanian pleasure-parks; or gaped at the world of fashion on the Flaminian and Appian ways.

An unending flood of men from everywhere poured into this heart of the world; traffic roared incessantly through the streets and public squares; everyone tried to see, to learn, to enjoy. The highest price was paid for virtue and vice.

Meanwhile work on the wonderful structure of Roman law continued. Science and art found their centre on the Tiber. Thousands studied in the public libraries. Medicine became specialized. Poets and the *literati* were flattered by court and society. Architecture was given ever more difficult problems, and in the Pantheon the critical turning-point was reached, for the enormous span in the construction of that cupola had never been accomplished by the Greeks. The Flavian Amphitheatre, however, was the masterpiece of Roman architecture. Sculptors created wonderful monuments and historical reliefs, and every palace had its collection of paintings.

Thus every ray of the highest civilization of the ancients centred on the shining mirror held in the hands of Rome. As no city before her had ever done, she solved the task that history assigned.

Cloudless and blue the young summer day appeared from behind the Albanian mountains. In the Corinthian colonnades running the entire length of the villa at his Albanian country-estate, Antejus Osterius Scapula walked to and fro. He was waiting for his guest from Massilia, an old student friend at the universities of Athens and Bordeaux who had come by ship to Naples and was making him a brief visit. A slave announced that his master was still in the bath, but

would be ready to start in half an hour. So Antejus walked down the flower-decked terraces, where the lovely garden lay before him, set in green walls of close-cut hedges. Special gardeners were employed to prune correctly the animal figures trained from boxwood and yew-tree and to water the flower-beds laid out in every possible geometric figure. In the midst of the garden a fountain sent its spray of water high into the sunlight, like a white fir-tree. Fine statuary was placed round the basin, and rose laurel was blossoming. From this formal garden Antejus walked on into the large natural park, where groves of plane-trees contrasted pleasantly with meadow land. The path led him by the side of a small brook to an artificial pool, where stately swans were floating, and a waterfall dripped from the rocks. Antejus rang a tiny bell, and at its sound the fish swam to the edge of the pool and he fed them with crumbs. He then crossed two parallel avenues that ran into a shady arbour; [21] here people were carried in litters in the cool of the evening or after their meals. On a mound above, covered with roses, was a statue of the goddess of love. Antejus would have liked to visit his zoological garden, but half-way there he turned back; he entered his villa from the rear, through the dining-room, where long windows afforded views in all directions; he crossed the oval portico, carpeted with moss, which, with its dwarfed trees, was kept a fresh green from the spray of a small fountain. He reached the columned atrium, where the walls were painted a bright Pompeian red. Everywhere slaves were at work busily polishing the fine stone or cleaning the gold and silver of the furnishings. They disappeared when the guest, Titus Vinius, in travel-shoes and sleeveless cloak, joined his host. Antejus greeted him and then gave last orders to the manager of his household to prepare for moving to Baja [22] during his absence. He gave a courier two messages for his mother and sister, who were already there. Slaves then carried the baggage to a phaeton standing in front of the colonnade; Antejus climbed in with his friend, took the reins, and drove quickly down the main road, which was lined with ivy-covered plane-trees. On both sides lay orchards and vegetable gardens, with slaves at work in them; then buildings and farm-yards came in sight, with ducks and geese splashing in a pond,

with splendid peacocks strutting about, pink flamingoes, chickens from Rhodes, and golden pheasants; swarms of pigeons were flying everywhere. In separate coops thrushes were being fattened. Then came the large granaries and storehouses for oil and wine. After passing the manager's house the phaeton [23] turned into the Appian Way.

"You certainly live here in the midst of great beauty," said Titus, "but I could show you estates in Gaul, modelled after yours on a large scale, which do not serve luxury alone." "Yes," answered Antejus, "I remember. Unfortunately, I am soon to have neighbours. They are of high rank. Domitian, the Emperor's brother, is planning to buy the villa that once belonged to the great Pompey, which later was occupied by Caligula and Nero. He will add the whole of Albano to his possessions. Look at that imposing tomb; Cornelia has had the ashes of her murdered husband brought there." The highway ran directly through ancient Bovillæ,[24] the birthplace of the *gens* Julia, to which Tiberius had had a shrine erected, with a statue of Augustus. Beggars infested the streets. Above on the right appeared the villa of the ill-famed Clodius, tribune of the people in the days of Cicero. The blue chain of the Sabini mountains, Soracte, and the whole Campagna lay under the morning mist. At the ninth milestone, the post-station Ad Nonum was reached, where coaches were standing, horses were being changed, and beggars were waiting. "Now we shall pass through Apiolæ," Antejus explained to his guest. "This ancient Volscian city has been in ruins ever since it was destroyed by Tarquinius Priscus." Farther along, the villa of the poet Persius, who died A.D. 62, rose from the midst of a beautiful park. At the eighth milestone stood a sanctuary to Silvanus. The pair of Parthian horses trotted quickly along the smooth straight road; its big paving-stones were joined so closely that the travellers never felt the least jolt. "I chose this light phaeton," said Antejus, "because I like to drive myself. It wasn't worth while to take the *carruca* [25] for our short trip to Rome, though my mother used it just recently; a famous carriage-maker fitted it with revolving chairs, folding tables for games, and meters for time and distance, copied after the model of the Emperor Claudius." The road then came to a level spot where in a large semicircular exedra

people sat eating their breakfasts and beckoned to the passers-by. Antejus waved his whip. At the seventh milestone there was an imposing burial-vault, but the men speeding by could not read the inscriptions.

"The manager of the Emperor Claudius's household is buried over there, and that large circular tomb holds the ashes of the poet Messala Corvinus, a friend of Horace. In an hour and a half we shall reach Rome." On both sides of the royal highway [26] one tomb after another had been built, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, some with cupolas, others pyramidal in shape, and all were adorned with fine bas-relief. In one lay Ulsia, priestess of Isis; the wealthy Claudius Philippanus had been interred in one of Doric design; near by there was a *ustrina*, where corpses were cremated with ceremonial rites. The mist had risen, and the huge city on the seven hills emerged into view, a great conglomeration of buildings. But at that time no towers or cupolas, so characteristic of Rome in later times, marked the sky-line. There was only a mass of flat surfaces, with the sunlight reflected on the gold roof and quadriga of the new temple on the Capitoline hill; [27] in its pediment, enthroned on shields, sat the goddess Roma like an all-controlling magnet. Nothing was left of the old walls; the suburbs extended in every direction to the Campagna, which seemed like a continuation of the mighty city, with its roads and aqueducts, its villas and gardens, its monuments and orchards. On the right of the Appian Way was the tomb of Seneca,[28] who upon command of Nero, his former pupil, was forced to commit suicide; it was adorned with a wonderful relief, *The Death of Attis*.

The road grew more and more crowded. Long lines of peasant carts were returning from Rome after carrying in provisions; military brigades marched by, singing; large litters, travelling along with a great number of servants in attendance, took up nearly the whole width of the road. "This is the tomb of Cæcilia Metalla, the grandest of them all; her husband was Cæsar's quæstor in Gaul," said Antejus, stopping his horses so that Titus could read the marble inscription above the entrance. A glorious panorama stretched before them as far as Tibur and Præneste; the Sabini mountains and the imposing

arches of the Aqua Marcia and Claudia seemed very near. The horses started on; passing a little temple to Bacchus, the carriage stopped again before a grove of sacred oaks where the source of the river-god Almo gushed from a marble niche hidden in ferns.[29] Again they drove on. "Near this temple of 'Deus Rediculus,' Hannibal is said to have been frightened by a ghost and hence, though so near Rome, to have suddenly broken camp. How long ago that was!" Antejus added, gaily cracking his whip. They had to drive very slowly, for traffic was growing thicker. On the right the poet Terence once had a villa; then came the brook of Almo, where the stone of the Holy Mother of Pessinus was washed every March; next the Temple of Mars, where the great procession of knights celebrating the yearly anniversary of the battle of Lake Regulus started for the Temple of Castor in the Forum. "This temple guarded Cæsar's sword, which later was presented to the Emperor Vitellius," Antejus told his friend, who greatly admired the conqueror of his native land.

Behind a temple held sacred to storms lay the graves of the Scipios, and where the Appian Way crossed the Latina stood the temple of the Mother of Earth. Here the Appian suburbs began. Beyond the triumphal arch of Drusus[30] were the markets where Roman peasants bought wool and cloth; then came the royal stables, and the Area Carruces, where carriages were for hire. The two friends stopped and left their horses and carriage to be cared for; they took a two-seated sedan-chair and were carried to the neighbouring temple of Virtus et Honos. "I want you to see the old paintings of Cornelius Pinus and Accius Priscus," said Antejus, "and the fine statuary — spoils from Syracuse, which were the first that the imperators ever brought to Rome." After they had come out, they went across to the altar of Fortuna Reducis. "Here sacrifices are offered on the fifteenth of December to the manes of Augustus," said Antejus, and Titus replied that he had seen similar altars at Narbonne and Lyon. Then they were carried to the Porta Capena, where the water of the aqueduct dripped; they admired the well of Prometheus on the left and the tomb of Horatio; they visited also

the grotto of Egeria,[31] which was entirely lined in marble and decorated with statues. "Here literary assemblies are held, and poets kissed by the Muses read from their works," said Antejus. He then told the attendants to carry their sedan-chair through the Porta Querquetulana. Where once the city-walls had stood, now rows of houses were everywhere. This was the Lupanaria, the quarter that held the soldiers' brothels. Beside the gate was the cave of Cyclops, a well in the rock. On the right of the street, leading directly to the Flavian Amphitheatre, was the round marble building built by Nero for a slaughter-house; on the left were the barracks of the fifth division of city-cohorts; then came the Arch of Dolabella.[32]

The congestion in this narrow typically Roman street [33] was most dangerous; it was lined with tenement-houses seven storeys high, each one occupied by ten families.[34] Balconies and bay windows jutted out on every floor, serving as show-cases. On the ground floor the linen curtains were drawn, and one could see tavern after tavern; dancing was going on in the rear of barber-shops; here slaves were sold in secret, there public auctions were held. Street-pedlars, unkempt philosophers, old-clothes-dealers, professional idlers, and beggars pushed hither and thither. The air was thick with the fumes from many hearths and cook-shops; the street noises were deafening. The sedan-chair made its way through the crowd only with great difficulty, and Titus and Antejus breathed a sigh of relief when they finally arrived at the large square where the wondrous Colosseum, recently completed, arose.

A roar of thunderous applause filled the air. Imperial guards stood at every exit. Hosts of men were surging to and fro inside the arcades, behind which the barracks of the gladiators were visible. From the neighbouring armouries Negroes were leading herds of elephants and wild beasts across to the amphitheatre. Detachments of gladiators passed the funeral processions of their fallen comrades. Egyptian snake-charmers, fortune-tellers, money-changers, and hawkers — all had crowds gathered round them.

Delayed lines of sedan-chairs were pushed to the entries, where officious beggars had taken their stand. Antejus gave a few coins

to one of them and sent him inside to buy two seats; in that way the friends obtained places in the third tier. Up the stairs they went and across long galleries till the immense oval space met their gaze; above it the imperial marines had stretched a purple canvas as a shield from the sun. Nearly thirty metres below lay the arena. All around there was a billowy sea of moving throngs, tossed by the storm of excitement, which was rushing like a cataract; the very air was in commotion; presently one grasped the fact that the dwarfed figures of eighty thousand men were seated round. In the great imperial box, from which hung tapestries enmeshed with gold, sat the Emperor Titus among the dignitaries of the empire, and there the vestal virgins, clad in white, also had seats of honour. There was a pause, and then the victors, festooned, with olive-branches in their bloody hands, left the arena amid the roaring plaudits of the multitude. Vessels of fragrant incense burned in all the galleries; streams perfumed with violet and saffron fell from the highest tiers through specially constructed channels, filling the air with scented freshness. A whole army of imperial servants distributed cooling drinks, roast meat, and sweet pastry; others threw lottery-tickets from baskets into the noisy, shuffling crowd. Titus Vinius was stunned by all he saw. Kettle-drums and sambucas announced the recommencement of the games. Small tablets, passed from hand to hand, gave the names of the favourite fighters, and one could thus write the sum he wished to bet. In glistening armour the gladiators entered the arena, circled around it, and sent up their cry: "*Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant*" to the imperial balcony. Horns signalled for the applause to cease. Then the bloody fight began, according to technical rule. Weapons crashed; the crowd hissed and applauded. Great pools of blood gathered on the sand. The mortally wounded fell, but on went the carnage. The people howled. The sunshine trickling through the purple canvas filled the whole amphitheatre with bloody light. Fencing-matches were followed by animal combats. Hundreds of elephants, bears, lions, and tigers fought with doomed men poorly armed. The beasts were scarcely recognizable under their ornamental bows and garlands. Then came trained-animal acts. Stags and

panthers drew chariots of shells, driven by gauze-draped dancers with bridles and whips of gold. They raced with tamed oxen solemnly driving war-chariots. Elephants danced with one another; on the broad backs of angry bulls tiny monkeys jumped round in gay-coloured tunics and gave grotesque imitations of zither-players. The crowds were convulsed with laughter.

At the next intermission Antejus and his friend rose; a neighbour called to him not to miss the great water pantomime. The floor of the theatre was already disappearing under tossing waves, quickly peopled by monsters of the deep. But the two hurried on through the corridors and down the stairs to the exit, where they found their sedan-chair waiting. "To the Via Lata," Antejus ordered. After the chair had been carried above the heads of the crowd towards the Sacra Via, Titus admitted with a tired smile that nowhere else in the world were the ways of life in Rome equalled. The traces of Nero's great fire had not yet all vanished; many buildings were being erected, and every effort was being made to provide more light and air in the entangled mass of houses. The good Emperor Titus, the joy of mankind, had begun to give back to the people what was rightfully theirs. He had built public baths in a part of Nero's fairy palace of gold; [35] on the site of the oval artificial lake the Colosseum had been erected. In the vestibule of the great hall the colossal statue of Nero still stood,[36] and the colonnade from the Palatine to the Esquiline still extended across the Sacra Via.[37]

Their sedan-chair now passed fruit, flower, and jewellery shops, and old and new temples, until, with the triumphal arch of Augustus behind them, the matchless glory of the imperial Forum lay before their eyes. No temples with stucco columns and low-hanging roofs now surrounded it; the old sanctuaries had risen anew in the splendour of vari-coloured marble. Silver and gold statues of honoured heroes looked down from the orator's platform beside the simple busts of early times. A prætor with his attendants passed in solemn train to the session of court in the Basilica Julia. Behind the Temple of Vespasian,[38] still in progress of construction, and the

shrine to Concordia, rose the arcade of Sulla's Tabularium, as high as the Capitol.

Passing the prison, the chair turned into the Clivus Argentarius, which was also called "*in Lautumniis*" because of the underground dungeons. People were playing games of chance in front of the taverns; notices on the walls of the houses advertised the races to be held the next day in the great circus, and the horses and drivers to be entered; the crowd was discussing them with heated argument. Tavern-keepers and craftsmen were crying their wares; auctioneers were shouting the goods to be sold. On one corner was the revolving platform of an oriental slave-dealer, who proclaimed his bargains, while the poor wretches had to stand and be looked at on all sides: tattooed Britons, bald-headed Egyptians, Moroccans, Syrians, and Germans, of every age and sex. At every few steps there were taverns, eating-houses, and barber-shops. The side-streets were lost between towering houses in the endless maze of the Suburra. "Since the Emperor had the street dirt gathered up by soldiers and put in the folds of the ædiles' togas, things have become a little cleaner," Antejus laughingly told his friend.

At last they reached the Via Lata, with the majestic arcades of the Sæpta Julia [39] running north in a straight line for many miles. The litters of many wealthy women of the aristocracy had stopped there; they were walking up and down, looking at the shops beneath the arcades, where articles of luxury were sold: Chinese silk, Babylonian embroideries, jewels from India, emeralds from the Ural, pearls from Ceylon, Syrian purple, ivory and ebony carvings, sofas with inlay of gold and tortoise-shell, crystal from Alexandria, necklaces, and ear-rings.[40] Booksellers had spread out their travel literature on long tables, very old manuscripts and small volumes of parchment. The triumphal arch of Claudius spanned the street at this point; then came the Porticus of the Nations, surrounding the Temple of Neptune.[41] Here the two men stepped out to look at the bronze statues representing the provinces. "At the time of the Saturnalia a bazaar is held in the Porticus, where small gifts can be bought," said Antejus. Then they crossed the street to the portico

of Europa and the pleasure-park that Agrippa gave to the people. There the fountains played by night and day; along the shady walks nurses and teachers walked with the children of the aristocracy; balls flew across the lawn; and on benches among the rose-bushes lovers talked without words on moonlit nights. Antejus showed his friend the large map of the world, chiselled in marble, which Agrippa had placed in the hall, and the painting of the Greek Cydias bought by Hortensius for a hundred and forty-four thousand sesterces. When Antejus looked at the sun-obelisk [42] erected by Augustus, he saw it was long past noon. "Before we dine, my friend, I must show you the Ara Pacis [43] opposite us, a little masterpiece of sculpture and architecture."

To the east and south lay the vast city, with its sea of houses and the soaring Capitol; to the north imperial villas were imbedded in the soft green of Mons Pincius. Tombs of eminent men bordered this street where the great Roman world used to drive. There stood the mausoleum of Nero, and, near by, Sulla's ashes reposed within the royal burial-grounds; near the Tiber on a terrace of shrubbery, in the midst of all the past emperors of Rome, arose the dome of the sepulchre where the founder of the world empire rested from his labour; two obelisks guarded the entrance, above which a bronze inscription immortalized the glory of Augustus. Deeply moved, Titus said: "He has given peace to the world as it asked through the lips of Virgil:

Nulla salus bello
Pacem te poscimus omnes."

Chapter IX

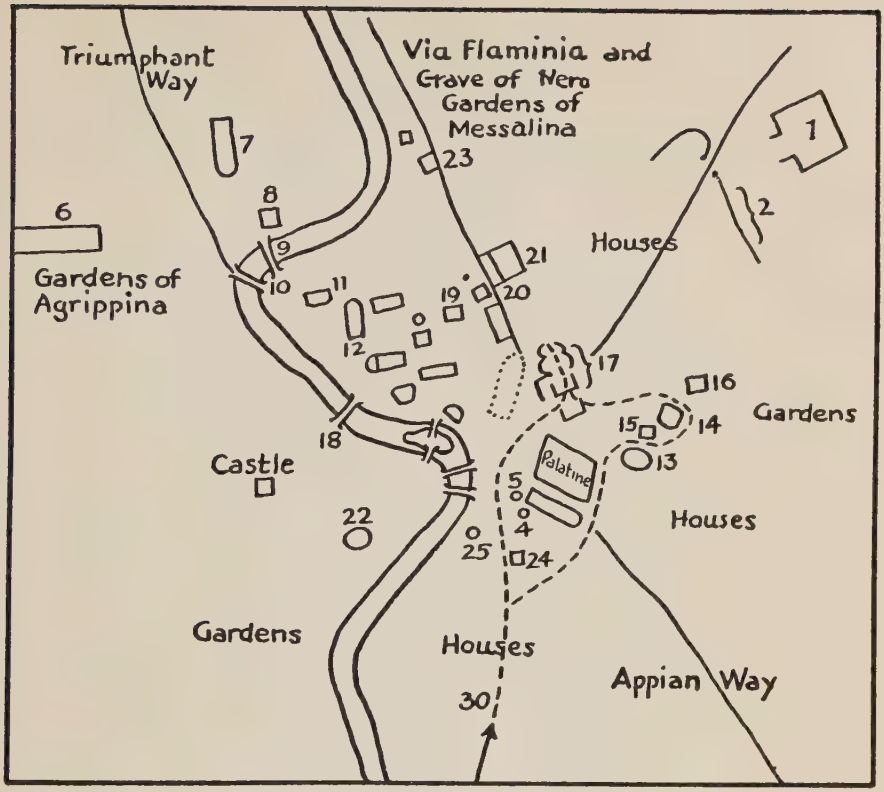
A.D. 100–200

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ANTIQUITY

Glorious sun! Ever the same, yet ever variant,
In a glittering chariot thou bringst the day.
Mayst thou see naught greater than Rome!

HORACE

PAX ROMANA IS THE GREATEST OF THOSE ELYSIAN ISLES THAT, rising only rarely above the storm-tossed waves of history, have been the goal that all people and all leaders have longed for. Augustus had safely steered the Roman ship of state — and the many others forced to join it on the high seas — through rock-bound surf, into the haven of Pax Romana and there had anchored it. Every nation felt relieved at reaching the journey's end. The eternal struggle for existence, when every one was an enemy of the others, seemed ended. History took the place of local disturbances, and humanity that of separate states and cities and tribes. All had struggled for a place in the sun, but it was no longer their own that they saw; a great strange sun had risen, as Pliny says, shining for all the world. Rome had celebrated in fullest measure her unexampled exultation of victory and for a century had shown an astonished world how she dared defy it. In this, too, she had characteristically gone to the extreme limits in showing how firmly she had built the bulwarks of her power. The terrorism [1] and failing discipline [2] in which the orgy ended had begun to darken the Roman world, and her structure trembled. But individuals could not demolish the work of centuries. The old spirit of Rome that had lost itself in intoxication, again awoke. The giant structure of eternal granite again stood firm, and the spirit animating it regained its consciousness. For the first time the face of the awesome Jupiter assumed a gentler expression



ROME, 150 A.D. (Chapter IX)

1. Prætorian Camp
2. Remains of the Servian wall
3. Pyramid of Cestius
4. Temple of Ceres
5. Temple of Hercules Æmilianus
6. Circus of Caligula
7. Circus of Hadrian
8. Mausoleum of Hadrian
9. Pons Ælius
10. Pons Neronis
11. Odeon of Domitian
12. Stadium of Domitian
13. Colosseum
14. Baths of Trajan
15. Baths of Titus
16. Porticus of Livia
17. Forum of Augustus. Forum of Trajan
18. Pons Agrippæ
19. Temple of Minerva
20. Temple of Neptune
21. Pleasure-garden of Agrippa and Hall of Europa
22. Naumachia Augusti
23. Ara Pacis Augustalis
24. Temple of Diana
25. Temple of Juno Regina

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

as he gazed down from the Capitol upon a world at peace, where the resplendent apotheosis of antiquity began to unfold. His eagles flew into the far-distant mists of Caledonia, to the source of the Nile, to the illimitable steppes of Sarmatia, meeting in the remote East the dragon of China, which had crept westward from the Pacific coast across the high mountains of Asia.[3]

Illustrious princes sat on the throne of the world empire; they had not attained their position by force, nor were they unworthy heirs, but chosen from the small number of the best. They loved their people like children entrusted to their care, and were worshipped in turn like friendly forces of nature that bestow ceaseless blessings. Amid the majestic splendour of imperial palaces erected by the proud Cæsars, they lived their privileged lives, modest and agreeable, and accessible alike to high and low; while around the marble pomp of the Eternal City, with its temples, colonnades, and stately buildings, on the green fields of the Campagna a Victoria Regia turned to stone. There were villas, gardens, and orchards as far as the eye could reach. Still farther distant lay the prosperous fields of Italy, according to Pliny, "the mother who nourished all countries, chosen of the gods to unite separated realms, to soften customs and manners, to bind into one language the speech of barbarous nations, to teach learning and fellowship to all mankind, and to become the one fatherland for all peoples of the earth." "Those defeated nations," in the North, South, East, and West, Aristides says, "neither hated nor envied the Roman Victoria. They soon forgot that they had once been independent, for they enjoyed the peace of Rome and shared alike all her honours; every city of the empire glittered in loveliness, and the whole world was adorned like a garden." The words of Homer had become true — the world was common to all. The Romans had surveyed the earth and had interlaced it with the network of their artificial roads; bridges spanned the rivers, and mountains were made accessible; marshlands were drained and deserts became habitable; once-dreaded wildernesses were changed into beautiful country-estates. Cultivated fields had replaced forests, and herds had supplanted wild beasts. New cities arose everywhere

and old ones were renovated. Traffic had unlimited freedom from tax, the seas were safe, vast ports were constructed to receive the ships, and towering lighthouses showed the way. Everywhere there was life, everywhere people and their activities, everywhere the state! Therefore the men of that Saturnian period extolled the benefits of Pax Romana.

The safety of the government depended, not upon the whim of pampered mercenaries, but on the wisdom and justice of the throne. The artificial balance between emperor, senate, and army had never been more perfectly preserved. Not even yet could one think of Rome apart from the senate, for it was the senate that chose the emperor, thus representing the supreme authority of the Roman nation;[4] it was the only constitutional fundament of the empire, although it had long lost its independence, since the executive power appointed the legislative. The second rank — the knights — had been restored; and, relieved of the enfranchised, it had become a hotbed of bureaucracy and high court offices. Wisely and carefully the monarchy, which naturally had to eliminate all political bodies, tried to merge itself with an obedient hierarchy of government officials and thus to lay the groundwork of absolutism. The idea of the principate, expressed by Seneca and Pliny as a gentle, watchful earthly providence, infinitely industrious, had been a reality since the time of Trajan. Rome was honoured as the capital of the empire, Italy as its most important province; but just as the emperor considered himself the first official of the republic, advised by the senate, so Rome and Italy were only first among equals, since the provinces enjoyed the same care and received the same justice. For the first time in its history the empire was thought of and treated as a united whole. While Rome continued with masculine energy to make her far-spread boundaries safe by huge ramparts [5] and strong fortifications, and by the careful training and iron discipline of her army [6] — while she continued to favour the empire through a new administrative system, to open new sources for traffic, and to make severe laws more humane [7] — she at the same time entered into a new alliance with the spirit of Hellas, which developed the feminine ideal. Mars and

Aphrodite showered upon the united world all the beauty that art and science could still produce. The demand of the Greek stoa for cosmopolitanism became the creed of Rome, and its doctrines of equality and fraternity influenced all measures of government. Plato's dream appeared to have been realized; emperors were philosophers, and philosophers were honoured like kings.

To influence the great masses of the people, who were gradually being smothered under extreme polytheism, attempts were made to give new life to the religious ideas of the past by means of thoughtful parables. Thus the once proud philosophy of the few became the religion of the many.[8] Paganism gained its last apparent triumph, but it smoothed the way for Christianity by the general mixing together of all faiths and all gods. Just as all national boundaries had been obliterated, so the gods also lost their individuality; all the essential qualities of the divine were absorbed, through the influence of secret cults in Egypt, and inspired by the hope of immortality, into the conception of one central power. Thus the bond was formed between the ever hungry imagination of the masses and the doctrines of philosophy for the acceptance of belief in one god — corresponding to the idea of supreme unity in the Roman Empire.

Meanwhile Roman literature ceased its fruitfulness; the last national wave ebbed away with Tacitus.[9] In contrast the fireworks of Greek sophistry that had taken the place of the literary profession shot up sparkling into the evening sky of the ancients.[10] Brilliant improvisers, lecturers, and men at the summit of general learning surveyed all the creations of past ages and, snatching them for their own, auctioned off these treasures which former centuries had left. The easy attainment of education — for universities, libraries, and scientific institutions of all kinds, both public and private, abounded everywhere — allowed millions of mediocre minds to enter the field. As scholars they were paid salaries, and were exempt from taxes. Hence they increased steadily and flooded the world like the mendicant friars of the Middle Ages. They boasted of their smattering knowledge of everything, purposely indulged in archaic expressions as well as in the latest conception of thought, and proved all

arguments by an immense amount of talk and a senseless display of words.

Similar phenomena appeared in art, which now came into its second bloom. But men no longer had an inner relation to it after the spirit of liberty was gone, and the source of sublime thought and glory had come to an end (Winckelmann). Art, like literature, had become cosmopolitan. The world, teeming with material riches and the consequent desire for luxuries, competed in immortalizing itself, through civic patriotism and Mæcenas-like patrons of art, in magnificent public monuments. Thus there arose in all cities and villages splendid baths, aqueducts, gymnasiums, libraries, stadia, theatres, and temples. Rome was the perpetual model, and at the same time the great centre for scholars, the market-place for the world of books, the museum for the plastic arts, and the heart of plastic productivity. This fashionable art was academic and conventional; it had, however, attained the finest technique and the highest artistic perfection, even though the spark of genius had become extinguished in its cold glaze [11] (Burckhardt). Over-abundant production flooded the Roman world. In the figure of Antinous the reproductive sense of beauty found its last expression; then it began to be smothered in a wilderness of dull repetitions.

Drama had long ceased to be more than a pleasure for the eyes; the ballet-master and scene-shifters played the leading roles in farcical pantomimes. The Greek Olympus was dragged down into light opera, thus giving the death-blow to the old religion. Finally even the philosophers failed who had been trying to support Olympus by the teaching of such ethics as, all unconsciously, approached Christianity; and Plutarch, too, who had tried to prove that philosophy and the reverence of divinity sufficed for happiness. The spirit of the dying century lived in Lucian, who despised God and humanity, who preached nihilism and the enjoyment of the moment.

The port at Ostia had been enlarged by Claudius to receive the huge fleets which brought annually eighty million bushels of grain [12] from Egypt, Sicily, Spain, Britain, and Africa; Trajan built the light-

house, which was two hundred feet in height. Here the pleasure yacht *Gorgo* of the nobleman Ambrosius Silo landed; he had been sailing two days from Carthage to Italy. Silo at once entered his carriage and seated himself comfortably in a revolving chair, with the sun at his back; instead of a toga, he wore a loose travelling-cloak. He ordered the curtains drawn back and then began to dictate brief travel notes to his amanuensis. The powerful Gallic horses, driven by Numidians, started off quickly, and the gilded wheels of the coach rolled towards Rome, through the heavy traffic of the Via Ostiensis. The noble — a rich banker and landowner — was returning from a trip to the East. He knew the Emperor would be glad to learn of his impressions; for he seldom left Rome himself and then only, like Cincinnatus, to guide the plough with his own hands on his farm in Lorium, to feed his chickens and teach the village children old Roman songs of happiness and peace. It had been reported that the Emperor wished to visit the imperial domain of Egypt; so, as Silo had just been there, he began dictating: " Aristides told me at Alexandria that it was a city adorning the Roman Empire like the jewelled necklace of a blooming matron. The people I met were a rather worthless lot, yet worked industriously in the imperial factories, where paper, linen, and glass were made. The water of the Nile was twenty-five feet high, and good crops seemed assured. The mausoleum of Alexander the Great is well preserved. In the museum I talked with Claudius Ptolemæus, who has calculated the circumference of the earth. The mysteries at Canopus were most interesting and a priest gave me a glass chalice of various colours. I asked many dancers, jugglers, astronomers, and physicians to come to Rome. I made the trip up the Nile, as is now usual. Antinoopolis, enshrining the grave of Hadrian's favourite, impressed me as a city of Fairyland. At Thebes the temples are still well preserved; and on the Colossus of Memnon I deciphered the Greek inscription of the sacred Hadrian. I drove along the new road to Myoshormos, on the Red Sea, and saw the great ships sailing for India; I bought magnificent pearls from Ceylon. Then I returned by the river, visited the oracle of Apis at Memphis, and saw the restored tomb of Pompey at Pelusium.

Petra in Arabia is a wonderful city, set on rocks, and I bought fine oils and ointments there. Old Jerusalem I saw only hastily; no Jew is now allowed to visit this Roman fortress. What a swarm of people there was at Damascus, the commercial centre of Arabia, China, and India! I purchased two hundred pounds of raw silk while there. At Baalbek I admired the great temple that our Emperor is building, now near completion. Tyre, that wondrous city which Alexander the Great joined to the mainland, is still flourishing as in the past; I had the Chinese silk dyed there. The splendour of Antioch, the queen of the East — that most pleasure-seeking and dissolute city of the world — I found past belief. Wise indeed is it that no soldiers are allowed to be quartered there. Most interesting of all was the magnificent new port, teeming with ships. Like the great Hadrian I climbed the sacred Mount Casius, to worship Zeus at the sunrise. From Tarsus the *Gorgo* sailed to Ephesus, a paradise of joy, vice, and mystery. I climbed to the roof of the Temple of Artemis and bought golden amulets of the goddess and enchanting Ephesian love-stories. At Smyrna I visited Polemon,[13] the godly sophist, who is venerated like a prince; and I offered sacrifice to the great Homer. From Smyrna I went to Sardis, where the royal castle of Crœsus is still standing; I bought magnificent rugs there. Then on to Athens: truly a noble city with its blessed quiet. I walked beneath the arcades of the academy at Cephissus and visited the rich Atticus Herodes,[14] who took me to the Acropolis; he seemed to be far prouder of the old pictures in the art gallery than of the construction of his new marble stadium. We saw a play by Menander at the theatre and I offered sacrifice to the idolized Hadrian at the Olympieum. Then, favoured by the wind, we sailed round the Peloponnesus to Carthage. I forgot to say that Atticus Herodes is contemplating cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, surely a great project. Carthage is now the third largest city of the empire. A visit to my estates in Numidia convinced me that the desert is conquered. I left a million there to be spent in constructing a gymnasium and theatre and to complete the aqueduct."

The coach stopped at the Cestius pyramid. Silo and his amanuensis

got out and took seats in a litter that had been ordered by outriders; during the day no carriages were allowed to drive into the city. The Phrygian litter-bearers, who wore fiery red costumes, were told to proceed to the Baths of Trajan. Silo had brought Demophon with him from Athens; and turning, he said: "I want you to catch at once a glimpse of the magnificence of Rome." They passed the villa, lying in a shady garden, where Hadrian had lived before ascending the throne; then the barracks of the fourth cohorts; and next they turned into the Clivus Publicus (now Via S. Prisca) the principal thoroughfare of the Aventine. "That is my villa," said the nobleman as they were carried within sight of a palace with rows of ornamental columns. "The poet Ennius is said to have lived there once. To the left is the great shrine of Diana Cornificia, so named because bulls' horns were always hung on the ridge of the roof. Within the temple is the oldest known image of a god, an imitation in wood-carving of the Diana of Ephesus, which was made at Marseille in 500 B.C. The adjoining temple of Juno Regina has also a very old wood statue from Veii."

The Clivus ended at the west side of the Circus Maximus, where merchants had shops in the lower arcades. "Do you see that old round temple? It is consecrated to Ceres, and the archives of the plebeian ædiles are still kept there. It contains also an old painting of Dionysus, for which King Attalus of Pergamum once offered six hundred thousand sesterces (about twenty-four thousand dollars) in vain. In the adjoining Temple of Hercules (today S. Maria in Cosmedin) stands a fine statue of Hercules made by the sculptor Myron."

The Forum Boarium was surrounded by numerous temples, public buildings, and porticoes. Flower-venders and beggars crowded around the litter as it hurriedly turned into the Viscus Tuscus, with its rows of perfume-shops. "The Velabrum is an ugly narrow quarter," explained Silo, "and yet every triumphal procession since the days of Romulus has had to pass this way." He ordered the litter-bearers to stop at the book-shop of the publishers of Horace; quack connoisseurs at once drew near, offering boastfully to explain all the writings. Silo had a small *de luxe* edition of *The Encheiridion* by

Arrian passed to him and threw a few silver coins to the charlatans. They then moved on past the temple and the library of the deified Augustus till the narrow street ended in the Forum. The young Athenian was so amazed at all he saw that Silo's heart beat with pride as splendour after splendour was unfolded before them. The dazzling sunlight fell upon a maze of vari-coloured marble columns, gilded roofs, triumphal arches crowned with quadrigæ, on glistening friezes and gables, and the golden rows of pillars of honour. The swarm of people in itself was astonishing; it was the hour when the stock-exchange rates through the empire were announced from the steps of the Temple of Castor. Everyone pushed this way and that. News from all the world was passed round, and the buzzing and crying rose to a loud crescendo. Endless numbers of wealthy fops paraded through the arcades of the Æmilian and Julian basilicas; or sat on the stairs of the Temple of Julius Cæsar, feeding the pigeons that fluttered up and down. From the rostra, orators were lecturing to the people, and the police, responsible for keeping order, were pushing their way through the entangled crowds. Fortune-tellers and interpreters of dreams were making violent gestures; snake-charmers were trying to attract attention, and Chaldean magicians, with their long black beards, stood round solemnly, waiting for business.

Above the sea of heads litters passed to and fro. Processions in honour of Isis, accompanied by the sound of the Egyptian sambuca and the rattle of bells attached to poles, met other processions of the priests of Cybele, who held clusters of golden rice in their hands. Every nation on the globe, every language from China to Morocco, and from Scotland to the Sudan, was represented. Fruit-venders stood on the street-corners; wine with fig juice was offered to the thirsty; and near by, dealers had rare goods for sale. But solemnly and silently from their high pedestals the emperors gazed down upon the bustle at their feet. The brass gates of the Temple of Janus were closed, for peace reigned in the world.

Passing the senatorial palace, the litter entered the Transitorium of Nerva, a broad avenue, with rows of columns, where the graceful

Temple of Minerva stood, protecting industrial life; also the Arch of Janus Quadrifons, sending traffic in all four directions. To the south lay the Forum of Vespasian, with its Temple of Peace, where the treasures of Jerusalem were stored; to the north, through a triumphal gate, the Forum of Augustus was reached; surrounded by a wall of peperino blocks thirty metres high, it was protected from danger of fire. Here among wide colonnades stood huge statues of all the Roman generals who had marched to the capital in triumph; the last one had been erected in honour of Cornelius Pulina, who under Trajan had conquered Arabia. In this setting the front portico of the Temple of Mars Ultor arose, with its eight columns, in peripteral form. At the entrance were two statues that once had supported the tent of Alexander the Great, a gold and ivory Athena by Scopas, and a quadriga with the inscription: "*Patri Patriæ*," which the senate had dedicated to Augustus. "In this temple," Silo told his companion, "the Roman eagles are kept which the King of the Parthians had to return to Augustus, and the imperial princes when they become of age here receive the *toga virilis*." Another triumphal arch, crowned by four bronze horses, led to the magnificent Forum of the Emperors, built by Apollodorus of Damascus in the reign of Trajan. It had twelve hundred columns, thirteen temples, three basilicas, and eight triumphal arches, together with a thousand life-sized statues in bronze and marble. The colonnade was more than a mile in length and contained the finest luxury shops in the capital. In the middle of the square was the equestrian statue of the great Emperor, while between the wings of the Ulpian Library rose a high column, crowned by a gold statue of Trajan against the blue sky; his ashes rested in its base. "The column," Silo said to the Athenian, "is a hundred and forty feet high, the same height as the spur of the Quirinal. Twenty-four million cubic feet of earth had to be removed, and the cost of the whole construction at that time was about two hundred and forty million sesterces.[15]

The knight ordered the litter-bearers to go back the same way and to turn into the Vicus Pullius at the Temple of Peace. From there they went through the crowded quarters of the Suburra, with

its little shops. The streets were very narrow, with high tenement-houses on both sides. Big signs, with pictures of ham, cakes, vegetables, and poultry painted on them, hung in front of the stalls; there were many shoemakers' and barbers' shops, and ill-smelling cook-shops; a picture of a woman with the three Graces swung before a brothel. After they left this quarter, the litter stopped before the immense Baths of Trajan, another masterpiece of the great Apollodorus, who had built the structure upon the groundwork of the Golden House. Through the large central gate Silo and Demophon stepped into a covered promenade, where the walk was sprinkled with sand brought from the Nile; on the walls of shady arcades were the announcements of races and theatre performances, with crowds of curious people standing round them; in the centre was a large fountain with its rustling spray. The door-keeper charged Silo two quadrans and led the men into the atrium, a large cool hall with splendid pillars and the famous Laocoon group (found in 1506 and now in the Vatican). Syrian dancers in transparent gauze veils, accompanied by the rattle of castanets, performed for the entertainment of guests at the baths. The way led through long corridors to the apodyterium, a magnificent circular vault, magically lighted through large transparent stones in the walls. Here the bathers undressed and their valuables were taken care of. Demophon examined the precious mosaic pictures on the walls with great interest, and the wonder of the unbroken colours in the glass paste: Leda and the Swan, Zeus and Ganymede, Eros and the Graces. Luxuriant exotic plants bordered the basin where fragrant warm water shot up in jets. Wrapped in soft bathrobes, they went into the sweat-rooms, full of hot vapours rising from the floor. No difference in rank was made at the public baths; senators and soldiers alike were massaged on the marble benches. A sand-glass showed the time. From there the bathers went next into the cold baths and then into the alipterium, where the ointments and fragrant oils were skilfully applied to their bodies.[16] Then came the barbers; bath-boys held large silver mirrors while hair and beards were curled with curling-irons. Meanwhile chiropodists took care of the feet. These artists of the toilet spread the gossip of the

city and exaggerated all the news they heard from their thousands of guests.

"Do you know, sir," said the hair-dresser while pencilling Silo's eyebrows, "that the witty Antejus Felicio yesterday, when a friend of the Emperor asked him how one ever grew old at court, replied: 'By receiving insults and saying thanks for them'?" Silo laughed heartily and the barber continued: "And he told Titus Vinius that he was giving away so many of his rings to girls that he soon would have none left to wear himself."[17] "Look," someone whispered, "there is the Emperor's physician in ordinary; he gets a salary of fifty-five thousand, and his practice brings him an additional hundred and thirty thousand." As the barber finished rouging Silo's cheeks, he added: "The other day Antejus said to one of his clients: 'Do contradict for once, that I may realize I am not alone.'" With that, Silo tipped him, and he kissed his hand, then laughingly ran to the next patron to tell the same joke. After servants had assisted them in the dressing-room, Silo took the young Athenian, who had grown rather silent with astonishment, through the picture-galleries and places of refreshment, out to the palæstra, where youths received gymnastic training, then to the playgrounds and the lecture-rooms, where famous philosophers were discoursing. There were crowds of men everywhere.

It was well past noon when the nobleman and his secretary again stepped into their litter; they passed the Baths of Titus, reserved for women,[18] and down the long steps to the square of the Colosseum, through the Vicus Caput Africæ and back to the Clivus Publicus. The doormen opened the garden-gates and could scarcely hold back the Epirean mastiffs, who barked with joy at sight of their master. Passing by well-kept beds of roses and violets, the litter was lowered at the entrance to the house, where the master of the household and his staff of servants welcomed the master after his long absence. Slaves relieved him and his friend of their travelling-clothes and brought them light-weight house-robes. They passed through the atrium, where purple curtains gave a dark-red glow, into the dining-room. The steward and his slaves received them there, and Silo

sprinkled salt and incense in honour of the Lares and Penates; slaves of greater importance led them to the dining-couches and placed delicately scented cushions around them; they unfastened their sandals, put wreaths of violets on their heads, and brought them gold-fringed napkins.

The young Athenian looked with admiration at the walls, covered with obsidian, at the Synnada columns adorned with rose garlands. On a balcony above, an orchestra played soft melodies. The steward read the menu. First an appetizer was brought, then a vessel of gold, laden with delicate patties, then tiny fish from Cyzicus, with artificial fins of silver glass, cabbage from Cyprus, artichokes and baked oysters from Britain, and snails served in their shells. "These snails," said Silo, "are raised on small islands that are artificially irrigated." They ate them with forks of gold. A silver vessel held goose-liver, asparagus from Ravenna, Sicilian gourds, peacock eggs, and cups of bouillon. The cup-bearer served mulse — a blending of new wine with honey from Hymettus. During the main course the orchestra played gaily. On a large silver platter was a pheasant, with wings bristling as if to protect her young. The chicks, however, were various song-birds that had been fed on figs. When the plumage was lifted off, the body of the pheasant was filled with truffles and young peas. The butler uncorked rare old amphoræ, which had been sealed with gypsum, and poured the Falernian wine through strainers cooled in snow, into mixing-vessels, where he added three-fourths the quantity of water; then he filled the goblets. The slaves changed the wreaths of violets for the ivy of Bacchus and brought cushions filled with roses and jasmine. Five Spanish dancers appeared, and, accompanied by the clicking of castanets, they danced to the latest Gaditanian airs. At a signal from Silo the panelled ceiling opened, and leaves of roses and lilies fell in showers. The young Athenian was altogether enchanted, and quoted in Greek:

> "*Smilingly wreathed in violets,*
> *And scented with Syrian spikenard,*
> *Let us proclaim with music*
> *That joy is the world's highest gift.*" [19]

The nobleman thanked him for the tribute and drank to him gaily. At a sign the dancers disappeared, and two ten-year-old *subligatæ* hopped in, dressed in tights and wearing Phrygian caps; and on their hands, they performed the sword-dance with great skill. After this exciting spectacle slaves disguised as Cupids brought the dessert: small baskets of sugared figs, dates, cherries, almonds, Carian apples, peaches, and honeycomb in the shape of tiny birds. Then a singer struck his lyre and sang a youthful improvisation of Silo's, in which, as he explained to Demophon, he had tried to put Ionian harmony into the Latin language:

Lurida Luna occidente, cœli pallescunt sidera
Erubescentes propellente, nebulas aura placida
Thitoni toros fugit eos, fert deæ tædam Phosphoros
Dum cædit nox umbris velata, diei diadumena
Citreta exhalant odores Siciliæ, pavo quiritat
Aperiunt sidera futura, et mea stella radiat.

As the singer ended, the young Greek applauded heartily. "It sounds exactly like the sweet tunes of Miletus," he said, and drank to the nobleman, who was highly pleased at the tribute. Then they both rose deliberately and walked out to the terrace. Dusk was gathering, and hundreds of gay-coloured lamps swung from the trees; illumined fountains rustled softly, and the fires in the tall tripods waved in splendour. Tables with invisible wheels rolled along, covered with all kinds of delicate morsels. In honour of the master's return, slaves held golden hoops, and panthers jumped through them, while a small chariot with Bacchus resting in it was drawn past by two tamed leopards. The master was greatly pleased, and ordered gifts to be distributed to all the servants, and a feast to be spread for them. Then with Demophon he walked down the avenue between hedges of boxwood pruned into odd shapes, leading to a monopteron. There the statue of Antinous was enveloped in magical twilight. The nobleman said: "That is art idealized, for it stands at the boundary of the virginal and the full-blown. It lies just this side of perfection, enrapturing the mind and filling it with the most

divine charm. Look, yonder the constellation of the young god is just rising above Hadrian's mighty tomb,[20] as if saluting it. He sighed, leaned on the young Greek's shoulder, and said in meditation: "All that is physical is after all but a stream; the longings of the soul are dream and delusion. Life is but struggle, and wandering in the unknown; all posthumous fame is oblivion." The Athenian answered: "Yet our wise Anaxagoras said: 'It is well to be resigned, but let us practise the art of resignation only when we are in need of it.'" "You are right," said the Roman, with a sigh of relief. "Come, let us go up to the roof. From there we shall see all the greatness of Rome, and we shall forget the nothingness of earthly life." For a long while they stood in silence, viewing the vast city,[21] lying in the bright moonlight. Then, carried away by rapture, Silo improvised:

Hear me, O golden Queen, thou fairest city of earth!
Realm of the blissful gods and radiant dwelling of man,
Mother of men and of gods, with temples so near to heaven,
To sing of thee ever is joy — for who of thy sons could forget?
Gifts bright as the gleaming sun and far as the distant sea,
These hast thou spread upon earth, in palace and columned arcade.

See yonder the Palatine hill in Luna's pure silvery light,
Where the lord of the world kindly reigns; Colosseum and fora sublime;
And safe in the river god's arms rests the Æsculapius ship;[22]
Firm on the sacred rock the throne of great Jupiter gleams.
Mayst thou ever be queen of the world, golden, eternal Rome!

THE DECLINE OF ROME

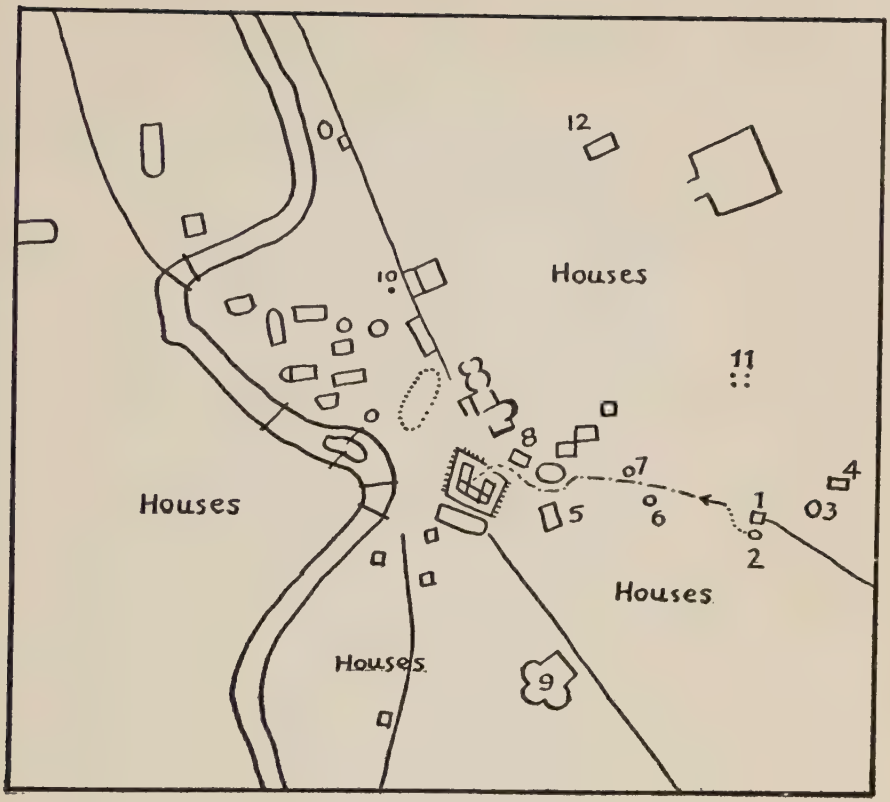
Drunk with delights, they madly longed
To destroy themselves and all the world.
Thus man arrives where he cannot bear
The ills of life nor what doth cure.

LIVY

THE THIRD CENTURY IS ONE OF THE GREATEST EPOCHS OF history. The sun of Rome, in whose reflection the provinces, during the years of the Pax Romana, had attained almost a perfect harmony of the spheres, all too quickly paled. The powerful light of the central star was about to be extinguished. Physically and mentally Rome was becoming exhausted. Her wonderful system, which represented the highest point of ancient political life — both uniting and sending into circulation all the vital forces of a great world of culture — was shaken.[1] She had consumed herself within, and her demonic strength, thrown from its mechanical course, began ever faster and faster to disintegrate, gathering into chaotic whirlpools and setting life and death struggles in motion: first between the republican idea of the Roman *principate,* and the Asiatic conception of the *dominate;* then between the national predominance of Rome and universalism; and finally between paganism and Christianity. Thus all the strength of Italy and Rome was spent. This axis, once hard as steel, round which the giant structure of the empire revolved, by continuous turning and lessened resistance had been ground to a crumbling mass. Owing to the law of inertia, the remainder had circled for a while independently, till it too became disintegrated. Amid alternating victories and defeats between the

worn-out Roman ideals and the new ones crystallizing from them, the past celebrated a final triumph in the imperial apotheosis of the Emperor Aurelian, only to be engulfed soon afterwards in those new principles to which the future belonged. The life of the ancients and their intellectual force as well, completely levelled in the final combat, was centred in two vital foci: an absolute monarchy and a monotheistic church — one emperor, one God. For centuries yet to come this was the heritage of antiquity incarnate.

In that colony of lovely villas to the south of Rome, where the Pisoni and Laterani, the emperors Heliogabel and Alexander Severus, had built their palaces and pleasure-parks, was the villa of the old consul Opellius Macrinus. As a youthful officer he had served in Cologne and Mayence; he had been tribune and prætor at Rome, and for six years had commanded a legion in Britain; another three years he was governor of Portugal and then became consul and went to war against the Parthians as consular legate. Returning to Rome, he had refused the governorship of Africa, for he wished to devote the evening of his life to science and to the management of his many estates. On this particular night he had driven from his country-seat on Lake Lucrine, near Naples,[2] to be present at a large reception the Emperor was giving at the Capitol the next day. This was the best opportunity for obtaining the latest news of the political situation, which was growing more and more critical. It was late in the night when he reached Rome, but Macrinus had slept comfortably in his travelling-coach, so he was in need of no further rest; he went instead to his library, where he sipped rare wines while a lector read to him from the classics, thus taking him back to the great days of the republic.[3] His quarters were small, but elegantly furnished. The floor was of solid dark-green glass, covered by a rug from Sardis. An alabaster lamp in the form of a pigeon hung from the ceiling; its softened light illumined the painting above it of Odysseus in the land of the Phæaces; it fell glittering on the thin veins of gold inlaid in the snowy Phœnician marble frieze around the top of the wall,



ROME, A.D. 250 (Chapter X)

1. Lateran Palace
2. Villa of Opellius
3. Court Theatre of Heliogabalus
4. Sessarium or Palace of Heliogabalus
5. Palace of Commodus
6. Temple of Minerva Capta
7. Imperial mint
8. The Temple of Venus and Roma
9. Baths of Caracalla
10. The Column of Marcus Aurelius
11. Arch of Gallienus
12. Stadium Imperial villa

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interspersed by medallions in relief-work of the heads of famous authors. Massive bookcases of ebony inlaid with tortoise-shell and silver mosaics contained rolls of valuable manuscripts in silver cases; others lay on the porphyry top of the writing-desk, made of satin-wood, with feet of ivory lions' claws. The green silk curtains between the tablinum and the inner court swayed gently in the soft night-air. The legate, resting comfortably against Syrian cushions, and occasionally sipping Appian wine [4] from the silver chalice beside him, listened with closed eyes to the masterly description of the Jugurthan War by Sallust. Now and then the reading was interrupted by the whining of the Irish bulldog that lay at his master's feet on a leopard-skin. The marble busts of two philosophers gazed out from the dark recesses like two spectres. They had been made by Cephisodotus,[5] and the legate had bought them in Pergamum.

Let us now, as if we were old acquaintances, stay with this venerable man during the remaining hours of the night and listen to his reveries. The monotonous reading of the lector had made him drowsy, so he dismissed him. He took a draught from the cup and, as if awakening from a dream, began to soliloquize: "Friends, we are living in a time of self-deception and bankruptcy; all that makes me hold on to life is to absorb myself in the greatness of the past; Cato Uticensis [6] had the courage to end his when he beheld the shipwreck of his ideals. What have I not had to witness during this last half-century! Wherever I turn in these closing years of my life, all I see is overwhelming corruption. The first great pestilence, then famine, war, and earthquake put an end to the golden age of the Pax Romana and struck the death-blow. Since Emperor Septimius [7] killed the senate, a foreign race has supplanted the Roman-Italic stock. Italy, the ruling country, criminally weakened herself by haughtily excluding her citizens from the honour of serving in the army, so that now it has become the rule to shut out Romans from even our imperial fleets. The one thing left us was service in the guard, and that too was taken from us by Septimius, who entrusted the safety of the capital to Syrians, Africans, and Illyrians. This seemed like a symbol for the transference of sovereignty to the

provinces, and the word 'barbarian' took the place of 'soldier.' Our infantry is recruited solely from Germans and Macedonians, and our cavalry from Gauls. The arrogant soldiery uses the term of honour 'Quirite' as an insult against civilians. All discipline and the last binding restraint of the Roman character has gone from the army. Several times the title of emperor has been sold to the highest bidder. Italy, once so rich in men, has decreased in population, for race suicide is prevalent everywhere. Foreign colonies once well established are good for nothing. What would Marius, conqueror of the Teutons, say to this? — Vast domains have become unclaimed areas, and anyone who will pay the state taxes may take possession of them! "

The old consular legate sighed as he recalled these experiences; he tossed away the wine still remaining in his chalice, quieted his growling dog, and still meditated aloud: " Even our glorious language is falling into decay. Bad Latin is spoken at the court, and while in Athens one professorship after another is established, in Rome and Italy the academies are deserted. Owing to the dearth of interest among our military emperors, and to the hard struggle of our political forces, the educated classes are no longer concerned with literature, and the provinces surpass us in everything. The sciences are flourishing in Gaul, Bordeaux, and Autun. At Carthage I have met women of high social position who spoke only the Punic language, and who either could not or would not understand Latin. O Hannibal, how your eye would shine! Spain also succeeds in outdoing us; the eastern half of the empire is beginning to develop a distinctly separate life; and the Greek language has again assumed absolute sway. The letters S.P.Q.R., so long respected, have vanished from our coins, and Illyria, that wild mountain country,[8] has seized military control of the empire. How long now before a peasant from Mœsia shall sit on the throne of Augustus? Vainly the Roman senate, recalling its former dignity, fights with tyrants of an alien race for the sacred rights of the republic. It, too, like all high offices, is in the control of provincials. Alexander Severus paid with his life for his effort to bring back the old institutions; with the three Gordians,

the last descendants of the Scipios, the dream of restoring the republic ended."

The legate called a servant and told him to bring some Setian wine to follow the old Cæcubian. Being thus invigorated, he continued his soliloquy: "And concerning our religion? Its conventional forms are becoming more and more stagnant. Since the days of Julius Cæsar, Olympus has been the butt of ridicule.[9] Scepticism, denying everything, atheism with its dreary wastes, strange pantheism, and whatever else they are called — these have all sown the seed of our moral decay; and the wise teachings of the Stoics, so well suited to the Roman nature, could not dull the misery that followed our long period of Saturnian peace. In their despair the masses are seeking new forms of worship, and Roman tolerance endures them all: the orgies of Isis, of Serapis, of Ashtaroth, of Baal; and now the mysteries of Mithras, god of boundless light, which the soldiers have brought from India, and which is worshipped by them especially because of its strict military-like organization and its bloody ritual. In our higher classes, however, the confusion of thought has become appalling, and their frantic thirst for miracles is little different from that among our common people. Jews, Chaldeans, Egyptian sorcerers, and priests from Phrygia — they are the advisers of our women of the aristocracy. Astrology, belief in ghosts, blind fanaticism, and mystic fervour have found their way into every palace. Human sacrifices again are offered, and by searching living intestines augury foretells if a certain ballet-master still loves a certain princess. The happiness of the old faith has been swallowed up in the most awful frauds of oriental superstition. Our Emperor himself believes in a spirit medium which the followers of Jamblichus the Syrian enshroud with dissolute imaginings; it is the latest effort of neo-Platonism to put one god in the place of many. This only adds to the confusion; but as soon as the court takes up with anything, everyone else follows."

The legate was growing tired. He slowly opened a parchment scroll and continued in contemplation: "The soul's search for some kind of truth shines out, however, through all these absurdities.

Perhaps, after all, Christianity can best answer the questions of the mind and of the tortured heart. But the enemy of the Roman national character will then be triumphant, equality for all, universalism, the Crucified One proclaimed as God. And how poor and monotonous the world will then be! " [10]

Macrinus rolled up the parchment, a copy of the Gospels, and, sighing, he tossed it among the others. The morning light was filtering through the silken curtains, and the eastern sky had taken on a pale greenish hue. Macrinus threw an ivory ball into a silver bowl, which gave forth a lovely sound. The trumpeter announced the hour of day, and the master of the household came to draw back the curtains. The pillared court appeared in sight, with cooing pigeons fluttering from roof to fountain; gardeners were sprinkling path and flower-beds; the last stars had paled. " My chair of state," the master ordered, as he rose and went to his dressing-rooms.

Meanwhile a swarm of clients had arrived at the antechamber, people who had known better days, some who were idlers or who had made shipwreck of life; they came to pay their respects, expecting breakfast and hoping to accompany their patron to the Palatine. The servants brought them Tiber fish in oil and brown bread, telling them crossly that the master had no time to see them. In the mean time Macrinus had been bathed, massaged, and anointed, attendants had arranged his toga in exact folds, Greek barbers had sprinkled perfume on his hair and beard and curled them with curling-irons. Standing, he ate a little meat patty and sipped Mareotic wine, which had been sent from Alexandria. With his house-slaves preceding, he entered the atrium, glanced at his clients, who bowed low, and lay down in the sumptuous litter awaiting him at the vestibule. Eight Egyptian slaves, with blue and white striped turbans and gold earrings, lifted it. Runners with bamboo poles ran ahead. The clients crowded round the litter, and pages and domestic officials followed. The air was still cool, so Macrinus wrapped himself in his Egyptian coverlet. The sky was heavy with gold, dew-drops lay on tree and shrub, over the Sabini mountains the sun was rising. The road led along the broad Via Asinaria, through the old Porta Cœlimontana,

and past the graves of the Temple of Isis[11] and Minerva Capta.[12] Other processions of litters came forth from every villa and palace. On the right they passed the mint where since A.D. 115 the emperors had all the gold and silver coins struck, though copper was still coined by the senate at the Temple of Juno Moneta on the Capitol. A small palace adjoining once belonged to Brutus Præsans, son-in-law of the Emperor Commodus.

The procession then passed through the Arch of Isis, on its way to the Flavian Amphitheatre. There it stood, the giant Colosseum — most powerful expression of the cruel mind of the Romans. A mountain, the measure for them all, rising among three others, which were crowned by the Baths of Titus, and the magnificent Vectiliana opposite, set in parks, and other buildings stretching on across the Velia. What a swarm there was on the ninety festival days of the year, when forty thousand people pushed noisily into the entrances! What a triumph for stone, firm and immovable, solid and strong, over the waving multitude of pygmies! In front of the theatre the fountains played from the cone of the Meta Sudans, nine metres in height; Domitian had erected it where the five sections of the city met. Not far away is the colossus of Nero, a hundred and fifty feet high; after his death Nero was given the attributes of the sun-god. At the entrance to the Via Nova, leading to the Palatine, processions of litters poured from all directions, like rivers into a surging sea. The tumult and clamour grew frightening. The legate's litter was hemmed in and could not move; everything had to halt. But what an amazing view lay before the marvelling eyes! The golden roof of the Temple of Venus and Roma[13] rose against the azure-blue of the sky at an immense height, supported by a double portico of rich columns made of polished white marble. Opposite, on the heights of the Palatine, were the royal palaces; and gleaming in the distance were the gold tiles in the Capitoline Temple, illumined by the morning sun.

The procession could not move; everyone pushing on to the reception was crowded in together. The legate thought within himself: "At sight of such splendour and greatness, one should feel relieved and shake off care. But the city has aged; it is a shell without the

kernel. When the senators modestly hurried on foot to their old city-hall, which was not even heated in winter, they were awaited by submissive envoys of great kings, to whom they gave orders. Today the allied Persians and Goths flood Asia Minor and the Balkan countries like two mighty streams. One Roman emperor [14] has died on his own soil fighting the barbarians; the father [15] of our present one is today the slave of an insolent Persian tyrant. Adventurous Alemanni have plundered central Italy, and Franks have pressed unchecked through Gaul into the heart of Spain. Is it any wonder, then, that the provinces seek their only salvation in a freedom-from-Rome movement, to gain independence? "

At last the tangled mass of litters was freed, and the procession floated away on a sea of human heads farther on to the Clivus Sacer, the official ascent to the Palatine. Through a triumphal arch that Augustus had erected to his father, which was crowned by the statues of Artemis and Apollo carved out of one block of marble by Lysias, the Area Palatina was finally reached. Fifteen hundred years before, the herds of Romulus had passed the same way. Now a splendour more than earthly filled the spot, as if the palaces were the abodes of Olympian gods. A forest of columns towered on all sides, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian one above the other in tripple order; gay-coloured decorations glittered on the heights; statues of gods and heroes stepped forth from recesses in the wall; gilded quadrigæ and winged goddesses of victory glistened on the roofs; a host of marble statues looked down from the niches. Set in a colonnade of honey-coloured African marble, where fifty equestrian statues of the sons of Ægyptus alternated with fifty of the Danaides, rose the Temple of Apollo,[16] which Augustus had promised the god at the battle of Actium; it was built of Carrara marble and ornamented with reliefs made in 600 B.C. by Buphelos and Anthermos of Chios; the gates were embellished with ivory relief-work representing the flight of the Gauls before Delphi and the death of Niobe and her children. On the roof Hyperion held the reins of the four golden horses of the sun; dense clouds of Arabian incense floated up to him from the great altar in front of the temple. This shrine extended from the Domus Augustana

and was connected to it by the Palatine library; beside it rose in grave and final majesty the huge square structure built by Domitian. The windows were very high, one in each arch of the circular vault. A series of roofs ranged evenly on the right and left from the high ridge of the middle axis. The whole impression was heavy and threatening. Three gates at precise intervals led into the interior. This building was devoted to imperial representatives only, while the adjoining Tiberian palace contained the private apartments of the sovereign.

The whole place was seething like a port where ships are seeking safety from a storm. Among innumerable litters of all sizes, the gilded frames of ostrich and peacock fans swayed like masts; parasols of every opalescent shade tossed like sails. Added to all this was the bustle of servants in colourful costumes trying to clear the way for their masters. Black Negroes, brown Egyptians, yellow Arabians, Indians with beards dyed brick-red, and fair-skinned northerners. Amid screams and gestures a babel of languages rushed and roared. Thousands of prætorians in their togas, and German body-guards on horseback, were placed at all entrances where the crowd was admitted to the reception.[17] Imperial court servants were busy keeping order inside and searching everyone who entered, for arms. There was the swarming sound of a beehive, the heart-throb of the empire. In the central hall of the aula the waiting crowd was stopped. Scarcely to be seen at a single glance, one hall of state after another was grouped round the inner court, which was framed in marble arches. These vast spaces seemed illimitable, with their ceilings of gold and ivory panelling, supported by massive pillars, and so high that tired eyes could scarcely reach them. The walls were of polished stone slightly iridescent; in the recesses were masterpieces of Greek sculpture, and large tables of citron-wood with gold and silver inlay stood along the walls; urns and pitchers of bright-coloured crystal, onyx, and agate and weighty silver bowls adorned with precious stones stood on semi-columns; sconces and chandeliers of gold bronze held thousands of lamps.

Imperial servants in gold embroidery led the endless line of guests,

clad in trailing silk, through conservatories where fragrant fountains splashed, where water silver-clear rushed from crystal grottoes over heavy foliage into tanks of rare fish; from hall to hall they went, across floors of lustrous mosaic protected by strips of scarlet Egyptian carpet; through the lararium and the aula, into the basilica,[18] the throne-room. Seated high in a round niche was the Emperor in his purple cloak with its long sleeves, a halo about his head, his hair sprinkled with gold-dust, and the sceptre in his left hand. His gold shoes, encrusted with pearls, rested on a large cushion; fan-bearers, lictors, and the highest officials of the court stood round the throne, which was enclosed in marble barriers. At first the high dignitaries and the nobility, the families of senatorial rank, passed by in unbroken line, according to the strict ceremonies of the court; they were honoured by the Emperor's kiss. The Magister Memoriæ announced their names.

"The proud man with whom the Emperor is exchanging a few words," explained Macrinus, "is a Sulpician and traces his pedigree to Jupiter and Pasiphae; the next one is an Acilian, a descendant of Æneas. The former viceroy of Egypt is now approaching; he seems to bring bad news to the Emperor, but the latter is smiling again. Look, the consul Appius Bradua is also in Rome and the proconsul of Asia." Suddenly great silence fell. The prefect of the prætorians appeared in military dress instead of the toga and talked with the Emperor, who grew pale and serious, but soon after shook hands familiarly with the man of authority. Everyone seemed relieved. Senators from the state council[19] soon surrounded him and drew him into a side corridor. "Is it possible barbarians have again entered our country-estates on Lake Como and Lake Garda?" Murmurs and whispers ran along the halls. "Asia is lost," someone said, and the Emperor was heard to reply, laughing: "What does saltpetre matter?" There was a rumour that a revolt had broken out in Gaul, and the Emperor answered with a smile: "The state, my friends, will not perish, even if cloaks fail to come from the land of the Atrebates." "Can a Roman emperor speak like that?" Macrinus whispered in a troubled voice, and the rich Vibullius Pius, who had

drawn three-fourths of a million interest from his Roman tenements, calmly shrugged his shoulders. "The rebellion in Sicily has ruined my estates there," lamented the fat Eurycles Herculanus.

"I must speak to the Emperor myself," Macrinus said, for he wished to hear news from Egypt. The Emperor tapped his shoulder familiarly, which was generally noticed; then the legate pushed on through the crowd. "Egypt too has broken away from the empire; the ten millions I loaned the governor are lost. He has been proclaimed Emperor at Alexandria." "What will become of Rome's grain provisions if Egypt and Sicily revolt?" asked a nobleman who had large shipping interests. And the Emperor remarked bitterly: "What do I care about Egyptian linen?"

Next, those of second rank passed on to the throne: great bankers and directors of commercial companies whose offices were in London as well as in Arabia and the Crimea; great industrialists and men who farmed out the revenue; they were all Roman knights and wore the gold ring and the narrow purple band on the toga. The throng was tremendous, and the commotion grew. Meanwhile the sky was darkened by an approaching thunder-storm, and the air was unbearably sultry. Senators and their retinue passed on to the adjacent Livian palace to pay their respects to the Empress.

The third class of society, embracing all who were neither senators nor knights, stood waiting in the hall. They seemed less anxious and watched with pleased eyes the great and mighty ones now trembling at the loss of their vast possessions in all parts of the empire. The handsome Alexamenos, master of the court ballet, who was a joint favourite of the Roman people together with the famous charioteers, received thousands when he appeared at the Balbus and Pompey theatres; pleased with himself, he swayed his slender hips and gathered up his toga so that the hurrying crowds would not trample it; it was yards in length and was made of the finest carbasus. Teasingly he blew the silver dust from the towering coiffure of a stately senator's wife who was one of his mistresses and whispered: "Don't wait for a divorce; we will fly to Daphne near Antioch; the soil of Rome burns beneath my feet." She tapped him coquettishly with her fan

and sought her husband in the crowd. His cloak was dangling, and excitedly he pulled his wife away with him, saying: " My felt-mills in Liguria have been burned to the ground by the barbarians, and my great herds of cattle at Parma are all lost." The beautiful dancer snapped his fingers.

Impoverished senators with petitions; ladies waiting to present their daughters to the Emperor to ask a dowry; young aristocrats who had lost their fortunes at the gambling-tables or the races and were applying for a cohort; rich money-lenders, parvenus, court astrologers, priests of Cybele, Isis, and Mithras, Christian bishops — all were pressing on to the throne-room with their special requests, which they hoped to have propped up with gifts. Fuscus Saxa, the swindling governor of Morocco, who had written his mistress he was free of debt after he had sold thousands into slavery, and whom the former Emperor had expelled from the senate, thought this a favourable opportunity to present himself at court; fingers of scorn were pointed at him. The rain fell in rattling sheets, and lightning terrified the crowd.

Macrinus tried to find his way out. " Roman patriotism might act in this hour of terrible danger, but it is being suffocated in bewilderment; everyone thinks only of himself, and our philosophical Emperor cares for nothing but celebrating feasts and making plans for his ideal city, Platonopolis in Campania; together with Plotinus he wants to establish Plato's model state, while his own great empire is going to pieces. Yes, he jokes while he is losing a world." Amid lightning and thunder the palace trembled. The legate finally reached the arcades where the servants and litter-bearers were crowded together in indescribable confusion. It was a long time till order was restored. " Lightning has struck the Temple of Augustus, and the sceptre lies shattered on the floor. A bad omen! " someone said.

The rain had ceased, and the Soracte mountains were dipped in sunshine. Macrinus, reclining in his litter, gave orders to be taken to the Baths of Caracalla.[20] From a blue sky the warm sun again shone on the seven marble hills of golden Rome. Behind the Capitol there was a black wall of clouds, with sheets of lightning and rumbling thunder; but it moved on northward. So also the warn-

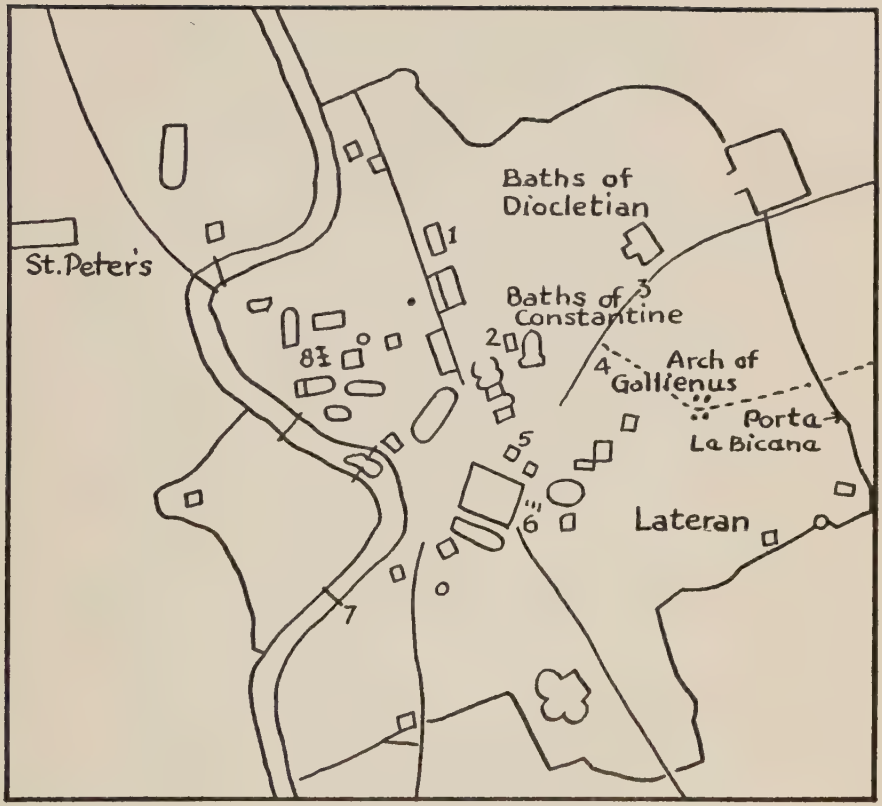
ing storm threatening the very existence of Rome was once more dispelled. The unconquered sun of Rome was still to shed its light upon the world; strong walls were still to protect the splendour of the imperial city, and triumphal processions were still to pass on their way to the Capitol. Roman emperors were to sacrifice the last hecatombs to ancient Jupiter.[21] But still the prophecy would be fulfilled which bade the Romans put back the seat of their sovereignty into that place from which it sprang.[22]

THE TWILIGHT OF ROME

Beauty that conquers gods and men —
It too must die.
And when perfection's course is stayed,
The gods must weep.

ABSOLUTE MONARCHY, AN ASPECT OF ADVANCING AGE, became the last form of the Roman state, and together with it the end of antiquity dragged out its final days. This spectacle of self-burial in a huge mausoleum was both appalling and pitiful. — The foundation of the system was the villein peasantry [1] chained to the public estates and deprived of every personal liberty; on its work and output depended all taxes, property and personal, and the recruiting of the army. When every profession of importance to the state had been made hereditary by law, society stiffened into castes and carried along with it the burden of a leaden officialism, which was supported by a fourfold defensive force.[2] The body-guards of the head of the state, who was enthroned in the dark sepulchral palace like a demigod amid mysterious pomp and ceremony, were all sons of barbarians, young heirs of the future; while tax-collectors, like a mass of snakes no one could escape, crushed out the breath of life. Courage, patriotism, and honour — all lay dead in a desert of barren emotions. The soul of Rome had fled and the chariot of the state was pulled along by the dreadful yoke of submission and taxation.

After the capital was removed from the Tiber to the Bosporus, Rome became the second city and had to content herself with the role of a dowager empress.[3] Many of her distinguished families had



ROME, A.D. 350 (Chapter XI)

1. The sun temple of Aurelian
2. Temple of Serapis
3. Vicus Patricius
4. Palace of Pordarka
5. Basilica Constantina
6. Arch of Constantine
7. Pons Probi
8. Porticus Boni Eventus

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taken their wealth along with them and followed the court; the pulse of life began to beat more slowly. Only seldom did the despot visit the venerable mother of the empire, to flood her old palaces with rippling life; his departure left behind the distinct feeling of difference between the past and present. It seemed as though Rome had failed and were reduced to being only on outpost of Asia. The centre of gravity in world events had seemingly swung back to the East permanently. The queen of nations had grown old and was sinking under the weight of her diadem. The Etrurian robe of her youth had been exchanged for the iron armour of Italy's war-goddess; later she had tried to resemble the Greek Pallas and at the zenith of her career had seized the divine queen's crown and sceptre. But the pomp of Asia gave her no rest; she grew ever more voluptuous, and ever more ornate became her garments; until in the autumn of her life, decadent and a stranger to herself, she resembled the Babylonian Astarte. So the daughter of Mars and Bellona, instead of lance and sceptre, held a golden fan of peacock feathers in her tired hands and lay among the cushions in her resplendent garden, sunning herself with unconcern in the evening brilliance of a faded glory, enjoying the last oppressive quiet that preceded the bursting forth of an international storm.

Autumn had come to the world of the ancients. But just as Nature before her demise gathers together all her remaining forces to celebrate a farewell holiday in the riot of gay-coloured leaves, of mulleins, dahlias, and huge scentless sunflowers, so Art dipped into the rich flow of colour with surprisingly stately effects, darting from among the clouds like rays from the setting sun. This is shown in the ruins of Luxor and Karnak from the age of the Rameses, in the late splendour of Hellenism, kindled to ever higher flame by the baroque of the imperial age of Rome, which slowly died away in the showering sparks of the Byzantine period. Many characteristics of the closing baroque belong also to this transition period of the fourth century. But while the extravagant wave of the former ebbed in the rippling of the rococo, the heavy lines of Roman antique stiffened and broke to pieces in the patchwork of Romanesque style. Both

then dwindled away to mere skeletons; the wife of Justinian [4] could shake hands with the mistress of Louis XV. The round ball and pointed tetrahedron became symbols. These extreme figures were crystallized forms. In the conception of the extreme the equation is solved.

Both periods exhausted themselves in the grossest contradictions, and made way for the agony which preceded first the collapse of the old world and later the period of social revolution. Rome lay completely inactive on the edge of the circle formed in the East with Byzantium as the centre, and in the West with Madrid and Paris. In both a despot, worshipped almost as a deity, stood at the peak of a pyramid formed from a politically absolute and a spiritually orthodox hierarchy; a servile court dallied with its fading existence amid stiff formality and bloody intrigue, merging the palace of the sovereign with the state. Here there were ascetic theologians and fanatical grammarians, there inquisitors and academies where all liberal intellectual movements were buried in the coffin of subtle sophistry. Here there were councils that shattered the dissenting doctrines of Arianism; there, the heretical beliefs of Protestantism. The Muses had become mistresses of the court and servants of the Church; conditions ruled over form. Architecture sank under massive bulk; [5] separate buildings grew to the size of small cities; [6] basilicas gave way to central structures with cupolas and vaults; rational treatment and daring difficulties, clever complications and deceptive symbolism — these were its rudiments. The other arts, painting and sculpture, fought for life; they were infected with the tetanus of a mystic trance. At both times composition was conventional; yet the colours glowed, for every gesture spoke of lofty thoughts. Sculpture logically evolved to a meaningless climax. Intellectual pride smothered common sense. Hollow verbosity, odd trains of thought, panegyrics to princes and saints, secret tales of scandal, obscene jokes, miserable and malicious pot-boilers — all these grew luxuriantly like poisonous weeds among the tree-stumps of a cleared forest. In both periods questions of etiquette were the most important order of the day. Elaborate pantomimes, triumphal processions, and circus games cor-

responded to bull-fights, merry-go-rounds, and the entry of ambassadors; and the jewelled relief of Valentinian III in old Saint Peter's, to the Santa Forma of the Capilla Mayor of the Escorial.

In such an atmosphere only those people could live whose ancestors had made havoc of everything, and whose equilibrium was lost.

Let us now climb into the litter of the rich widow Anacharsis Serapina Pomponia Pordaca.[7] It is swaying slowly along the Via Valeria, like a great tent, borne by small Corsican horses. She is returning to Rome from her magnificent country place at Corsioli, where painted gondolas drawn by swans rocked on the surface of the ponds, where in lotus- and magnolia-trees birds from India and Africa fluttered from silver ribbons, where artificial grottoes afforded cooling shade, where small shrines of transparent pink alabaster gleamed among the laurel-trees, where paths strewn with yellow saffron led along hedges of boxwood trimmed in fantastic shapes to the columned stairway of the house. In former years garden-parties had been held there; the fountains and waterfalls were then illuminated, and all the rich neighbours were invited; they impersonated the various gods of Olympus and banqueted upon floats covered with rugs, in the middle of the artificial lake. Hundreds of jesters, Spanish and Syrian dancers, sent from Rome, entertained the guests, while large water-organs[8] played ceaselessly. But now bigotry, cant, and hypocrisy had entered; instead of cymbal and trumpet, there was the sound of monotonous psalms and long, tedious sermons that told of the misery of the world and predicted the fall of Rome, and the millennium. Instead of the rich youth of the neighbourhood with all the joys of living, their servants were now invited to perform a Saturnalian spectacle on the equality of man.

The litter of the pious widow stopped; a servant held a small ladder, made of inlaid cypress-wood, the yellow silk curtains were parted, and the former prætor Aulus Statarius Maximus Corbulo, a well-known man, climbed slowly in. The small half-darkened space had a large couch in each corner and a beautifully wrought incense lamp swung from the ceiling. The mistress reclined on one

of the couches against Syrian cushions of many colours. Her small feet, laden with rings, were crossed. She looked like an over-dressed nymph. Her hair, curled like a man's, was intertwined with ribbons and arranged over the ears: a cap of gold brocade covered her head. Her gown was high-necked, and interlaced with ribbons like a corset; the sleeves were long, the material thickly embroidered with Indian pearls and flowers of gold; two large emerald ear-rings in the shape of the Christian cross dangled at the sides of her face; she looked like an Asiatic idol, for thick rouge had stiffened her features into a mask. The ex-prætor greeted her: "Your Highness,[9] I see, is surprised at my boldness in entering your sanctuary. But my coach has been following you for two hours on our way to Rome. I was just growing drowsy over reading Juvenal's *Satyricon* when my good angel whispered to me that I should share my tedium with yours."

Before the stately widow could reply, someone let out a mocking laugh; it was a Negro dwarf who sat on a cushion playing with his mistress's fan, and who announced his presence in this rude manner. Both were startled and the prætor tapped the little fellow's nose with the tip of his soft Morocco shoe; then he sank among the pile of cushions on the other ottoman. The widow sighed and closed her book of the Gospels. It was bound in Babylonian leather and bordered with jewels; the Holy Scriptures were painted in gold and silver letters on pages of ivory. "Your presumptuous behaviour has interrupted my thoughts, which were occupied with the other world. I was just edifying myself . . ." The little Negro again made himself excessively noticeable by blowing on a toy trumpet. The annoyed prætor held his hands over his ears, and Pordaca rapped the Moor on his turban with her book till he screamed with rage. "Cassandane," she called, "take this little devil with you." The Cappadocian slave, clad in soft robes of carbasus, who had been sitting beside the servant in charge of the favourite dog, rose immediately, and as she pulled the Negro dwarf away, he bit her hand. Imago, the little Maltese, snapped at him yelping. Then things became quiet again, and the swaying litter moved farther down into the Campagna.

"I've just eaten three dozen oysters from Puteoli and washed

them down with Cæcina wine," the prætor resumed. "The motion of your chair makes them rebel. Have you a flamingo feather at hand, dipped in oil, to aid me in vomiting?" "This amulet helps me in such cases," said Pordaca as she tried to untangle it from her many necklaces. "You see it contains one of St. Damian's teeth; he was a martyred physician of Arabia, and I received this charm from the archdeacon; it is a panacea for every ill." She kissed the jewelled trinket. "Like the two threads from Aphrodite's girdle,"[10] replied the prætor, touching the chains that hung around his own fat neck. "I still carry them with me; they helped me thirty years ago when I was seeking your love"; he grinned and crushed some verbena between his hands. "I am now a bride of the Lord," said the noblewoman gently, "I have consecrated my soul to Him, and all my earthly possessions to His visible Church." "Then he made a bad bargain, this new bridegroom of yours," old Corbulo answered maliciously, "for I have proved more than once that no woman possesses a soul; at any rate your archdeacon chose the better part. Yes, yes," he reflected, staring at the ceiling. "And your soul," said the worthy matron angrily, "if such a thing can live in a den of vice like your body, will go straight to the Devil." "But, Anacharsis," implored Corbulo, "do not send me from this vale of tears when, by your noble example, I may yet develop a soul. You know I followed you when you splashed the first milk on the altar of the patrician Pudicitia, when as a blooming virgin you untiringly surrendered your innocence in vain desire to Vulgivava and Serapis and at the Taurobolium; and now you consecrate your second youth, your wealth, and your love-mad — I mean your loving — soul," the prætor corrected himself, "to a God who was crucified for the poor. Your whole life was and is one long sacrifice. So let me follow your devout example at the end, for I too wish to think of my future." Thus the old libertine went on lamenting, thinking[11] at the same time that as an ex-prætor he might attain a bishopric and thence guide the wealth of very pious old women into the right channels; what the persuasive deacons could accomplish with the proud devotees[12] he could do too. Perhaps he could thus straighten out his financial

conditions once more and snap his fingers at his army of creditors. "My brother," the rich widow murmured, and kissed the amulets, each in turn, that jingled on her bosom.

Meanwhile the travelling retinue approached the precincts of the capital, which rose like a marble star in a garland of villas and palaces along the Campagna and was surrounded by the imposing formality of the newly-built Aurelian walls.[13] Like the tentacles of a polyp the old imperial roads ran out into the whole world. Once, brave legions had marched untiringly along them to wars of victory on the confines of the empire. Now their successors, vanquished by drunkenness and debauchery, were carried over them in luxurious chairs.

A cool evening wind blew from Soracte; the sun had set behind the Basilica of Constantine, recently built (A.D. 330) from material in the old Circus of Caligula. The procession stopped and formed in line at the Porta Labicana (now Porta Maggiore), which was guarded by Numidian horsemen in yellow burnouses and red girdles, wearing large ear-rings and carrying bamboo lances in their hands. The torch-bearers lighted their bronze lamps and wind torches and encircled the litters. First came the luggage-carts, packed with gay-coloured tent garniture and Babylonian rugs; then the baggage, and slaves carrying in their hands fragile objects of value, vases and favourite statues; then the private orchestra marched along; next litters of all shapes and sizes, and small sedan-chairs of ebony inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls; the staff of domestics followed, slaves and freedmen, Indian, Chinese, African, and Norse, and some born in Rome; they carried cages with rare birds, and ostrich-feather fans on long poles of gilded bamboo, and huge parasols. Attendants immediately preceded the great litter as it swung through the gate. Carriages rolled along next in which sat costly slaves with masks before their delicate faces; Parthian horses with rich bridles, Caledonian watch-dogs led by silver chains, a train of she-asses in whose milk the mistress was accustomed to bathe. The well-ordered line passed through, and following close behind was the not less extensive retinue of the ex-prætor, at the head of which Phrygians in scarlet

livery carried the insignia of his rank. "Make way for Her Noble Majesty, Domina Pomponia Serapina Pordaca," bawled the criers, swinging their whips, to which small bits of lead and iron were fastened.

The processions wound like endless snakes through the gaping crowds that stood screaming and howling on both sides of the long street; they passed the tomb of the Statielli and Arunta, the round Temple of Hercules, built by Sulla after his victory over Marius, the barracks of the second city-cohort, and the old park of Epaphroditus, with the palace of the Emperor Gallienus. The ex-prætor, like everyone else, had fallen asleep, lulled by the gentle rocking of the litter; he roused himself as they entered the thronging city traffic; he drew back the silk curtains, and the lamps lighted up the bright paint smeared over his face; as soon as the mob saw him, they began to laugh and joke. Beggars pushed close. "Pyramid of justice! Colossus of grace!" they cried, showing fearful wounds and defects often self-inflicted in order to have a larger amount of alms given them.

Tired and disgusted, the prætor fell back among the cushions; the disappointed crowd called lewd and insulting names after him. "For this rabble," he cried out in anger, "I threw away two thousand pounds of gold on games in the Colosseum and made myself a beggar." The pious widow shrugged her shoulders and ordered a casket to be handed to her. Again the curtains were parted and coins flew from the window. The crowd scuffled for them, screaming with joy. Children turned somersaults, and cried: "*Vivat Pordaca pïssima, Hagios theos sy soson,*" which brought a tired smile to the matron's face, cracking the paint. The prætor squinted at her angrily. The procession passed the beautiful fountain of Orpheus and turned into the centre of the city at the Arch of Gallienus,[14] where once the Esquiline Gate had stood. "Rollianus," the prætor began again, "is going to throw four thousand pounds of gold into the jaws of this mob; he has ordered a thousand Syrian girls[15] from Antioch to dance in the Theatre of Marcellus. But this won't compare with the magnificent pantomime I had produced at the Colosseum. Do you remember, Anacharsis, the five hundred nude virgins swimming in a sea of wine,

and the great ballet during which Icarus tumbled down from a rock? All Rome talked about it." Then something else occurred to him. "I am invited to the wedding of Leucophryene Thasia tomorrow; that's the reason I am returning to this hateful place. She has been divorced twenty times and her husband twenty-two. This wedding ceremony will be performed by the priest of Mithras. Trained monkeys, dogs that know arithmetic, and donkeys playing flutes are to amuse the guests. It will be a fine festival! " Carbulo laughed pleasantly, but the widow was scornful. "I believe it, if you have been invited," she said. "How can anyone go to the house of such a Phryne! Come rather to the devotions in the Basilica Sicinni,[16] where the godly Junia Bassa — " The prætor interrupted her; "— enjoys himself under the shelter of the Church while praying with her brothers and adopted sons." [17] He seemed to have forgotten his cunning plan. Whereupon Pordaca, breaking the handle of her peacock-feather fan, hissed out: "You are lying, as always. But you will not be spared eternal punishment." "For five thousand pounds in gold I should know how to make sure of something better than the suave smile of the archdeacon or the joys of the Christian hell," he said. Exasperated, the widow drummed her fingers, glittering with rings, on the book of the Gospels and crossed herself three times. "I am supporting ten monasteries and six orphanages on my estates from Sicily to Milan; the tenth of my income goes to the Church.[18] I have already dispensed three million sesterces in charity." [19] The prætor answered cynically: "They say the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; of you, pious lady, the opposite is true." Pordaca bit her painted lips and maintained an icy silence.

The procession now pushed its way through the narrow streets, with high buildings and large overhanging balconies, and the odour of cooking penetrating everywhere. "Corbulo," the widow broke the dangerous silence, "do not forget your promise to me. Think of your soul's salvation, for yours too is immortal." Knowing his weakness, she then added: "Will you share a light supper with me? I have Belgian ham, and mushrooms from Noricum. My Sicilian cook is making a new patty of ten different kinds of meat, the butler has

ordered wine sent from my estates in Volterra. We shall see about the rest." Instead of replying, the prætor yawned loud and impolitely. Then thinking better of it, he turned his dissolute face to his old friend and nodded. Her eyes were unnaturally large and bright through the use of drops, and she stared at him reproachfully.

The litter stopped before the palace gate in the Vicus Patricius. The master of the household, with his staff, stood waiting respectfully. A chair was carried out for Pordaca and she seated herself in it, lowering her veil. The prætor climbed out with difficulty, gathering together the many folds of his attire; he ordered his own retinue of servants to return home without him. The Cappadocian with the empty casket, the servant with the yelping Maltese on a red satin pillow, the litter page, and the Negro dwarf, who made ugly faces — all disappeared amid the clamour of the curious, who pressed close to the brightly lighted ante-room. In the adjoining chamber high chandeliers of gilt Corinthian bronze were burning, with lamps made of coloured Alexandrian glass; the small fountain in the centre, surrounded by lilies, sent forth a violet-scented spray; coal sprinkled with myrrh and spikenard burned in tripods, spreading a cheerful warmth. The floor was covered with brilliant glass mosaic, and large paintings were set into the walls.[20] "At my house the central heating system is now in operation," the shivering ex-prætor remarked with annoyance; "I use only cedar-wood." Pordaca paid no attention to this compliment and replied: "Let us first have a warm bath after our journey, and then we will meet in the library, where you can edify yourself with my collection of Christian manuscripts. After that we shall dine." Then the mistress of the house, attended by her dressing-room maids, swept out. Corbulo yawned again and followed the bath-steward down the long corridor to the private baths.

We now leave the hospitable roof of this religious woman, whose house and mode of life was a typical example of the lavish splendour and bad taste of the closing period of antiquity, when effeminacy and luxurious living strove for precedence. Hurrying through Rome at night-time, through streets brightly lighted since the time of Alexander Severus (A.D. 220), we meet a train of wagons that rumbles along

bringing in the immense amount of supplies and provisions; for during the day no wagon traffic was permitted in Rome.

In the guard-house are the city sentinels and fire-brigades in constant readiness for the sound of alarm. Night-watchmen pass through streets and squares, for while the rich literally vanish among the silken cushions of their spacious palaces, nearly a tenth of the city's millions, not lucky enough to find beds in the crowded tenements, spend the night beneath numberless arches, temple doorways, and arcades. And so we see one of the very poorest, clad in a ragged coat, as he stands sleeping, protected by the gilt Umbilicus on the Forum, the central point of the world; at least in his dreams he is a god, encircling with outstretched arms the axis of the world empire.[21] Our gaze is lost in a sea of marble temples, theatres, and palaces; and when from behind the flying clouds the moon casts her white light over all, the gold tiles glisten in the Temple of Venus and Roma, on the Romulus Heroum, and on the gilded columns and quadrigæ of the imperial triumphal arches.[22]

We stand before the stately façade of the Capitoline Temple. As if touched by phantom hands, the bronze portals open wide, and we see double rows of columns extending through the hall to the Holy of Holies, where for a thousand years the Colossus of Jupiter, destroyer of nations, has sat enthroned in silent majesty, ruling the world. Through openings in the large square roof the ever-circling stars dance and sparkle; around the throne of the All-highest the Parcæ sit spinning; and in the sacred awe of night they whisper:

"Twelve hundred years the Fates once granted thee;
That time is past, thy reign is now fulfilled.
Deserted gods, they too forsake thee now
And yield Olympus to the only God.
Sign of approaching judgment! Earth bends low,
And from the heavens descends the King of Kings!"

And the spirit of Rome silently hid her head.[23]

THE FALL OF ROME

Venit summa dies
Et inelectabile Tempus
Dardania.

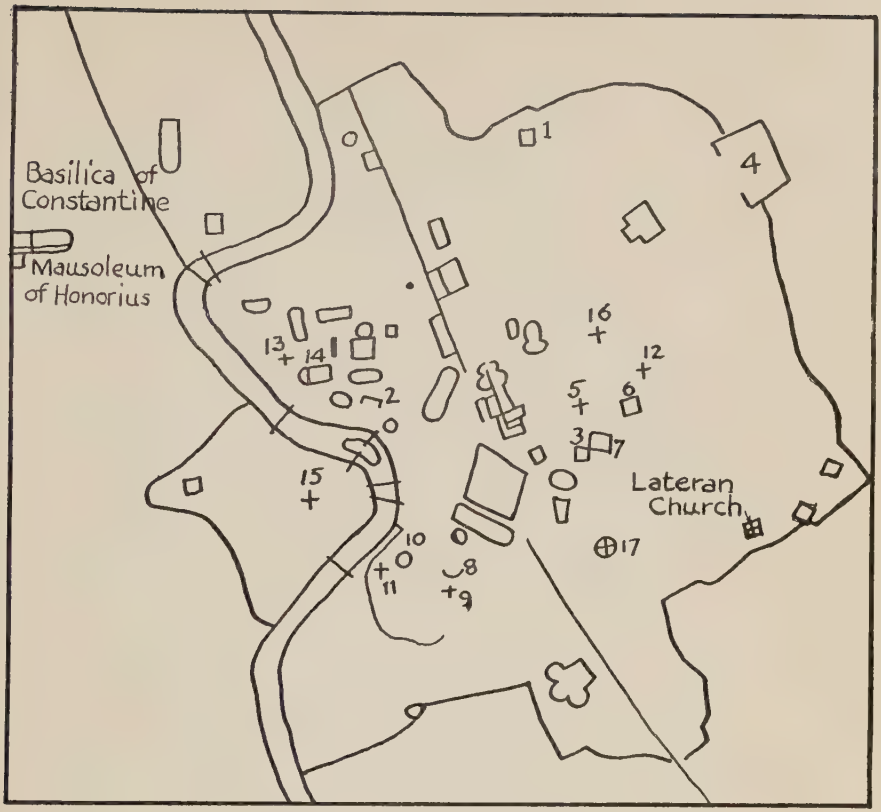
THIS CENTURY USHERS IN THE END OF THE GREAT WORLD parade of Rome. As Ilium, venerated by the Romans as their mother city, succumbed to fate and perished, so the other prophecy now too was fulfilled — that ominous warning which bade the Romans move their seat of government back to the place from which it sprang.[1] For a century the emperors had resided on the boundaries of Asia and Europe. Only when Theodosius, who closed all pagan temples by force and extinguished the last spark of the old Roman spirit by the symbolical fall of the goddess of victory in the senatorial palace, bequeathing a divided empire to his two sons — only then did the West again obtain its own rulers, who were to hold court at Ravenna and to protect the Occident against the flood-tide of barbarians.

But the earth was already trembling at the advance of those younger races who, no longer checked, overran the Roman Empire and with frightful speed carried into execution the historical event that closed the circle of antiquity.

As though at an expected signal, these hordes broke into the very gates of Rome and wrought violence upon the helpless victims of the great medley of nations. From the north came the Saxons, who after 410 had completely rooted our Roman civilization in Britain; the Franks from 480 to 507; the Burgundians in 413, who had restored Gaul to its original state; the Suevi and Alemanni in 407, who had burned everything before them in flourishing north Africa. At

the same time the first Mongolian storm swept on from the heart of Asia to the banks of the Loire; this started the Goths, whose pirate fleets had earlier plundered the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece, and who in 410 stripped the capital itself of its false semblance of being invincible.

A transition period almost unprecedented in history then began; like a torrent rushing into a quiet artificial lake and pouring its own fresh water into it, the physical strength of the new races merged with the civilizing influence of Rome, which in its last phase had changed from a state into a church: [2] old Teutonic paganism mingled with a Christianity that had become subtle; [3] peasants and soldiers, with a settled urban life, so the mixture of nations that began on the stage of the world theatre of Rome with dignified symmetry, whirled ever faster and faster until it ended in intoxication. These younger races stepped into a marsh — an empire dying of marasmus, where everything was already ruined by vice and laziness. The sources of life which give to a nation its nobler physical and spiritual qualities had come to an end. "We see grey heads among the boys, the hair falls before it grows; life does not stop with old age, but begins with it"; thus at that time wrote Cyprian, the Father of the Church, to Demetrius. There were no longer men, only creatures. All the finer and more educated members of society, tortured by the state and disgusted with earthly life, became obsessed with the idea of resignation [4] and made up their minds to die without offspring. Lonely rocks were peopled by hermits, monasteries arose on the secluded shores of Italy; members of the aristocracy became anchorites and withdrew to desolate islands, to await death while venerating the spots where martyrs had died. With the passing of the old families the last traditions, morals and customs, national points of view, and intellectual aspirations vanished.[5] The despotic financial system drove a large part of the remaining population straight into the arms of the barbarians [6] and deprived commerce of its last vital force. The Church, meanwhile, through an extravagant system of charity, had propagated a huge army of beggars, which left the country in swarms and crowded into the city. The dying empire thus presented the repulsive spectacle of a



ROME, A.D. 450 (Chapter XII)

1. Palace of Belisarius
2. Porticus of Octavia
3. Baths of Titus (cemetery)
4. Cemetery in Prætorian Camp
5. S. Pietro in Vincoli
6. Porticus of Livia
7. Baths of Trajan
8. Temple of Diana
9. S. Prisca
10. Temple of Juno Regina
11. S. Sabina
12. S. Maria Maggiore
13. S. Lorenzo
14. Theatre and Curia of Pompey
15. S. Cæcilia
16. S. Pudenziana
17. S. Stefano-Rotondo

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helpless, forlorn old man trying to hide his leprosy under silken rags, sitting on the floor of his magnificent state-hall, while savages, climbing through windows and doors, wrought havoc in the deserted palace. The collapse of the ancient world was complete, the universal coarsening of society spread into ever wider circles. Dress and etiquette had become oriental, and as all officers and high officials, after the Roman-Italic element had been eliminated, were recruited from the provinces, so now the barbarians were promoted to the most important positions and for a while held the scales of fate; finally the balance sank definitely in favour of the Western Empire. Even Christianity, consuming, as it had, three-fourths of ancient learning in its leaping flame, had thus furthered ignorance. The state Church took care, however, that what remained was not entirely crushed out by the barbarians. Through the deliberate break of the Christian Church with the ancient world, what was still vital to a new world order was preserved, for a pagan Roman Empire would doubtless have lapsed completely into retrogression. At the same time the Roman Church acted as the great mediator between the Romans and the barbarians; hence it is to be thanked for the union of the two forces against the Asiatic storm that threatened to draw its shroud over the whole life of Europe.[7]

Let us look at Rome when she was the humble Babylon of the Revelation, when after fearful convulsions the Western Empire had come to an early end; a brief calm had ensued, due to the gentle rule of the Goths, who more than any other of the barbarians seemed destined to help Rome at the birth of a new day. When the diadem of world sovereignty had adorned the forehead of the goddess of the city for nearly seven centuries, she laid it down upon the altar of history. In 472, Roman senators carried the imperial regalia to Constantinople, and this confirmed the renunciation by Rome of being considered any longer the model capital. The historical abdication was thus accomplished, and the capital of the world voluntarily entered the list of provincial cities. But Providence willed it otherwise: at the moment when Rome relinquished her ancient dignity, the first circle of that tiara which was to become the triple crown of the papacy was placed about her venerable head, ordaining her as the capital of the Christian

era. This twofold character of past and future Rome was reflected in her exterior form. Despite the many earthquakes,[8] which had destroyed, among other things, the magnificent colonnade of Octavia, despite the repeated besieging and plundering [9] by Visigoths, Vandals, and imperial generals, the sea of houses in this huge city always made a strong impression; [10] even though during the last century the architectural achievements of the rulers had lessened.[11] After Rome had been sacked by the Vandals, the last imperial decree was issued for the protection of ancient buildings; but the edict perished and the Emperor was beheaded.[12] The dead were buried in the abandoned Baths of Titus and in the former camp of the prætorians, whose walls facing the city had been ordered torn down by Honorius. Bath-houses had been built into the Temple of Antonius and Faustina [13] on the Forum. A high official had moved into the deserted palace of the vestals [14] and had had the dilapidated building partially restored, after Odoacer had used it as a quarry for his stronghold on the Palatine. Four hundred glorious temples were empty and desolate; their statues of silver and gold had in part been stolen, melted together, or removed to secular places.[15] The public administrative buildings, the official residences, the circuses and theatres were kept in very poor condition; but Christian churches shot up everywhere,[16] and as the people were accustomed to many places of worship, these soon became as numerous as the abandoned pagan temples, and each one formed a new centre of ever-increasing apostolic power. The popes, priests, and private citizens were the principal builders, and as times were hard, they decorated their buildings with the fading splendour of the dead past and saved in this, as in the intellectual realm, many fragments for dark days ahead. In 450, Greek columns of marble from the Baths of Trajan, from the Porticus of Livia, and from the ancient Temple of Tellus in the Suburra were used in the construction of S. Pietro in Vincoli; three columns from the Temple of Diana on the Palatine found a new home in S. Prisca; twenty-four columns from the Temple of Juno Regina, which was destroyed by the Visigoths, are still standing in the Church of S. Sabina. The grand colonnade of the Basilica Æmilia on the Forum was transferred to S. Paolo fuori

le Mura; likewise ninety-six columns from various buildings were removed to the Basilica of St. Peter. Into this was built the tomb of the members of the imperial family that had become Christian. In 366 Pope Damasus ordered pillars from the curia of Pompey to be placed in the Church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, built adjoining it. The first church to be established in a secular or pagan building was S. Stefano-Rotondo,[17] and a bath-chair served as the bishop's see.[18] The popes lived in the old imperial palace of the Lateran, where Sixtus III built a baptistery and decorated it with bronze portals from the Baths of Caracalla. Many private palaces and houses where once martyrs had lived became churches by testamentary gifts. Notwithstanding the poverty of the times, many older churches were lavishly restored, and after the pillage of the Vandals Pope Hilarius, in 467, bestowed enormous treasure on all the churches.

At the end as at the beginning of this fearful century a barbarian king entered the ravaged city; he moved into the old imperial palaces on the Palatine where Valentinian III had slain his finest general with his own hand; [19] where the Vandals in the following year had laid everything waste and had carried away the degraded royal family to Carthage; where Emperor Anthemius had been beheaded, where Olybrius in 472 had put the crown upon his own head in the throne-room haunted by the ghost of Odoacer, whom Theodoric had murdered. The great King heard the solemn words of the senate in the curia, and, dazzled by the splendid buildings, which daily aroused his astonishment anew, the Goth said: "The works of the ancients shall not crumble; the reverence we owe them must in itself be strong enough to save them from destruction." These words were followed by deeds. To put an effective stop to the progressive deterioration he created a special court to take charge of the repair and maintenance of all public buildings. He ordered twenty-five thousand tiles to be used annually in the reconstruction of city-walls and provided immediately for strong supports in Pompey's Theatre, which had become weakened with age. In the great circus he gave the last splendid games to the people, but the population was so depleted that all of Rome could fill scarcely a third of the huge auditorium. He also satisfied the old

cry for bread by ordering four thousand ships to bring grain from Calabria and Sicily for distribution among the poor — and nearly all were poor.

With Cassiodorus, his Agrippa, whom he made prefect of Rome, he wandered through the faded splendour, bathed in the Baths of Constantine, where statues of the great Emperor and other works of art were still standing, daily admired the column of Trajan and the wondrous Forum, with its monuments of famous men. The luxury shops in the arcades, once filled with oriental treasures, had vanished long ago; likewise those on the Sæpta Julia and the Sacra Via. Barefooted and proudly displaying their poverty, the descendants of eminent families crossed the silent Forum, and the deserted arcades of the Porticus Milledrensis and the Via Tecta. Other sons and daughters of once wealthy and respected families had moved to prosperous Constantinople or had bequeathed everything to the Church and were living in the monasteries. The rich Oscella had sold all her possessions and was living in a lonely cell of a paternal palace, subsisting on salt and bread and leaving the place only when, heavily veiled, she visited the graves of the apostles. As politics and arms had long ago been taken away from the Romans, nothing was left to the great crowd flocking together from all parts of the world and being fed by alms, except to fight at horse-races in the circus, to stir up riots before the city prefect over the division of food or at the election of bishops, to quarrel about subtle points of cult and dogma, to loiter in numberless taverns, to play dice in public places, to sleep in abandoned temples, and to pollute them with refuse.

Nothing could be saved. The old life had to be completely extinguished before the new could rise from its ashes. A poet of later times wisely sang:

Once glorious Rome, made strong by noble men!
Now fallen in disgrace — a slave of slaves,
By emperors forsaken for the Greeks,
With name and fame alike trailed in the dust.
Behold! barbarian servants rule thee now,

Crowding from uttermost places of the earth.
Constantinople is New Rome in flower,
While spires and battlements of Old Rome fall.
Had not the Holy Church protected thee,
O Rome once gleaming, how wouldst thou have died!

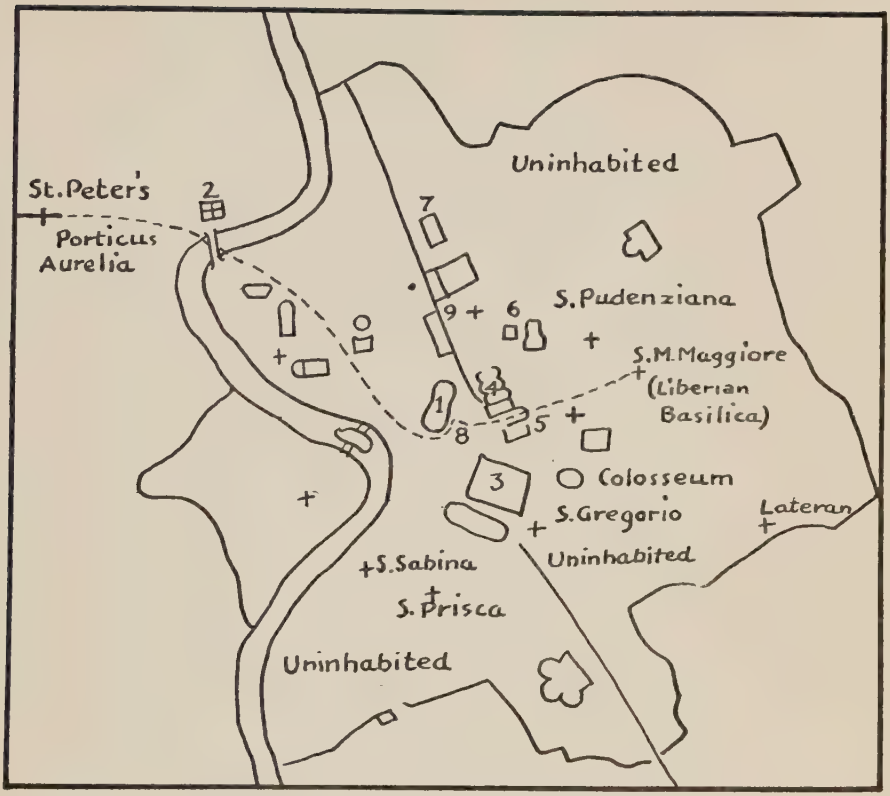
CHAOS

Laudandis pretiosior ruinis.
SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS

UNDER THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT OF THE GOTHS THE sky of Italy was lighted by the afterglow of the setting sun, which had already sunk below the horizon; [1] at that time the city, dedicated to disaster, was called *Roma Felix*. Then the terrible storm drew near, and amid its thunder-claps the old era died in convulsions, and a new period was born.

In tracing the events in the history of nations that lead to culmination, when a new milestone is placed along the high road of developing humanity, one follows with interest the ascent of Egypt to the realization of the *political idea* of the world empire; then the visitation of Israel, in whose womb the *moral idea* of a world religion was conceived; next the progress of Alexander the Great, who helped to make Greek thought the *philosophical idea* of world citizenship; and at last the long, heroic struggle of Rome, whose final victory included all the nations of antiquity in the *ethical idea* of a world legal state.

But we watch with fear those strange experiments when the past falls into the arms of the future, when the course of history is suddenly checked and a demonic force turns back the wheel of time. This happened when a successor of Constantine sat on the throne of the Roman Empire — that monster begotten of aged Rome and Asia; after throwing its mother, whose heroic spirit it had inherited, into the abyss, it determined with the stubbornness of old age to defend its heritage in the East for a thousand years against a world of enemies. A sullen imperial despot, second to none in ambition, at-



ROME, A.D. 600 (Chapter XIII)

1. Capitol
2. Mausoleum of Hadrian
3. Palatine
4. Forum of Trajan
5. Forum of Peace
6. Serapeum
7. Sun temple of Aurelian
8. Forum
9. Church of the Apostles

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tempted with deadly effort to make the entire Roman monarchy once more rise from the grave. The almost impossible became true, history turned back, and Carthage,[2] a flaming beacon, again lighted victorious armies through Africa and Spain, and Roman galleys that passed undisturbed through the Pillars of Hercules. Then the dragons of Byzantium appeared on Italian soil, and in a duel more terrible than the Punic War, which had proved the greatness of Rome, the victorious past ground to powder all that was living, and completed the ruin of Rome and Italy. The harbingers of that storm were already appearing towards the end of the reign of Theodoric the Great. Intolerance of the Roman Church, conspiracies with Byzantium that sowed the seed of discord and brought out revolts in Sicily and Naples, were met with rough disarmament of all who were not Goths, with the prohibiting of Catholic church-service, and the imprisonment and death of the last Roman nobles. This sudden and absolute stripping away of privilege drove the Church, and those Italians not yet completely unnerved and ruined, to the desperate measure of exchanging the despotism of the Goths for the multiplied tyranny of the Roman state, by falling back into the lap of the old empire. This act of suicide was committed to preserve life. In a war of extermination lasting twenty years, in which one of the noblest of the Teutonic races died a hero's death, Italy was torn in pieces by East Romans vying with Goths, the flourishing Campagna became a desert for all time, and Rome herself was laid in ruins.

In the empty hall beneath the collapsed roof of the Capitoline Temple sat the spirit of the city mourning like Niobe for all that was lost. But her face turned to stone when she saw a new Scipio, the longed-for deliverer, enter through the Porta Appia. An aged eunuch wrapped in triumphal robes lay on a litter groaning heavily; a dissolute military rabble went before and after, while the priestly pomp of a half-dead world encircled it. He rode through the deserted city to the old imperial palace; as the representative of the highest majesty he took ceremonial possession of the birthplace of lawful power, which as the only civilized state of antiquity the Roman republic had continued in the *sacro cubiculo*. A special honour was

bestowed on Rome, her former rank was conferred again upon her, and like Constantinople she received her own prefect. That was the acknowledgment given for all her sacrifices. But a brutal reaction set in, aiming to drive everything back to its former place. Although every fragment of prosperity was gone from both Rome and Italy, and although, owing to their depleted condition, both were cut off from the outside world and reduced to such poverty that even the circulation of money ceased [3] and the exchange of natural products took its place, yet the deadly tax-system of Eastern Rome strove to squeeze from this freed province its last drop of blood. But Nemesis struck a fearful blow at such deliverers. Pope Silverius starved to death in exile; no more senators were appointed; so the only legal foundation of the Roman state died out after a thousand years of splendid activity; [4] the western consulate [5] also ceased to exist, and the keys of Rome were sent to Constantinople.

Art was a faithful reflection of this period. In Byzantium it attained a definite hieratic style and erected its last proud monument in Hagia Sophia, an example of the stiffening Romanesque. But in Rome it fell into complete dissolution; it created nothing but wretched patchwork and figures without life. Sculpture sank to stonecutting. Greek words crept into the corrupt Latin speech. Long-haired Greek monks founded churches and monasteries.

Thus the leaden hand of a degenerate stepson pressed heavily upon the venerable mother's brow, as he waited mercilessly for her dying gasps. Fate had not intended she thus should die. The palladium of Rome had not been placed in the heart of his new capital by Constantine the Great as a pledge of lasting welfare, but it had taken on the shape of the cross and shone afar from the tomb of the apostles over all the seven hills.

While in the East the Church was reduced by a despotic hand to being merely a source of worldly power, in old Rome influenced by the spirit of the city, it gave birth to new ideas of life, whose fundamental truths strove for dominion over the future.[6]

Providence used strange tools to lead Rome from certain death to her second great destiny. The first was the Byzantine despot himself

who by pragmatic sanction strengthened the Church in all spheres of public life, law, and government.[7] The second was the presence of a new barbarian nation in Italy that, while strong enough to throw off from the land the pernicious influence of the Orient, thus restoring it to its position in the West fixed in history, yet did not have strength enough to take possession of Rome; in contrast to the Goths it accepted the Roman faith, became subject to her spiritually, and was swayed by Roman civilization. As Hercules in his cradle crushed the two snakes, so Rome defended herself against these two forces, and with a spirit worthy of her great past fought through unspeakable pain to independence.

First she separated herself from the withered body of the old empire, which was no longer able to supply vital force, but chose to live by draining the provinces. The last Roman aristocracy, always with its eye on the East, had either died out, or its old ambition had taken refuge in the Church, wisely perceiving that the future belonged to her alone. So the last great estates became the property of monastic alliances that consecrated all the fruits of their labour to the service of God and the Church, allowing nothing more to fall into the greedy hands of a plundered state. In exchange a rich Church took into her own hands [8] the duties of the incompetent government and supplied Rome with grain from the large Sicilian domains. When the emperors refused the necessary protection against the invading Lombards, the bishop seized the military power also, the *exercitus Romanus*, and made peace independently with the barbarian kings. Thus slowly but surely the political and military connexion with Eastern Rome was dissolved. The city on the seven hills was left alone in her struggle for life; her bishop became her staunch protector and the only advocate of her interests.

This city, which a hundred years before still called herself "the Fortunate One," sitting on the open grave of her past, was already considering new plans for world power. Six times had Rome been stormed, captured, and sacked by barbarians. Only thirty thousand wretched beings inhabited the huge city, which was falling into ruins;

once it had been utterly deserted for forty days.[9] The mighty aqueducts, greatest witnesses of a great time, had been cut through and abandoned[10] by the Goths; at once twelve hundred wells in the city went dry, the baths were closed for ever, and one more phase of old Roman life was gone. This generation knew none of the joys of circus and theatre;[11] the need of the times had changed race-tracks into grain fields. Half of the proud Aurelian wall lay in ruins, and villas and palaces long deserted were robbed of their valuable stone to make scanty repairs. The catacombs had been destroyed and plundered, and graveyards were laid out within the walls. Rural life again entered the great metropolis, which was being reduced to the status of a village; cattle were driven across the Forum of Peace, where the bronze cow of Myron still stood.[12] The splendour of Trajan's Forum faded in solitude; since the passing of the senate the last contests of the Muses had ceased. Pope Gregory often lingered before the column that enclosed the ashes of the great Emperor, wishing he might redeem the soul of him who had created all this grandeur. But the Colosseum, lost in dismal silence, filled him with still greater reverence; his own hand there lifted the soil steeped in the blood of martyrs and sent it as a relic to foreign princes.[13] The numerous temples still stood unused and neglected, and pillars from the Serapheum and the Temple of the Sun were carried to Hagia Sophia at Constantinople; new churches and monasteries were continually changing the aspect of the city. The first church-spire arose on the Quirinal hill — a distinctive emblem of all mediæval towns. The first church-bell[14] rang the funeral dirge of the past. It moaned day and night, for the end of the world seemed to have come.

A fearful pestilence, born in the swamps of Egypt, made its entrance as the last of the conquerors and mowed down the Pope with the remaining population, while the Lombards surrounded the unhappy city like hyenas. Wringing their hands, the people rushed in desperation to the Forum; madly they shook the bronze portals of the senatorial palace, closed for ever, and the gates of the Temple of Janus; the dying rolled on the stone floor of the orators' platform or clung to the gold umbilicus or to the mutilated statues once built

to honour the emperors. They cried to God and to the gods, but there was none to hear. Then in the light of flickering candles a procession of mournful figures approached masked. The new Pope Gregory, importuned by the people to become their shepherd, was carrying the sacred picture of the Black Madonna [15] from S. Maria Maggiore to the Basilica of St. Peter with great ceremony. The frightened crowds, dividing into seven groups, followed him; muttering prayers they went past the foot of the Capitol, no longer hallowed, and through the Campus Martius,[16] ravaged by the Tiber; more than eighty pilgrims fell dead along the way. The sad procession reached the bridge of San Angelo. Then the people in their delirium believed they saw in a vision the archangel Michael sitting on the top of the huge sepulchre [17] with drawn sword, and thought they heard the song of angels: "*Regina Cœli!*" "Hallelujah! Pray for us!" they cried in answer. Then the apparition faded,[18] and the procession moved on into the hall of St. Peter's Church.

After a solemn high mass the Pope turned to his persecuted flock and, like Jeremiah, lamented the downfall of a world. He referred to St. Benedict's prophecy that Rome was not to be destroyed by barbarians, but that lightning, storm, and earthquake would devastate it, bringing ruin from within. "The secret of this prophecy," he continued, "is clearer to us today than sunlight, for we see the walls of the city rent asunder, dwellings destroyed, churches struck by lightning, and buildings in ruins, as though age no longer allowed them to carry their burden. Where is there any joy or consolation left in the world? All around us we see cities laid waste, people wandering away in flight, fields desolated, and the country turned into a desert. No one is left to till the fields, and the cities are emptied of their inhabitants. Yet still harder blows fall on the remainder of the people: the justice of heaven continues to scourge, for even the lash cannot wipe out our debt of sin. Some are carried away into slavery, others are maimed or murdered. And Rome herself — once proud mistress of the world — what has befallen her? Unspeakable wretchedness, invasion by her enemies, her buildings in ruins, and her people in misery! The prophecy of Samaria has been fulfilled:

power has been taken from her, the nations have deserted her, and her citizens have dwindled away. Where is her senate, where her people? Her bones have crumbled into dust, her flesh has rotted, and all the splendour of her worldly dignity has faded. Yet we, the few survivors, are still harassed daily by the sword and by countless afflictions; for, with the senate dissolved and the people exterminated, pain and lamentation have not ended. The desolate city now consumes itself. What shall become of us if the ruin does not cease? Where are those who once were gladdened at the city's splendour? Where is their pomp, their pride, their joy? Once the whole world gathered here to climb high; now loneliness, desolation, and mourning reign. The eagle's wings have drooped, her strong men, who once sought to make all the world their own, have died. Oh, worst of degradations! My eyes have beheld barbarians carrying Romans away to the land of the Franks, with ropes about their necks like dogs, to sell them there as slaves! "

That was the funeral oration that a great pope spoke over the remains of a great past. Having bewailed like Jeremiah, he then uttered a prophecy like Isaiah, that Rome should not perish from the earth. Filled with the true spirit of Rome, like a descendant of Camillus, he became a father to the fatherland and established a third Rome upon the ruins.[19]

THE BEGINNING OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Hæres.

Hæredem alterius velut unda supervenit undam.

THE SUN OF CIVILIZATION RISES AND SETS IN THE SKY OF history. In the seventh century B.C. the zenith was reached, and the world had a summer of luxuriant blossoms, but in the seventh century after Christ the low trend of culture came to its nadir; a wintry night of barbarism ruled the earth. Those dark times were filled with cruel wars of destruction, and within the mysterious crater of inner Asia new catastrophes were brewing. The Finno-Turks, vomited forth upon the scene of history, destroyed the Kingdom of Jwen-Jwen; and the defeated Avars [1] fled into the remote Pontic steppes; in 626 they plundered the outskirts of Constantinople, tore Hungary from the Huns, burned the imperial palace at Salona, and on their armoured steeds spread death and destruction into the heart of Thuringia. The Turks fell upon the Indo-Scythian [2] empire, upon the White Huns [3] at the Aral Sea. The Bulgarians, tribes from Hungary,[4] the Bashkirs,[5] and the Chazars [6] slowly advanced through the south of Russia into Europe; the Kumans [7] and tribes from Petsh [8] followed them. In India also a new period was set in motion, when in 650 the Altarian Indraprasta [9] fell into the hands of the Rajputs.

Religious beliefs wandered likewise. The redeeming doctrine of Buddha, more peaceful and tolerant than any other, was driven from its old home and took lifeless shape in the superstitious formalities of the Mongols; in its place the many-headed aboriginal gods, terrible

and grotesque, emerged again from the depths of the soul of India. At the same time the fertile womb of Asia gave birth to the youngest of its world religions. From the hot sands of Arabia rose that blind faith in Allah and his prophet, intolerant, fanatical, and unvarying. Like the scorching wind of the desert, it swept across three continents, destroying the last signs of ancient civilization. The old Persian Empire [10] perished with the fall of Ctesiphon; the descendants of Cyrus and Artaxerxes found an asylum in distant China. The Holy Land and Jerusalem,[11] the cradle of Christianity, fell into the hands of the caliphs; where once the temple of Solomon had stood, a mosque was built, and the sacred Church of the Holy Sepulchre was destroyed by fire. In Damascus, the eye of the East, where the head of John the Baptist was preserved, where Paul became an apostle, where the Christians watched for the second coming of the Lord on the day of judgment, the Omayyads set up their dynasty. Then they crossed into the land of the Nile and changed the character of that age-old empire for ever. Upon the ruins of Memphis they built a new capital — El Kahira — in 641. It seemed as if the last hour had come for the city of the Ptolemies, the walls of Alexandria were destroyed, the greatest library of antiquity was burned, and the fine ports were filled up with silt; a mosque arose on the ruins of Nicopolis. The storm swept on to the coast of the Atlantic. Carthage, so oft laid waste, was definitely wiped out of the book of history; levelled to the ground in 692, her stones were used in the construction of Kairwan, the city of the desert.

Shuddering, we turn to Europe. In Byzantium, always threatened by savage tribes, one reign of terror succeeded another. At a sign from the patriarch, hordes of wild ascetics from the ravines of Athos and the caves of Arcadia rushed repeatedly into the capital, with the torch of rebellion swinging in their hands; they blinded the Emperor in their religious frenzy and dragged him away into the dungeons of Macedonian monasteries; once the mad ruler himself brought about the destruction of the court and his entire family. The grand eunuchs, the Moors and Tartars, entered into conspiracies in the darkness of the holy of holies; a command of the Empress was enough to castrate

the Emperor in his sleep. Their ruling religion withered away in a dead-letter cult and in the priestly rites of vain sophistry. The unfortunate provinces that had to take care of this capital diseased with hydrocephalus were led to their death by the double extortion of Church and State. The city of Plato looked with hatred upon Constantinople, which in turn surveyed the wretched dregs of antiquity with scorn. In the place of the goddess Pallas Athena, the Virgin Mother of God, Panhagia Atheniotissa, moved into the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and her bishop dwelt in the Erechtheum. The university was closed and its wealth was confiscated; hermits kept alive their miserable existence among the broken columns of the Olympian Zeus. Where Spartan youths once wrestled in the Platanista, migrating Slavs pastured their lean herds. Olympia,[12] the happy playground of all Greece, was inhabited by solitary monks; in the Ergasteria of Phidias a church lay ruined by an earthquake. Delphi was plundered and Corinth destroyed.

While the Greek East thus slowly bled to death, the West was being torn to pieces by unceasing wars of destruction. The remaining Teutons, who had savagely settled upon the ruins of the Roman provinces, themselves collapsed with the end of their conquest and with the struggle to take from one another the spoils they had gained. Thus in the critical intermingling of Teuton and Roman traits the finer qualities of both people soon disappeared, as is described by St. Gregory of Tours. Persecutions of the Jews and Arians, revolts of the Basques, and dissensions among the rulers brought about the downfall of the Goths in Spain, where the banners of the prophet sought to enter. In the young kingdom of the Franks anarchy and total depravity reigned, church synods were no longer held, and priests became fighting barbarians. All Britain had returned to its primitive state,[13] wildernesses of marsh and forest spread from Scotland to Kent, Saxons had ceased fighting with the Britons, an awful pestilence swept away the remaining people, and in 664 the last King fled to Brittany.

But away in the far north history was gathering new forces together, to help shape the future. The wild Norsemen, finally united

under one king, who had descended from Odin, took possession of the country that had been deserted by the Anglo-Saxons;[14] leaving their dark fiords, their pirate ships became the terror of every coast in Europe; they were the first adventurers to set foot on the soil of America, and later they were rulers in Russia, England, and Naples. In Germany, however, the unyielding flood of silent Slavs reached the Elbe and started the eventful struggles whose recurrence is not yet ended.[15]

Gregory the Great looked down from the seven hills upon all this disintegration and saw the world being formed anew; he understood his time and prepared the way. The fearful pestilence of 590, which destroyed nearly the whole population of Rome at the end of the century, together with the awful necessity of the times, made the survivors feel a fanatical hatred for the past, whose greatness they could not endure and whose sins they believed to be continually visited upon them. The conviction of the sinfulness of the world, of the futility of life, and of its universal misery became the dogma of Christianity in the Middle Ages. Led by their high shepherd, the people broke off completely from that tradition whose distorted picture they beheld in the East Roman Empire. Just as the political and military connexion had been dissolved, the cultural separation between the West and the East also came to pass. And as Constantinople intentionally stripped itself of all Latinisms, so in Rome Greek ceased to be understood. A true Roman pontiff, Gregory symbolically declared war upon the exhausted Greco-Roman culture. As Amr consigned to the flames the educational treasure of a world he did not know,[16] and justified this act by saying that only the Koran was of import to humanity, so a pope of Rome now burned the heritage of his own civilization, by ordering the rich libraries of Augustus thrown into the fire;[17] he also said that only the Holy Scriptures were of importance to mankind. His further command forbidding the study of the works of the ancients brought on that appalling intellectual decay of the early Middle Ages when the grossest superstition took the place of science. Art, however, robbed of all joy in the material world, served the higher purposes of the Church

as a lowly handmaid; it became the script through which God's word was revealed to those who could not read. Every force was exerted upon one practical effort — the great aim of the Catholic Church to reunite the Occident, divided by religion and State. Faster by far than the Roman consuls and with less bloodshed the missionaries brought the western provinces under the religious rule of Rome; [18] they spread over them a network of monasteries, which during the long dark centuries of the Middle Ages were to become the shining centres of a new civilization, the Christian-Romance.

While the power of the Roman bishop grew in like proportion as the influence of the patriarch of Constantinople declined,[19] the political relationship of the old empire to Rome was rapidly dissolving and in its last stages assumed ever more odious and unworthy forms. The religious tyranny of the emperors, with their constantly changing theological views, their unrelenting arrogance, the arbitrary power of their imperfect religious laws — these together with permanent state bankruptcy threatened again and again to fetter the rising city to an unknown fate and to break the well-defined plans for the future made by her bishops. In 640 the Greek exarch took the patriarchy of the Lateran by storm, emptied the church treasury under the pretext of needing to pay his mutinous mercenaries, and sent all the remainder of the money to Constantinople. Again, imperial ambassadors seized the Pope himself, who was fatally ill, as he stood at the high altar of the Lateran, and dragged him off to exile in southern Russia. And when a Roman bishop refused to accept the decrees of the Council of Trullan, an imperial envoy tried to take the Holy Father by force; this high dignitary fled from the fury of the people by hiding under the papal bed, and the Pope took sides with the informer. But the peak of this disgraceful condition was reached when the lawful successor of Augustus made a personal raid upon the old capital and carried away everything that the Goths and Vandals had left behind. Throughout this century the paths of past and future crossed everywhere; so another ruler from distant England came into the city of the apostles and, humbly kneeling,

received the baptism; he exchanged his royal robes for the cowl and found his last resting-place at the grave of St. Peter.

Rome had become a city of pious pilgrims, and the converts of the Occident began at that time those great pilgrimages which have continued uninterruptedly to the present day. The traditions of the past had so far died out that Christian worship made an easy entrance into the temples of the gods. The followers of the martyrs and the cult of the Mother of God took up their abode in the sacred Pantheon;[20] and in the Temple of Saturn, on the Forum, an altar was erected to Christ Salvator. After 630 the last gold tiles from the Capitoline Temple[21] glittered in the roof of the Church of St. Peter; and the countenance of the statue of Jupiter, ruler of all nations, assumed the gentle features of the prince of the apostles.[22] Thus as wave follows wave, so one heir succeeds another.

PATRIMONIUM PETRI

Tu es Petrus et super hane petram
Edificabo ecclesiam meam
Et portæ inferi non prævalebunt
Adversus eam.

THE SYMBOL OF ETERNITY, THE SNAKE BITING ITS TAIL, is also the symbol of the history of the Eternal City. Scarcely had the ancient world sovereignty of Rome ended with the fall of the Western Empire, throwing Rome back into the dangerous conditions that had threatened her infancy, when the seeds of a second world empire began to sprout in her soil. The spirit of those hills that had bestowed upon the descendants of Romulus that unparalleled perseverance and that matchless combination of physical and mental forces, continued also to endow with tremendous energy the men who established the rock of St. Peter on the Vatican hill and who amid the floods of barbarism made of it a Mount Ararat — the foundation of a new order in the world, the system of Christianity. "Behold, God the Word is all-resplendent — the rock hewn from God, and stepping upon it I do not tremble." Since then the state fire of Vesta burned as an eternal light in the Basilica of St. Peter, and the two apostles[1] took under their protection the city of the Mars twins.

O Roma Felix, quæ Duorum Principum
Es consecrata, glorioso sanguine
Horum cruore purpurata ceteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudine.[2]

This century which for a little while witnessed the zenith of the absolute power of the papacy, when it was freed from Eastern Rome and when the Lombards were crippled by the rising power of the Franks, allows us to see in strangely parallel lines the course of Roman history past and future in two ages of the world.

EPOCH I

ROME: *Primitive communities quarrelling with one another.*

THE CHURCH: *Original congregations of Roman Christians, in contrast with other groups through the empire.*

EPOCH II

ROME: *The kingdom — foreign princes of Etruscan and Hellenic origin combine the communities into one united city and state.*

THE CHURCH: *The first bishops — foreigners in part (for example, Victor I of Africa and the Athenian Sixtus II) organize and unite the Roman congregations.*

EPOCH III

ROME: *After the expulsion of the kings — the Roman republic and the struggle between the patriciate and the plebeians.*

THE CHURCH: *After the fall of the empire — the Roman papal Church and the struggle between the demands of the Eastern Empire and the young papacy.*

EPOCH IV

ROME: *At her zenith — after the defeat of Hannibal (200 B.C.) — the central point of Roman history (900 B.C.–200 B.C.–A.D. 500.)*

THE CHURCH: *At its height of power — after the deliverance from Eastern Rome* (A.D. *756*) *the historical centre of the united Roman Church* (A.D. *1–756–1519*).

EPOCH V

ROME: *Imperialism and the demoralization of the Roman people.*

THE CHURCH: *Imperialism and the demoralization of the papacy; for example, Nicholas I and Gregory VII (imperialists) and the profligate popes of the time of Marozia.*

EPOCH VI

ROME: *The great civil wars and the extension of the empire to Syria and Palestine.*

THE CHURCH: *The great wars between popes and emperors, and the expansion of the Church to Syria and Palestine. The crusades.*

EPOCH VII

ROME: *World empire and imperial papistry. Union of the highest material and intellectual power in the emperor.*

THE CHURCH: *World Church and papal Cæsarism. Union of the highest worldly and spiritual power in the pope.*

EPOCH VIII

ROME: *Decline — imperial dissensions; forty tyrants. Persecution of the Christians. Removal of the capital from Rome to Constantinople.*

THE CHURCH: *Degeneration — three popes. Persecution of heretics. Removal of the papal palace from Rome to Avignon.*

EPOCH IX

ROME: *Christian state Church and death of paganism.*

THE CHURCH: *Secularizing of the Church and renaissance of paganism.*

EPOCH X

ROME: *Fall of the empire and plundering of Rome.*

THE CHURCH: *Rupture of the Catholic Church and plundering of Rome.*

Thus in this important century the last agreement with the past was broken, and at the same time the document marking out Rome's line of development through the Middle Ages was sealed. Dramatic moments accompanied the complete separation from Byzantium. No further help arrived, only demands. The iconoclasm of the emperors, being at once the last struggle of absolutism with the Church and the first effort of reform against paganism in its ecclesiastical character, seriously affected the strength and unity of the old empire and the decrees demanding obedience from the pope as an imperial subject in religious things also. The internal breach was also involved. The West, remaining orthodox under the leadership of Rome, parted from the East. The first separation of Church and State thus became an historical event. The year 710 saw the last bishop of Rome stand before his sovereign in Constantinople; the following year the head of Emperor Justinian II was dragged through the streets of Rome. At the synod in St. Peter's in 731 the Pope cursed the Emperor for being an iconoclast;[8] ten years later the Greek viceroy left the Palatine, which has never been occupied since. In 729 Gregory II persuaded the other enemy, the King of the Lombards, to consecrate the crown and sword on the altar of St. Peter to the service of the apostles. And the papal influence was so great that in 749 all members of the royal family took the cowl and withdrew into a monastery. Simultaneously, the Pope having become absolute in au-

thority, formed the historic alliance with the Kingdom of the Franks, whose founder, the *first* Merovingian Clovis, he once had called the oldest son of the Church;[4] this became a decisive factor for all time to come. The old Merovingian dynasty had declined. Since Charles Martel[5] had saved the state from the fate of Spain — being merely an appendage of the caliphate — the Carolingians had ruled instead. Desiring to wear the royal crown himself, Pippin, the mayor of the palace, turned to Rome. The Pope at once realized what this meant to his position in the world. By virtue of the divine authority vested in him, he released the Franks from their oath of allegiance, and the grandson of Clovis, the *last* Merovingian, was forced to enter a monastery. Pippin received the crown in 751, through the papal legate Boniface. From that time the bishop of Rome claimed the right of arbitrating between kings and people and, *dei gratia,* could bestow crowns and take them away. This supremacy of papal power was still further distinguished by not being subjected to enmity at home. For since the popes in their struggles with Eastern Rome had gained temporal power as well and had fulfilled their obligations to the subjects of the state, the Romans willingly looked upon the head of the Church as their ruler and civil advocate. In return the Church called the gifts made to her by Lombard Kings: *Res publica Romana.*[6] Meanwhile the Lombards, following the conquest of the exarchate, again harassed Roman territory. The Pope appointed the King of the Franks as defender of the Church and travelled to Paris to crown him; strange presents were there exchanged. The Pope on his own authority awarded him Burgundy, and the King bestowed on the Pope the imperial exarchate held by the Lombards: Donatio Pipini, 754. Two years later the foundation of religious authority was virtually laid, the Holy See became politically independent, and an ecclesiastical state entered into history.[7] With great ceremony the abbot Folrad laid the keys of the cities on the altar of the Church of St. Peter.

Thus the peak was reached, but the road that led up led again down. With the secularizing of spiritual power in the form of a church administration, forces appeared that were to fight unceasingly against

the strange union of State and Church. It was itself a new nobility, grown powerful by landed property, fighting Greeks and Lombards through the *exercitus* of Rome; and having gained self-confidence, it demanded under the old name of the senate [8] Rome for the Romans. Thus began the long struggle that did much to prevent the peaceful development of the city during the Middle Ages. The same year, 768, in which the first seeds of future autonomy appeared, also witnessed on the old Forum the scene of the free political life of ancient times — the last popular assembly. From "the defender of the Church," however, Pippin's son developed into the successor of the Byzantine emperors. The buffer state of the Lombards had become a part of the Frankish empire. In 774 the Pope was changed from sovereign to subject.[9] He was no longer safe from his people even in Rome; during a procession he was torn from his horse and almost stabbed to death by the furious aristocrats. Then he fled to Paderborn to his great protector, who, despite the defamation of the Roman senate, had him safely restored. The King soon came to Rome, where he as a Roman patrician felt called upon to settle the scandalous quarrel. The Pope was justified and the guilty were banished.

The next day [10] brought the turn of the century, and the turning-point for Church and nations. He who but yesterday had stood as an accused man, raised himself to the level of judge. Through the idea of a world empire, firmly anchored in the Roman mind, which the Church, being Catholic, had not allowed to vanish with the fall of the Occident, but had again united the countries under religious control, she now capped her labours with the old imperial crown and proclaimed the King of the Franks as Cæsar and Augustus. Rome once more became the centre of a world empire, from which the nations of modern Europe were to develop. Germany entered into fateful wedlock with Italy, and for centuries both assumed leadership of the world's civilization.

The sun had set behind the Vatican hill; its last reflection broke forth as a halo around the Church of the Apostles; then the clear

wintry night fell, and stars glistened above the Eternal City. The splendour of old imperial times was still existent, but the night-wind blew through broken arcades, through fallen-in roofs, bewailing the ruin of past glory. Here and there behind the closed windows of monasteries hanging lamps spread a soft glow, the singing of psalms echoed from the churches, and bells called the worshippers to Christmas service. The last wanderers strayed through the streets, torch-light processions of mounted aristocrats, people wrapped in heavy Gallic cloaks, with warm hoods drawn over their heads. Thus they crossed the black river, following the way to the Basilica of Constantine. The road led along the Porticus Aurelia, where they were joined by settlers from the Burgus Saxonum. Soon the great square appeared, framed in monasteries, pilgrims' inns, and the *episcopia*. There the Frankish soldiers were encamped around open fires, guarding the approach to their King. The stairs which this ruler had climbed on his knees to reach the presence of the Pope led across a large platform into the so-called paradise. In its midst the water of the baptismal font rippled softly; beside it stood the cathedra, St. Peter's holy chair. In the shadows of the arcades rested the coffins of popes and kings of blessed memory.[11] Brightly the light streamed from the five open portals leading inside, where the priestly choir echoed in song. A thousand lamps in the cross-shaped chandelier [12] above the throne glowed from the triumphal arch, and the jewels in the huge relief of the Arch of Confession glittered like magic. Four silver chandeliers of enormous size, donated by Theodoric the Great and Belisarius, added to the magnificent lighting-effect. They illumined the painting that filled the apse: "The Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." The vari-coloured columns of antique marble shone with a dim brilliance, separating the centre nave from the sides. The purple curtains that usually shut off the colonnades were drawn back to afford a view of the side chapels with their festive decoration.

King Charles was deeply absorbed in prayer; his head was resting on the silver bars that enclosed the confessional. The holy mass that the Pope was reading at the high altar of gold was nearing its end. Clouds of incense floated up to the ceiling bearing the music of the

Gregorian chant. Then a solemn procession approached; the Holy Father carrying the crown stepped behind his protector and placed it on his head; the monarch turned in surprise. In a loud voice all the people sang in chorus: "Long life and victory to Charles the Pious, the great King of Peace, the Augustus crowned by God!"

And this shout from Rome resounded like thunder across the wide world; it made the palace on the Bosporus tremble, and joyous satisfaction echoed at the caliph's court in Bagdad. Again history had traversed the city of the seven hills. Allied with the Roman Church, it had again established universal monarchy and had made the separation from the demoralized East a reality. Rome again took up her old leadership, and upon her hierarchy the new Emperor modelled Christian Europe:

Flourishing glory of empire under a radiant crown!
Obedient people who served, and a king who in majesty ruled;
Law and the judges alike accorded the cities might;
The citizens, joined in peace, gave strong resistance in war;
Offering help unto all was the blessed work of the priests,
Bestowing salvation's grace according to synods' decrees,
Proclaiming the comforting word to princes and nations alike.
They showed to the young the path of life through the Holy Book.
Knowledge blossomed anew and nourished the growing minds;
Fear allied to love safeguarded peace and right.

DIACONUS LUGDUNENSIS OF LYON

EMPEROR AND POPE

Heu! quantum refert
Inquæ tempora
Vel optimi cuiusque
Virtus incidat.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY THE TERRORS THAT had plunged the world into ever deeper ignorance since the peoples of the earth began their invasions, seemed to have been surmounted by a new epoch of splendid culture. Upon four powerful thrones the balance of the states was again established: Western Rome and Bagdad, Eastern Rome and Córdoba; in their midst stood Venice, international city of commerce and queen of the Adriatic. To later generations the splendour of these courts appeared fabulous; though widely separated, they maintained an active intercourse with one another. A second Babylon had arisen on the Tigris, where Arabian civilization reached its fullest flower. Encircled by all the lustre of the Orient, glorified in the poetry of the Scheherazade, the King Harun-al-Rashid gathered around him all the art and science of his age. Ambassadors bearing precious gifts took their way to Indraprasta, the present Delhi, and to Aix-la-Chapelle. In Byzantium also the court displayed the most overwhelming brilliance, studded with the stiffest formality. Both were meant to hold the wild surrounding people obedient to the old empire. Córdoba, however, through the ruling caliphs, had become a Mecca for the entire Occident.[1] The new imperial court, wherever it was held, coupled dignity with simplicity. It was a centre of learning, and Emperor Charles was a patron of poetry. The great of all countries assembled at his

palace: Avars with braids of hair wrapped about their foreheads; envoys of the caliphs in turbans, their robes and sword-belts glittering with precious stones; Lombards of high rank in gay-coloured silks richly trimmed with peacock feathers; papal nuncios; royal sons of England and Bavaria. Joyous laughter and the sweet strains of stringed instruments in those days resounded through the halls of Aix-la-Chapelle or Ingelheim. Hunts and horse-races were held, or the ruler, after the business of state was ended, took part in the instructive conversation of his academy. The minister Angilbert — called Homer — read poems, and the Jew Farag, physician in ordinary to the King, acquainted the friends with Plato's philosophy. Thus a mild sunny day broke the winter of extreme ignorance; but only too soon frost fell again and killed the early buds.

Conditions sank rapidly. In the caliphate, government disorders had arisen. Bagdad was abandoned and the future safety of the empire was entrusted to Mamelukes of Turkish blood; the Frankish Empire quickly fell apart. Feudalism had begun, and in 877 all imperial domains were divided into large hereditary fiefs; the power of the emperor vanished therewith. Increasing confusion spread over the young empire like mildew, releasing forces that, unchecked by the central power of emperor and pope, pushed the world back into the chaos that had followed Theodoric the Great. Not only the emperors were endangered, but likewise the popes, being the highest rulers of the Christian republic. The struggle for Rome became more violent than ever among the three factions: emperor, pope, and Roman nobility, who each looked upon himself as the rightful heir of the city. In addition the former vassals of the emperor in Italy announced their independence and took sides with one or other of the parties. As the Lombards had once threatened Rome on the north, the Arabs now approached from the south. The Pope as sovereign of Rome had once conferred the honoured name of patrician upon the Frankish King Pippin, and in 817 the Emperor bestowed Rome and the Roman duchy upon the Pope. Stroke and counterstroke came from both sides. The rulers Louis I and Lothar I no longer allowed the Pope to invest them with imperial dignity, but considered the

coronation only a supplementary ordination. The Pope, on the other hand, forestalled the jurisdiction of the emperor, and in 823 had two of his dignitaries in Rome ordained; in 844 consecration was obtained without imperial consent.

Meanwhile the Saracens, in 831, had seized Sicily, and as once the Greeks had done, so again the Frankish Emperor failed Rome in time of trouble. Then the Pope, like his predecessors when serious danger threatened the capital of the world, proved her only defender. In 844 he re-established Ostia and called it Gregoropolis. He could not prevent the invasion of the Arabs upon Vatican territory, for no walls protected it. Brutish hordes plundered the apostolic churches of St. Peter and S. Paolo fuori le Mura; they ravaged the high altar, the candlesticks, and the gold and silver platters of the confessional and were not afraid of breaking open the bronze coffin of St. Peter. Finally the Duke of Spoleto drove off the savage host. As the Vandals after their plundering had once been swallowed up by a storm on the high seas, so these tribes too sank with their stolen treasure. The next year brought an earthquake, and in 847 a great conflagration laid in ashes all that was left of the Borgo.[2] Then the counter-thrust followed. In the Lateran, Naples, Amalfi, and Gaeta swore allegiance to the pope, and in 849 their fleets were victorious at Gregoropolis. The heart of Christian Europe thus escaped Jerusalem's fate, of being reduced to a Saracen city. The profanation of Rome by infidels, and the courage of the Pope himself as the nation's support, had a tremendous effect. The Emperor, as " defender of the Church," and all the princes had collections taken to make good the loss. Within four years, 848–52, helped by the Arabian prisoners, the first wall was built round the Vatican. And as Romulus had once walked round the Palatine, so Pope Leo IV now circled the sacred city in solemn lustration. Barefooted and in sackcloth and ashes, he went from gate to gate, from tower to tower. The seven cardinal bishops sprinkled them with holy water, and the choirs besought the blessing of heaven upon the work. A high mass in St. Peter's closed the ceremony, and costly gifts were bestowed upon nobility, people, and foreign residents. In this basilica, adorned once more with new

splendour,[3] Ethelwulf was crowned King of Britain in 851. He made the Peter's pence of his country a yearly tribute.

Just at this time when the papal power again stood out strong because of its wise provisions, one of the great papal figures ascended the throne, Nicholas I. His conviction of being the head of a monarchy was aided by the decrees of the pseudo Isidore; he is said also to have been the first to wear the tiara, the triple papal crown. At a synod held in the Lateran, he ordered Photius to release the patriarchal see at Constantinople for the orthodox Ignatius, he annulled the divorce in which the Emperor's brother was involved,[4] and when the latter hurried to Rome, his efforts availed nothing. The bishops of Cologne and Treves were excommunicated and forced to leave Rome. Discords between the Franks and the Romans burst forth in fury. The cross of St. Helena, broken in pieces by the wild soldiery, became a symbol of national hate. The Pope remained steadfast, the authority of the Emperor decreased. And with the last Carolingian, Emperor Charles III, the Fat, all the rights that since Charlemagne the emperors had held over Rome, ceased to exist (881). Thus after a century and a half the papacy was again depending upon itself. But times had changed; it had become the tool of an imperial vassal. The princes of Spoleto, who once saved Rome in her imminent danger from the Saracens, now demanded (since 881) annual tribute from the pope,[5] and the imperial crown for their dynasty.

Conditions grew uncomfortable, for never before had the imperial ruler lived so close. Pope Formosus secretly summoned Arnulf of Carinthia to Italy; he took Rome by storm, defended as it was by the Spoleto party. In 896 the first German was crowned by the Pope in St. Peter's. He had scarcely departed when the forces of Emperor Lambert (of Spoleto) prepared for an attack. Formosus died, and the new Pope, Stephen VI, convened a synod at the Lateran to pass a terrible judgment. The body of Formosus, snatched from the tomb, was carried into the council hall (built in 795, destroyed in 1585), where the Pope, the cardinals, the mother of the Emperor Lambert, and home and foreign dignitaries were assembled.

Clad in its papal vestments, the corpse was seated on the throne, and the trial began. "Why did you," they shrieked at it, "so unlawfully usurp the Holy See?" When neither this nor any other indictments received answer from the dead Pope, the crowd cursed him and proclaimed all his acts null and void. Then they rushed upon the corpse in great rage, cut off the hand with which he had blessed the people, tore off his vestments, trampled the body underfoot, and threw it out of the hall. In the next year the Lateran was destroyed by an earthquake. Stephen, too, came to a gruesome end, the people revolted, he was imprisoned and strangled to death.

The abyss of mediæval ignorance never gaped so wide as at the end of this century. Only one step remained to turn the patriarchate into that brothel where in the following century the profligate popes caroused.

Chaos sank down again over Christian Europe with a gurgling noise and tore with it whatever was left of art and science.[6] New tribes of barbarians poured in from all sides; from the far north came swarms of Normans, vying with Saracen pirates in ravaging coasts and cities; from the east the flood of stubborn Slavs pushed slowly on; Huns from Asia spread into Bavaria. In this tossing sea of people the second West Roman Empire perished with a child on the throne; the ship of the Church rocked unsteadily without a pilot; the next random wave might bury it.

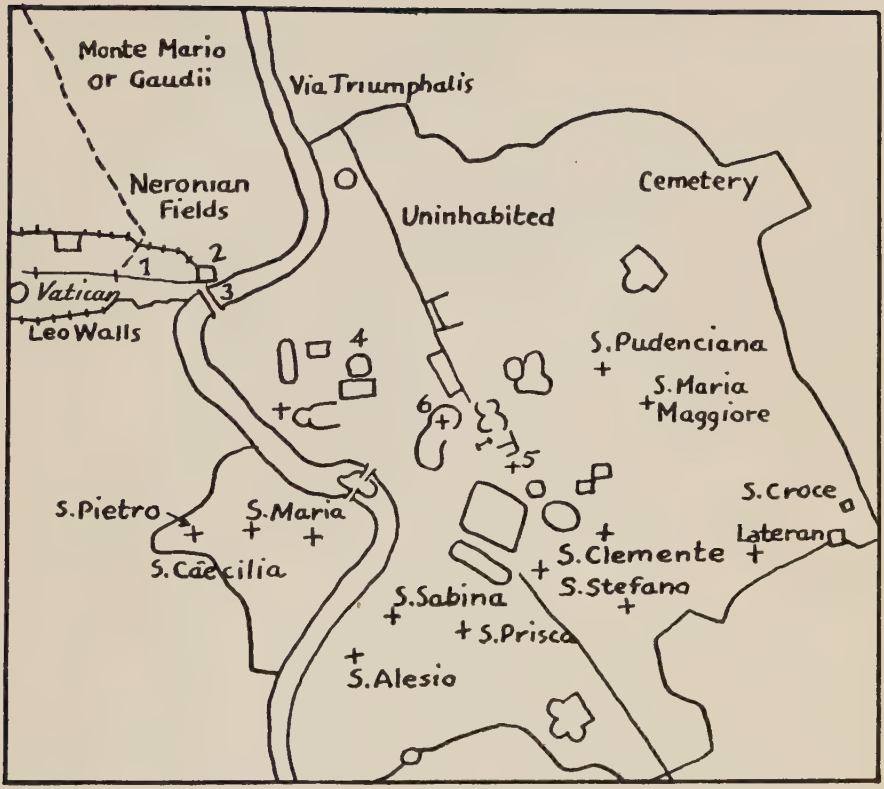
THE MIDDLE AGES

Tria sunt Mirabilia:
Deus et homo,
Mater et Virgo
Trinus et unus.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRIAD "THREE IN NAME AND THREE in form, eternally new" — this emotion of mankind standing at nature's horizon as a third unfathomable element, on the boundary between time and eternity, between the worlds of mind and matter, between ends that fly far apart, yet sharing the nature of both — this feeling has found expression in the thought of nearly all peoples, in their religion, poetry, and philosophy. There was something especially enticing about it for the metaphysical sentiments of the Middle Ages; and the Abbot Joachim of Floris, A.D. 1200, defined his trinitarian theory of past, present, and future,[1] as connected with the idea of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

If our age of relativity today dissolves all conception of time and space and together with it the annals of pictorial history, which, faulty and arbitrary though they may be, yet through their threefold division are easily grasped by the eye of the intellect, yet there are some who gladly return to the "three waves" from which, in their opinion, the secret of all development is evolved. "The end of Atlantis is the beginning of Egypt, the end of the first world is the beginning of the second, and the apocalypse — the end of this world — is the beginning of the third."

The principle of eternity stands out most clearly in Rome; the history of her destiny is not shown in a completed circle — the sym-



ROME, A.D. 950 (Chapter XVII)

1. S. Maria Transpontina im Borgo
2. Castle of San Angelo
3. Bridge of San Angelo
4. Pantheon C S. Maria in Rotonda
5. SS. Cosmos and Damian
6. Church of Ara Cœli

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bol of death — but in a spiral winding on and on — the symbol of life. This is justification for calling her the Eternal City. Viewed only from the standpoint of Rome, the circle of the ancient world had closed in the sixth century of our era; but it continued as the second curve of the spiral in the Middle Ages. If the exile of the popes is considered as winding on into the circle of modern times, mediæval Rome covers eight hundred years. The highest — or lowest — point would then be reached in the period of Otto the Great. The struggle for Rome was the one great purpose, and either an emperor or a pope, alternating in power, stands in the centre of each century:

About	850	*Nicholas I*	
"	950	*Otto the Great*	
"	1050	*Gregory VII*	
"	1150	*Frederick Barbarossa*	
"	1250	*Innocent IV and Frederick II*	*on the same height*
"	1350	*Clement VI and Louis VI*	*in the same depth.*

In surveying the labyrinth of history it is best not to divide it too rigidly into great epochs; but to think of smaller periods, with the boundary lines that great personages frequently afford. Such sketches are easily impressed upon the mind.

The Middle Ages,[2] with all their attributes expressive of youth (for the German race as yet was living in its first period), displayed the united and the opposing phases of epochs still undeveloped: the caste system of humanity, which, although personality was completely lost in knight, guildsman, or monk, yet showed the fire of original power; the sharp expression of rough manliness divided between the fierce strength of knighthood and tender amatory life; the republican ideas of knight-errantry and the guilds in the midst of a feudal monarchy; joy at fighting in the service of the Church — all these

young Germanic traits, characterized by Goethe as "aristocratic anarchy," found in Rome a many-coloured reflection; mingled with the Romance, they developed into qualities of mature years: Scholasticism of the intellect instead of Mysticism of the youthful heart; absolute domination of the priests instead of the equal rights of feudalism.

The dark night into which the preceding century had plunged was apparently to hold the following one also a captive. For all in vain had been the progress that Rome had achieved through the labour of her bishops — brilliantly revealing, as they had, the moral force of Christianity when they led the youthful world of wandering nations. The triune crown of Rome formed by the spiritual unit of the pope, the worldly sovereignty of the emperor, and civilization in general had been hurled down by the storm and had become the tool of such savage forces that it seemed as if the symmetry and order born of the spirit of Rome in that far-distant night of terror should never again arise from the abyss.

The imperial crown passed from hand to hand; in 901 it was given to the Count of Provence, and in 915 to Berengar, lord of Ivrea. The tiara was entirely at the mercy of the nobles of the city, who were hostile and arbitrary. The divisions of the papal state were nothing but small fiefs. In 914 and 924 Hungarians and Saracens marched upon the walls of Rome and turned the Campagna from pasture-lands to a desert. Two women ruled in the Lateran, Theodora and her daughter Marozia. In 916 John X, the first Pope to appear in a coat of mail in the camp of the army, fought in person against the robber Arabs on the Garigliano. Later he was thrown into the Castle of San Angelo by Marozia, and her son who became his successor, in this fortress-tomb of the Emperor Hadrian blessed his mother's marriage with King Hugo of Tuscany in 932. While the wedding banquet was turning into a licentious revel, the other son, Prince Alberic, stormed the castle, the King escaped through the window, and the mother and the Pope-brother were made prisoners. Rome then became a small republic of nobles, rid of imperial, papal, or royal power. Chaos in Italy and wild anarchy in Rome seemed to have reached their zenith. But not so! For after the death

of Alberic, in 954, his son, sixteen years of age, became head of both Church and State. It is a strange fact in the history of Rome that in its darkest period, 950, the two of its parties who carried on the struggle for the city in the Middle Ages should be represented by a profligate child. (The third one, the imperial, no longer existed.) This might be looked upon as the negative product of organized anarchy, probably never again called forth anywhere in history. Viewed purely externally, conditions were the same in 950 as in 750; but internally exactly the opposite was true. Rome now had the historical task of coming to some kind of a decision. The old proverb: "Disasters that ruin other realms bring growth to Rome," was never more brilliantly fulfilled. When the wild Berengarius, who had declared himself King of Italy, endangered Rome in 960, the Pope-senator, John XII,[3] appealed to the German King Otto I as once his predecessor had done to the King of the Franks. And he came.

In Otto's time, as in Charlemagne's, the broad expanse of a new mainland had arisen above the flood-tide of nations. With a strong hand he had welded Germany together and then had joined to it Burgundy and Italy. After the treaty of Verdun the imperial crown was to rest on the possession of these countries. So he came to Italy, and his coronation took place amid unheard-of pomp and display.

A great procession was approaching along the ancient Via Triumphalis[4] — counts, knights, abbots, bishops, and their enormous retinue — all shining in splendid armour. In view of the Eternal City they stopped and quickly built a second city on Monte Mario. Thousands of gay-coloured tents, with myriads of pennants flying, surrounded the royal tent; this camp represented the German Empire of the Middle Ages, always on the move and knowing no capital city. On a Sunday morning the coronation procession moved slowly and ceremoniously down the hill to a bridge at its foot, which formed the confines of the city of Rome. There the Romans were waiting with banners and standards, and the King took oath that he would not infringe upon Roman customs and laws. Then all together they

moved on towards the castle of San Angelo, to the Porta S. Angeli or Collina; there they descended from their horses, and the chamberlain threw money into the crowd; the King swore a second time that he would hold the Roman laws in high esteem. On foot the whole procession then made its way to the Church of Santa Maria Transpontina, where King Otto was received by the prefect of Rome and the Count Palatine of the Lateran; the state treasurer and his *iudices dativi* received the Queen. The road led on through covered colonnades, the priests in vestments swinging their censers and singing along the way: "Behold, I send my angel to go before you." The colonnade led to the Place of St. Peter, where the senators met the King, and for a third time he swore allegiance to the laws of Rome. From the tower of St. Stephen all the bells were ringing, and the Pope in his chasuble sat high on a golden throne erected on a platform before St. Peter's; cardinals, dignitaries, and singing choirs surrounded him. Then the royal pair and their retinue slowly ascended the stairs [5] and reverently kissed the feet of the Holy Father. Rising, the King loudly pronounced the coronation oath: "By God and His Gospels I swear to protect and defend the Holy Roman Church." Then he gave his cloak to a chamberlain and was thrice asked by the Pope if he would keep peace with the Church. After his affirmation the Pope kissed him and made the sign of the cross on forehead, cheeks, and chin, saying: "I also give thee peace as once the Lord did to His disciples." Thereupon he rose from the throne and asked three times: "Art thou willing to be a son of the Church?" He then wrapped him in his cloak while the King kissed the Holy Father's breast. Then the bronze portals opened, leading to the antechamber called Paradise. The King took the Pope's right hand,[6] the Queen followed with all the others, while the choir sang: "The God of Israel be práised!" The procession passed on to the Porta Regia, where the Bishop of Albano received them with his first prayer: "Mayst thou be filled with the wisdom of God, that thou mayst rise above all empires." The first blessing was bestowed upon the Queen by the Cardinal of Ostia, and she remained with the others at the Porta Regia.

While the Pope mounted the throne near the Rota Porphyretica, three cardinals were consecrating the King in an adjoining chapel[7] as Canon of St. Peter's. He then proceeded, accompanied by the other canons — while the antiphony: "Peter, lovest thou Me?" was being sung — through the Porta Regia into the basilica, where the Pope awaited him at the Rota for examination. They sat in a large circle, the Pope among his cardinals, and the King between archbishops and archdeacons. Other seats were occupied by German bishops. Then the Pope questioned the King concerning the Christian virtues, and the latter promised to observe all of them. The recital of the Creed concluded the ceremony. The Cardinal of Portus, stepping upon the Rota, pronounced a blessing on the King, while the Queen, who had been standing the whole time at the Porta Regia, was blessed by the Cardinal of Ostia. The Pope entered the sacristy to don the papal vestments, and the King went into the Gregorian Chapel to put on the imperial robes. Thus clad, he was made an ecclesiastic by the Pope in the sacristy, and received from him the tunicle, the pluvial, the mitre and the dalmatic,[8] the boots and sandals. In solemn procession Pope, King, and Queen, following one another, then entered the confessional, where the imperial crown lay upon the high altar; the choir sang the Introit and the Kyrie, and the Pope chanted the Confiteor; then he burned incense upon the altar, kissed the royal deacon, and ascended the throne opposite the high altar, while the music of the litany re-echoed. The future Emperor removed all his canonical vestments except the pluvial, and the Cardinal of Ostia anointed him and the Queen with holy oil, on the right arm and between the shoulders. The Holy Father then descended from the throne and, followed by the royal couple, repaired to the altar of the holy Maurilius, where the imperial crown was borne also. He first placed the golden ring of faith upon the King's hand and then girded a sword upon him. The archdeacon lifted the imperial crown and gave it to the Pope, who placed it on the King's head, saying: "In the name of the Trinity, accept this emblem of power, the diadem of royalty, the crown of the empire. Renounce sin and the Devil. Be just and merciful. Live henceforth in godly love and

together with the blessed for ever, receive the crown eternal." Thereafter the seven bishops of the Lateran placed their hands upon the Queen and she was crowned also. When the Pope had finally bestowed the sceptre upon the Emperor, everyone returned to the high altar, where the Pope chanted the Gloria in excelsis Deo, and the choirs under the triumphal arches thrice lifted their voices:

"Long life to our lord, by the grace of God, the highest pontifex and Pope over all!"

"Long life to our lord, the great Emperor of peace, crowned by God!"

"Long life to our lady his wife, our illustrious Empress!"

"Long life and victory to the armies of Rome and Germany!"

Loud hymns of praise sung by the assembled crowd resounded through the halls of the basilica: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.* After the reading of the Epistle and the singing of the gradual the imperial couple removed their crowns; after the Gospel the King took off his sword also. Then Their Majesties offered bread, wax, and gold to the Pope; the Emperor gave him wine, and the Empress water, as a small sacrifice. At the celebration of the mass following, the Emperor, wrapped in the dalmatic, as deacon passed the chalice to the Pope and later the host. After receiving the sacrament the imperial couple again placed the crowns on their heads, and in the Chapel S. Gregorio the Count Palatine of the Lateran drew on the monarch's red imperial boots. Then the great procession left the basilica. Outside, all the bells of Rome were ringing their salute. The Pope, who had returned to the Lateran, mounted his horse; while the Emperor held the stirrups for him, the tiara was placed upon the Holy Father's head. With his brilliant train he rode away. The newly-crowned monarch and his Queen returned to their tent on the Mons Gaudii.[9]

On that second day of February the Church entered into its third alliance with an emperor; it was consecrated anew sixteen times in

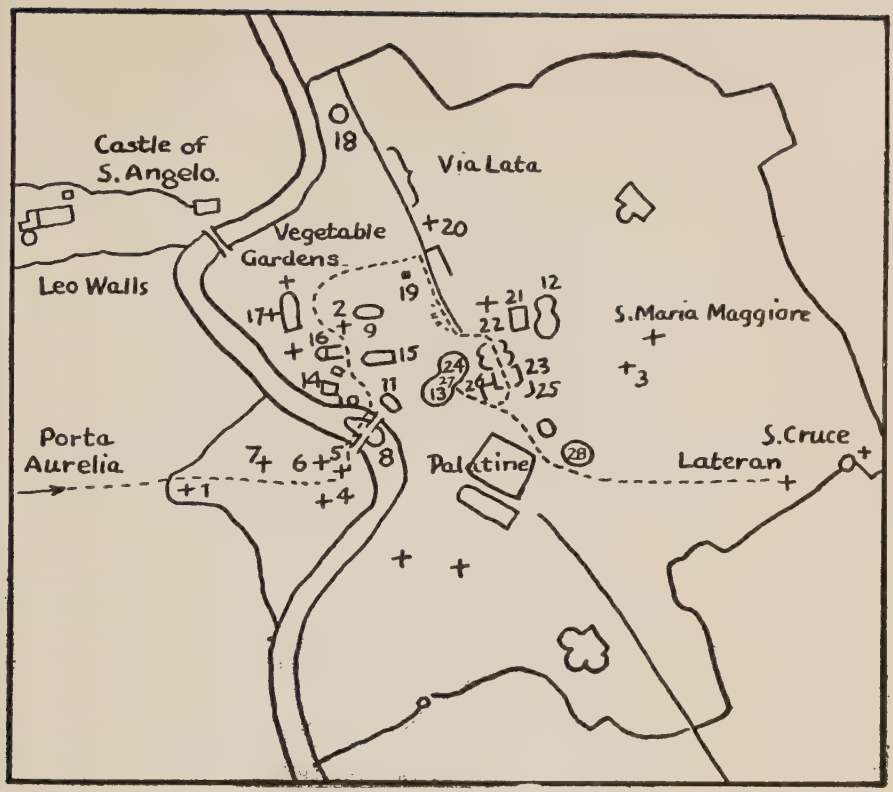
the five ensuing centuries. Again the shepherd's crook and the sceptre ruled the mediæval world founded on a dual principle; but again a new era buried in the mausoleum of history the symbols that had crumbled, together with the sarcophagus of a world gone by and its ideals.

POPE AND EMPEROR

Urbs Felix, si vel dominis
Urbs illa careret
Vel dominis esset
Turpe carere fide.

HILDEBERT OF TOURS, 1100

WHEREVER THE EYE OF HISTORY ROAMS, IT SEES THE whole earth flooded by war and tumult, with foaming waves breaking round only a few rocks that tower high above the deluge. In distant Japan the *samurai* had arisen, exterminating the aboriginal Ainu. In the Celestial Empire Tibetans and Tungus were divided, with Peking becoming the capital. Beautiful India was flooded by hordes of Gori, the Seljuks overthrew the throne of the caliphs and ruled from Iran to the Propontis. Egypt alone formed an island where the Fatimites founded the caliphate of Islam with the new capital at El Kahira. Spain was separated into twelve small warring factions under the command of emirs. Anarchy reigned in France. The vital arteries of Eastern Rome were severed when she was forced to give Venice the monopoly of trade in the Levant. The Normans drove their warlike wedge into every country, ruled Russia and Normandy, then crossed into England, and were the first to set foot on American soil. They also interfered disastrously with the ruptured politics of Italy. High above all the confusion stood the German emperor until suddenly the pope rose even higher than he. After a frightful struggle they were once more united, so that, purified by the ideal of the crusades, they might cleanse from sin the horrible world of the Middle Ages.



ROME, A.D. 1050 (Chapter XVIII)

1. S. Pietro in Castello
2. S. Eustachio
3. S. Prassede
4. S. Cecilia
5. S. Benedetto and Palace of the Anicii
6. S. Crisogono
7. S. Maria and Area Callisti
8. S. Bartolomæo
9. Pantheon
10. Pons Judæus (formerly Pons Fabricius)
11. Pierleoni citadel of (Theatre Marcellus)
12. Baths of Constantine
13. Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol
14. Theatre and Crypta Balbi (citadel of the Cenci)
15. Circus Flaminius
16. Theatre of Pompey
17. Stadium of Domitian, with S. Agnese, S. Apollinaris, S. Eustachio
18. Tomb of Augustus
19. Column of Marcus Aurelius
20. S. Silvestro in Capite
21. Serapeum
22. SS. Apostoli
23. Forum of Augustus
24. Church of Ara Cœli
25. Transitorium of Nerva
26. Forum
27. Corsi citadel on the Tabularium of Sulla
28. Colosseum

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The former call of the papacy for imperial help against its native foes had resulted in the establishment of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation": holy because of its ecclesiastical character; Roman because, according to tradition, the imperial crown was inseparable from Rome; and German because in the future only a German king was to wear that crown.[1] Therefore the expeditions to Rome became a state institution. This ideal or illusion of the Middle Ages was guided by very real principles — not considering the strength and energy they expressed, nor the progress of European civilization induced by this transalpine communication of ideas. For every German king went to Rome to make his position safe at home, by bringing back the imperial crown that endowed him with influence in his own country; another reason was to make the pope subject to him, for in Germany as in other states that ecclesiastical authority was noticeably felt. The ruler often neglected duties and interests of the German state, however, and thus gave the popes opportunity to interfere in purely national issues. The history of the struggle between worldly and ecclesiastical power became a labyrinth without the guiding thread of Ariadne. The scales tipped up and down, and, despite the efforts of both sides, the results were constantly negative. If the emperor became victor and decided principles by right of power, the authority of his crown was damaged no less than by open defeat. Distrust and suspicion inflated the sails of the ships of both Church and State.

For fifty years (1000–50) Europe witnessed an almost absolute imperial power contrasted with an agonized papacy. Then came the first great rift that split Christianity in two (the Reformation was the second): the Church of Eastern Rome separated from the Roman Church in 1064. But the turning-point was then reached which was to lead Rome and the papacy out of the lowest depths to the dizzy heights of papal omnipotence. A new protection was extended to them, strangely enough, when William the Iron-armed took Pope Leo IX prisoner at Civita Vecchia in 1053. The Normans had gained possession of southern Italy [2] and wanted to make their position secure by obtaining "divine" ratification from the Pope, in return

for which they promised him, in 1059, protection of the Papal States. The feudal idea governed all relations; since Gregory VII the pope was no longer the successor of Peter, but the representative of Christ, and he was looked upon as the one able to bestow the highest consecration upon all claims. This raised him to the skies, far above all princes, and when Hildebrand reformed the Church from within by virtue of being pope, he laid claim to world sovereignty. From then on, the pope began to dethrone emperors, to demand tribute, and to extend his dominion from Russia to Spain. A few years more and from the Lateran he was to conquer and command the whole West and East.[3]

To build Rome took strong men and years in plenty;
To destroy — time and foes allied against her.

Before the most destructive storm that ever passed over Rome had changed it into that field of ruins where remains of the early Middle Ages were to be mixed in frightful confusion with those of ancient Rome, let us once more survey the illustrious stage of history.

The whole vast expanse, encircled by the old walls of Aurelian, was still covered by those huge structures which the imperial city seemed to have built for eternity. As yet the population of Rome had not allowed itself to be pushed down from the seven hills into those secret haunts of the Campus Martius, but was closely settled around deserted baths and theatres, monasteries and churches; so the entire landscape, once covered by a sea of houses, now looked like a small district inside a boundary wall, dotted over with little separate cities, divided from the others by field and vineyard.

Let us enter Rome by the old Porta Aurelia, which still shows traces of the year 896, when the Emperor Arnulf took the city by storm. From the height of the Janiculus, where the Roman citadel once stood, the whole panorama of Rome lies spread out before our eyes; now the Church of S. Pietro in Castello Aures (in Montorio) is built on the very spot where St. Peter on the cross bestowed a last blessing upon the city. As yet the silhouette is not marked by the forest

of defiant towers which future centuries are to bring; only here and there a slender campanile rises into the blue air; in the distance the belfries of S. Prassede and S. Eustachio are seen; near by, those of S. Benedetto and the Church of Cecilia; quite far away rises the tower of Zachary of the Lateran (which has now disappeared), where Pope Gregory, friend of Otto III, studied the skies by night; and over there are the two spires of St. Peter behind the city of Leo, armed with towers. The road now leads us down into the midst of the crooked streets to the old Area Callesti, where Bishop Calixtus I once lived, who built the Church of Maria Theotokos. Here an oil-well is said to have gushed forth in the year when Jesus was born, which streamed down as far as the Tiber. A little beyond are the well-preserved ruins of the Roman Excubitorium, the Church of S. Crisogono (499). In this quarter dwell Jews, fishermen, and wine-sellers and also a gloomy defiant crowd from Trastevere who call themselves people of Ravenna; they live in miserable huts crowded together, the tangle of dwellings here and there broken by spacious cloisters or an imposing fortress.

Near the shore where once the Pons Sublicius spanned the Tiber, we find the monastery where St. Benedict of Nursia lived, and beside it the old palace of the Anicii. Here the great Margravine Matilda of Tuscany, the friend of Gregory VII, held her court in Rome. In front of the palace a gorgeous crowd of cardinals, knights, and barons is assembling; they approach on horseback, across the island bridge, together with their ladies and a retinue of servants, for they are invited to a repast. There are some splendid horses, caparisoned in Arabian fashion; whether taken from the Saracens as booty or presented to these high personages, they are considered the pride of their stables. In the ante-room stands the Margravine, a crown of pearls on her head and robed in garments of silk; she receives the guests and they are at once asked to the table. But before this, pages with lovely curly hair pour lavender-water over the guests' hands and pass embroidered towels. After this weighty business is over, they go to the banquet-hall, where long tables of smooth marble are arranged with footstools round them; dishes of silver and gold glitter on the

sideboards. The chancellor of the Pope, as the most distinguished guest, receives the place of honour beside the Countess, on a raised platform. The gay-coloured silks of the noblewomen's dresses are shimmering, heron feathers nod from their heads, the coats of mail under the light garments worn by the knights rattle at every movement. The Countess says grace when all the guests are seated; and then a long line of servants carry in all the numerous courses at once and place them on the table. In front of each guests is a pewter plate with slices of fried bread, which they dip into the soups and sauces; beside it is a silver cup wreathed in flowers. A large decorative salt-cellar stands in the middle of the table. First Norman *potage* is served, in dishes with handles to raise them to the mouth; next comes a meat ragout, with which mead and hippocras are served. Pages hold the dishes for the ladies so that their gowns are not splashed. Accompanied by the flourish of trumpets, a whole peacock, with blazing oakum in its golden beak, is carried in and placed before the guest of honour. Swans and pheasants, with feet and bills richly gilded, huge roasts of veal and pork on enormous platters, follow. Gaily they now all begin; the pages hand their master richly decorated carving-knives; sweet Greek wines and Tuscan Aleatico keep the spirits high. They talk of the synod in the Lateran, of Gregory's plans to erect the cross again in the Holy Land, of driving the Arabs out of Italy, of the pending prohibition of investiture by the laity, and finally of the arrival of the imperial chancellor sent to Rome by the Emperor to protest. Amid the loud blare of trumpets toasts are offered to the Holy Father, to his faithful friend in Tuscany, to the Norman princes, and to all those nationally minded. After a dessert of fruits, ices,[4] and waffles they rise, repeat the prayer of thanksgiving standing, and then all go into an adjoining room. There servants fill the cups of the gentlemen with *vinum aromaticum*, and the ladies nibble candied fruits or enjoy the oriental jellies; the *bonbonnière* is offered first to the chancellor after which it is passed round.

Outside the palace we push through the crowd of servants who are holding the bridles of the horses in readiness for their masters. We cross the old Pons Cestius and reach Tiber Island, which is under

the protection of the Pierleoni family. On the site of the old Temple of Æsculapius the Church of S. Bartolomaeo [5] has stood for nearly eighty years. The bones of Paul of Nola, which rest there, were sent to Emperor Otto by the people of Benevento in place of those of S. Bartolomaeo. The Emperor had interred here also one arm of Saint Adalbert of Prague. Through the old-clothes-shops of the Jews on the Pons Fabricius — hence now called the Jew Bridge — we cross to the left bank, where the Pierleoni family has built a citadel on the Theatre of Marcellus.[6] Behind it on the Capitol, towering in solitude, are columns of the Temple of Jupiter, which once ruled the world. A passer-by told us that in old Roman times statues of all the nations had stood there, each with a little bell round its neck, which rang when any one of them revolted. "Yes," he continued in an altogether barbarous Latin, "Rome is a very old city — perhaps the oldest of all; for the sons of Noah settled on the Palatine hill; one of them, together with Saturn, founded the city of Saturnalia on the Capitol; then by and by Hercules, Æneas, Italis, and Tiberis came and settled next to it; finally Romulus encircled the many cities with an enclosing wall and called it Rome. He it was who invited the nobles of the whole world to come with their wives and children and live in his city; all came and the Roman barons of today are their descendants." The good man who knew so much went with us through the Campus Martius; he pointed out the Crypta Balbi, where wax-candle-makers lived, and behind it the theatre — the dwelling of the wild Cenci, who on Christmas night 1075 had dragged Gregory VII by the hair of his head away from the altar of the Liberian Basilica (S. Maria Maggiore) to this place and had here imprisoned him. The walls of the Circus of Flaminius were still standing; there workmen had built their lime-kilns and were burning glorious antique marble for the construction of citadels and wretched houses. Pompey's Theatre, now a thousand years old, supported by the retaining walls that Theodoric the Great had built around it, was still intact, but looked lonely and deserted; for herds of cows were pasturing round it. The upper part of the fine western end of imperial Rome each year sank deeper under the miry deposits of the

floods, and fields and vegetable gardens covered the fertile soil. Only the top gallery of the auditorium of Domitian's stadium projected above the earth; the churches of S. Agnes, Apollinaris, and S. Eustachio and the monastery of Farfa, which surrounded it, had been built from its material. Far in the distance, rising from a mountain of crumbled ruins, towered the tomb of Augustus, which had been converted into a chapel of Saint Michael in 1000. Our companion told us that Augustus had had a basket of earth from each province deposited on his tomb so that he might rest in the soil of the whole world which he had ruled. The sun-obelisk [7] was still standing; the cupola of the Pantheon was covered with sheets of lead, the Emperor Constantine having carried away its gold tiles; one could go down into it only by means of a staircase. A hundred years before, one of the popes had presented the column of Marcus Aurelius to the Benedictines of S. Silvestro in Capite, and they had built a wine-cellar in it. The palatial street of the Via Lata, the Corso, had fallen back into a country road covered with clay, where the broken columns of former arcades stood like tree-stumps along the way. From here could be seen the Baths of Constantine looking down from the Quirinal; they had been made into a citadel by the Crescenti; also the giant stairway [8] that led to the colossal ruin of the Temple of Serapis; next to it was the church and monastery of SS. Apostoli. Through the ruined splendour of the Forum of Trajan, where the great imperial column was half sunk in the ground, we enter "the wonder garden" of the Forum of Augustus, for a rich vegetation had grown luxuriantly in the marshy soil and spread over the crumbled ruins. Through the high encircling wall we reach the Transitorium of Nerva, where butchers had set up their stalls between the small Temple of Minerva, still standing, and the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons. Then we come to the old Forum, surrounded by all its famous buildings, which owe their preservation solely to the fact that religious services are held in them. The Temple of Concordia is consecrated to SS. Sergio and Baccho, the bell-tower stands on the Arch of Severus; in the Temple of Saturn there is a house of prayer; S. Maria in Cannapara of the Julian Basilica is

deserted, and rope-makers carry on their trade inside; in the small Temple of Julius Cæsar there is also a chapel; S. Adriano occupies the old curia, and the secretarial office of the senate has taken possession of S. Martina. The Corsi built their citadel above the Tabularium (Uffizi) of Sulla, and Ara Cœli occupies the site of the Temple of Juno in the old Roman citadel. Thus in 1076 is seen a last picture of the place, which was soon to become desolate for ever. The Palatine had already met this fate, but in its desert labyrinth the gold and silver wall-coverings still glitter in the moonlight. Where Heliogabalus built a Temple to the Sun, a sanctuary to Sebastian, who was killed by arrows, was erected out of columns from the Atrium of Vesta.

The princes and prelates setting out for the synod at the Lateran are already riding before and behind us. Passing the Colosseum, the giant stronghold sunk in sleep, we reach in a little while the Palatine of mediæval times, the residence of the popes, a small city in itself. Churches and monasteries surround the superstructure and the basilica. The place in front of it is crowded with papal militia, with street dealers who have set up their booths, with people who wish to see the arrival of the nobles, especially of the imperial ambassador Roland. Passing on the left the baptistery where Constantine the Great is said to have been christened, we enter, through the Porticus Palatii, the main gate, a large inner court and reach by an exit the great square where the popes often promenade, gazing over the city-wall into the Campagna and as far away as the Alban hills. Steps lead up from this square to the "mother church of all Christendom." [9] To the right and left are the magnificent sarcophagi of deceased popes, among them the magic one of Gregory V; [10] legend says that its lid grew damp whenever the ruling pope was about to die. Here also are the two antique bath-chairs which the pope had to mount after his election, as a symbol of his taking possession of the Lateran. Seven gates lead into the five halls of the basilica, which are supported by thirty-six columns (today walled in by pillars). Here Christian trophies are displayed, as in former times pagan ones were seen on the Capitol: a column from the temple of Jerusalem

that was rent asunder at the death of Christ, and another with a slab laid across it to show Christ's height. The high altar, a wooden table used by Peter in the catacombs (all this is still shown today), is surrounded by a half-circle of hollow bronze columns filled with earth from Jerusalem. Beneath it rest the heads of the two apostles in a silver chest, for which reason this church calls itself the head of Christianity. Six marble steps lead into the apse, which contains the great mosaic "The Sacrament of Baptism." Beneath the half-length portrait of Christ hovers a dove, with water flowing from its beak; below on a mountain there is a cross richly decorated with precious stones; at the foot of the mountain lies a city guarded by an angel with drawn sword. From out this city a palm-tree towers, with the phœnix swaying in its branches. On each side nine figures approach the city, among them the donor of the mosaic, Sergius III, the builder of the church which collapsed in 911. At the bottom of the picture is the river Jordan.[11]

Again we step out upon that open square where the peace of the Campagna is wafted to us across the walls. Up above in the synod hall one of the greatest of all popes is sitting proudly on his throne. Again a momentous decision is being made concerning the fate of the Eternal City. The imperial chancellor Roland demands in the name of the Emperor Henry IV that the Pope remove the tiara, which he has assumed without authority. Thereupon the Pope proclaims the Emperor's abdication and with curses excommunicates him.

Eight years of continual struggle between the highest powers of Christendom thus pass by. Then with thirty-six thousand men, Saracens among them, and the antipope Clement III, the Emperor approaches the city and takes it by storm; the walls of Leo are destroyed, the Capitol and the whole Campus Martius are reduced to ashes. Then he departs. The liberators are already near, they carry Gregory away from San Angelo to the Lateran, but the fury and savagery of the Norman hordes know no bounds; all places still inhabited, on the Aventine and Cœlian hills, are swallowed up in flames, churches and monasteries are everywhere ablaze, and the tumbling ruins are turned into heaps of stone. Thousands perish in the carnage,

other thousands are carried away into slavery. From his windows in the Lateran Gregory watches the gruesome spectacle of the ruin of the city; then with his liberator he leaves for ever, looking back only to see the funeral pyre of Rome — a glowing watch-light shining on the horizon.

Naught so great as thou art, Rome, even in mouldering ruins,
What thou wert in flower, still thy fallen glory teaches.
Holy temples lie in dust, and palaces in marshes.
Gone is all the power that made grim Parthians tremble —
Fearing while it still lived on, and mourning when it faded.
Time has wrecked thy grandeur, thou great mistress of all peoples,
Gone art thou whom sword of king and word of senate honoured!
With threefold art hast thou subdued thy foes and evil-doers —
With law and power and refuge hast thou won thy lasting friendships.
Victory squandered booty, and fate lavished favours on thee —
All the blossoming of art, and all of earthly treasure.
Gone — woe is me — the city! For I now behold her ruins!

Meditating on her griefs, "Rome," I cry, "thou hast been!"
Yet not the fleeing years nor flaming fire nor weapons
Have robbed thee altogether of thy former charm and beauty,
For so much grandeur yet remains, though even much is fallen,
And none could quite efface the one or newly build the other!
Such a Rome the strength of man in ages past hast founded
That e'en the anger of the gods could never all destroy her.

HILDEBERT OF TOURS, 1100

From the heap of smouldering ashes — for thus the Pope had left the capital of Christendom — arose, like the phœnix in the altar niche of the Lateran, *his* thought which was to enkindle the earth and to inspire a degenerate world with new ideals. He aroused the nations of Europe to set out jointly for the Holy Land, for the sepulchre of the Saviour, which likewise was the cradle of Christianity. Ten years after the destruction of Rome by Christian hands, these same men freed the other sacred city, Jerusalem (1099).

ROME AND JERUSALEM

Deus lo vult.

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SACRED PLACES, THOUGHT OF as the heart of the orb of the earth, which longing millions have gone in quest of; they convey to man that mysterious sensation of a spot where the universe rests, where the law of gravity disappears. The centre of a spiritual world is the seat of divinity, which, though itself motionless, moves the world of creation round it. Among these holy places where the metaphysical longing for the centre of gravity in which difficulties vanish becomes embodied, the following are the most noteworthy: the centre of the celestial temple in the capital of China, the giant tower at Mandalay in Burma, the Varuna temple in Benares, the Kaba at Mecca, the Omphalos at Delphi, the golden temple of Lhasa, the Umbilicus and the grave of the apostles in Rome, Sachra, the sacred rock on Morija, and finally Golgotha. Jerusalem also to a marked degree was a holy place, where all thinking was embraced in a single idea — the universe; where the imagination of the masses was magically confined, so that all their thoughts flowed out towards it in religious veneration, then streamed back again into their own hearts. This city, which for hundreds of years had been without history, which had long lain fettered by the hand of Islam and was far excelled in splendour by Rome, was now to celebrate a resurrection. But it was not the emperor nor his worldly sword that summoned Christian nations to fight for the freedom of this city of the King of Kings; it was the *voice of Rome* through the mouth of the pope that brought about the tremendous movement that became the greatest event of the Middle Ages. Rome again took up the struggle of Europe with Asia and started a second

wandering of the nations of the earth; it united Christendom, which was brutishly destroying itself and everything else, under the banner of the cross and thereby gave an extraordinary religious consecration to the ruthless Middle Ages.

On the fields of Clermont[1] Urban II thus cried out to the assemblage:

"Rise up, turn your weapons, now dripping with brothers' blood, against the foes of Christendom. Ye oppressors of widows and orphans! Ye assassins and profaners of temples! Robbers, and vultures drawn by the stench of battle-fields — all ye who are hired for the shedding of Christian blood, make haste if ye love your souls, go forth under Christ the Commander for the protection of Jerusalem! All ye whom sin has separated from the kingdom of God, buy your ransom at this price. For this is the will of God!"

"*Deus lo vult!*" thousands of voices shouted back to him, and the century echoed the cry.

Never were conditions in the Orient more favourable. The Seljuks, unlike their Ottoman brothers, who would some day revenge them, had swept like a hurricane over western Asia, but, soon dividing into small sultanates, had lost their powers of expansion and of resistance. Egypt was paralyzed by dynastic troubles under the last Fatimites; Eastern Rome once more joined the Occident. Thus the historic counter-current of Europe flowing into the Orient had for a second time its beginning under the protection of Rome. The military nobles of the continent were restored to youth by the crusades; filled with heroic courage, they rushed across the straits to Asia and opened wide the long-closed doors of that world through which from time immemorial civilization and fate had made their way.

On his death-bed in the Theatre of Marcellus, the citadel of the Pierleoni, Pope Urban II received the news of the glorious capture of the Holy City. In spirit he saw the cross shining down upon Jerusalem, high above the Church of the Sepulchre.

While the City of David became the focus of two worlds and

witnessed a romantic and grotesque life, entirely foreign to her, being enacted inside her walls, the heavy shadows of the late Middle Ages were settling down upon the holy city of the Occident. In the struggle of the three factions that for centuries had all in turn claimed power for themselves alone, the emperor and pope were now so far disabled by the third that they showed themselves in Rome only now and then at coronations. Arnold of Brescia, the first apostle of civil liberty, had from the Capitol reformed the political life of the Roman community. Following the model of northern Italy, Rome had become a small republic, as it had done fifteen hundred years before after the fall of the kings, and the pope had to conclude terms of peace with it as though it were an independent state; he was permitted as overlord to invest the senators with their office, but he had to pay tribute and usually resided elsewhere. The emperor made the city immediate to the empire. Thus the two protagonists retired temporarily from the great stage where in view of all Europe they had played the leading roles in the drama of history; a chorus of supernumeraries took their places. The Emperor Barbarossa at that time wrote a testimony to the city which no century before or after dared declare:

"Would you know what has become of the ancient glory of Rome — the princess of nations? Of the earnest dignity of her senate? Of the brave discipline of her knighthood? Of the tactics of her camps and her unconquerable heroism? All these are now the possessions of Germany. They came to us with the empire. With us are the consuls, the senate, and the legions. The wisdom of the Franks and the sword of the knights — they it was that preserved Rome!"

In the son of the great prince (Henry VI) who was drowned during the crusades, the imperial power reached its culmination. By his marriage he received the Kingdom of both Sicilies; Rome and the papacy were threatened with extinction. There were two possibilities then open for the Eternal City: either to be again declared the seat of empire, or as an obedient provincial city to fall back into times such as those when she languished in the fetters of Eastern Rome. Neither

was ordained to happen. Fate, always amazingly gracious to this city, brought about the sudden death of the world monarch; a little child received the vast inheritance, and a pope ascended the throne of Rome who was made guardian of the empire; instead he created the world sovereignty of the Roman Church.

ECCLESIA TRIUMPHANS

Roma caput mundi regis orbis Frena rotundi.

THIS CENTURY EXPERIENCED THE TRAJAN PERIOD OF ECclesiastical sovereignty. The Roman Church stood firm in the midst of the seething conditions of the late Middle Ages, just as it had weathered the chaos at their beginning. Once more it had realized the idea of a world empire including many nations, but the conception had been converted into ecclesiastical power.

The mighty popes Innocent III and Boniface VIII, ruling at the beginning and end of the century,[1] had added the two towers to the wonderful structure of the Romanesque cathedral, while their spiritual army — the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic[2] — had decorated the façade and the interior. Thomas Aquinas protectingly enclosed the host in the artistic tabernacle of Scholasticism.

The religious fervour that had drawn half of Europe to the Holy Sepulchre, and had carried the message of Rome as far as China, rallied its forces again in the Occident, and its consequences matured into bloody fanaticism as well as yearning ecstasy. Religion had become the cult of the masses, and their imagination, enriched in the Orient, sought and found expression in embellishment. The vision of St. Juliana led to an increased veneration of the Corpus Christi,[3] and the glorification of the Virgin Mother of God filled their burning hearts with rapture. New altars were erected to the saints. Pilgrimages to other shrines took the place of journeys to Jerusalem, the minds of men were stirred by religious plays presenting the sufferings of the Lord, and pious legends passed from mouth to mouth. The craving for redemption led to the fiendish scouring of the flagellants. The people, uneasy over the salvation of their souls, willingly sub-

mitted to oral confession,[4] which became a command of the Church; the influence of the priesthood was tremendously increased by paying heed to the pangs of conscience. The doctrine that pardon was gained through good deeds brought forth pious bequests for the care of the sick, the poor, and the orphaned.

Just as in the period of the Antonines (100–200) antiquity before its fall reached its apotheosis, so the Middle Ages before collapsing solemnized the magnificent triumph of the hierarchy of the Church, crowned by the absolute power of the popes. The papacy was victor over the emperors in that gigantic struggle which surged through the centuries and almost hurled into the abyss now one and then the other representative of the highest power of Christendom; repeating every phase of the struggle with redoubled fury, the end was reached when the last Hohenstaufen emperor wrestled with his great adversaries on the throne of the apostles. To the spiritual sword the papacy had added the temporal. The Cæsarean papacy, was realized — the last form of the easternized Roman idea of emperorship, whose legitimate heirs the popes had considered themselves to be ever since they had become masters of Rome. It perishd as soon as modern times established the principle of absolutism and the groundwork of nations — both ideas being equally foreign to the mediæval conception.

During this period of calm the defeated Emperor wrote to the Pope: "The anchor of our hopes is fixed upon you; we fall at the feet of Your Holiness begging and imploring you to grant us kindly favour and graciously to transmit to us the royal diadem." The empire ratified the Papal States and renounced all imperial power and honour both there and in Rome. The Pope supported the Romanesque arch of his political system [5] on the two columns of the two empires. Charles of Anjou had received the crown of Naples as a papal fief, and in 1301 the Pope gave his successor in addition the crown of St. Stephen (Hungary). The ruler of Poland was made a king, and the islands of Corsica and Sardinia were given to the King of Aragon, who, as a sign of eternal vassalage, had laid his crown on the altar of St. Peter. The papal interdict was placed on

the whole of France when the oldest son of the Church refused to obey the pope.

Henceforth the pope could proclaim the thesis of his omnipotence *urbi et orbi:* that he was the chief representative of the Son of God, who had vested him with complete jurisdiction over the whole earth. The one Catholic Church had one head, the pontifex in Rome, under whose power were the two swords (Luke xxii, 38), the spiritual *ab ecclesia,* and the temporal *pro ecclesia* — the spiritual, however, being the higher (Jeremiah i, 10). If the temporal erred, it was to be adjudged by the spiritual; but the spiritual power was to be adjudged of no man (I Corinthians ii, 15). Submission to the pope was therefore necessary to salvation.

In Rome the Pope abolished the senatorial dignity of foreign princes [6] and referred to Constantine the Great, who had bestowed upon him dominion over the Eternal City.

Pilgrims from all parts of the world poured into the old capital of Christianity by millions [7] for the celebration of the first Holy Year, in 1300, and a papal Cæsar,[8] standing on the newly-built jubilee loggia, blessed the unnumbered crowds. The triumph of the Church seemed never so great.

Rome, that guided the world to right,
Had two suns shining —
One towards the earth, and one towards God;
Now both are darkened!
The sword is with the crosier joined
And ill agreeing.
For since the two are united in one,
Is neither fearing.

DANTE

Just as nature gives to certain plants only an hour of beauteous bloom after a long slumber, so the idea of Cæsarean power, developed from antiquity, was destined to have a splendid but only a brief unfolding. Its might ended when the earth, in which its roots were

firmly anchored, slipped into the sea of time. In the contest of centuries the Church had stiffened into a police institution, just as in ancient times Rome also had done; as such she embodied the reactionary elements of the Middle Ages in contrast with a world outside that was grown young again. Her rash endeavour was to retain those elements at all cost. As once Grecian East Rome had tenaciously held the old world against the new forces centring in a young papacy, that same papacy now, in its turn, burdened a world that was striving for new ideals.

Again it was the double yoke of despotism — submission and taxation — that pulled along the chariot of the Church. The Inquisition [9] — that frightful guardian of the unity of the Church and its doctrines — erected funeral pyres in every land. Bloody shadows reaching far into modern times were cast by the Middle Ages from *autos-da-fé*, witch-trials, and the burning of heretics.

The temporal sword in ecclesiastical hands tried to exterminate heresy *pro ecclesia*. Thus the unreasoning papacy sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind.[10] What the sons of Benedict once meant for Gregory the Great, and later the disciples of Loyola for Paul III and his successors as apostles of papal world dominion, was now represented by the fighting armies of new mendicant orders that stormed palaces of the great and huts of the poor, universities and church chancels, carrying everywhere the idea of the divine power of the pontificate. They confiscated the sciences and put upon them the fetters of Scholasticism, which was entirely servile to the Church. As the power of the papacy stood or fell with existing conditions, not only did it defend the immobility of the orthodox doctrine that had been consecrated through Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas,[11] not only did it raise the theory of its own authority to an ever higher level, but, above all, it fixed its attention on the material basis of its rule, true to the principle that, not the use of wealth, but the misuse was sinful. The papacy did not rest until it had spread this idea through every country and had gained possession of one-third of all the world's wealth;[12] it also sought to stifle at its birth any movement aiming at nationalism or centralizing in the families of princes.

So the huge fossil of the Church stood on the rock of St. Peter, with the world around filled with the spirit of progress. Despite its extravagant splendour, this century is one of those tragic ones in history when an old and a new era irreconcilably oppose each other, when the old must be shattered by force so that its ruins may become the foundation for the new. The thirteenth century of our chronology was a period in which the struggle was yet unsettled, when the antagonists considered any tactics justifiable, and when all ideas had become unsteady. Strange compromise resulted, in which the well-ordered powers of the past held the gates of the future shut by force. The Middle Ages were represented by a Church enveloped in all its splendid tradition; the approaching modern times, by a humanity passionately endeavouring to cast off the fetters of its worn-out conditions.

The religious ideals that had started the first crusades had changed into practical political and commercial aims. In place of asceticism and elevation of the soul, there was religious hysteria and cold worldliness; those who had preached poverty had become wealthy. Serried troops, bound together as brothers by a common fate, had set out originally with democratic ideas — everyone justified in cherishing the boldest hopes; but the masses always gather round tried leaders, and, having thus turned, the tendency towards monarchical thinking was strengthened. As a united Christian people the West had opposed the world of Islam, but the end witnessed divided nations who in their envious rivalry even entered into alliance with their sworn foe. The fanatical faith of the early crusades was nowise inferior to the intolerance of the followers of the prophet; in both scepticism was the sediment. The holy lance and the green banner of Mohammed had met on many bloody battle-fields. Now these mortal enemies convened in peace and discussed world-wide commercial plans; therewith money instead of barter returned to Europe. Much of the nobility, together with scores of adventurers from every stratum in Europe, had either perished in their wanderings or, having been victorious, had established new homes and new spheres of action. By the reversion of so many fiefs the power of the great lords had

been greatly increased; they formed the nucleus in the development of the national states that, continuously fighting among themselves, were seeking their natural boundary lines. The old heroic knighthood, no longer accustomed to a settled existence, evolved into a robber knight-errantry. In the place of feudal retinues were wandering mercenaries. They were the terror of every prince, priest, and city, yet alternately they served them all in their numerous wars. At the same time the civilization of the autonomous city blossomed forth — the pride of the future, a third power between the aristocracy and the Church. It had paid its ransom from the lords of the crusades in money and had slowly freed itself from the empire during the struggle of the Church with the temporal powers. The wealth and influence especially of the north Italian republics increased through commercial trade with the cities of the Levant.

As with art, so the sciences also were newly enriched by contact with the Orient.[13] The improvement of general education favoured the growth of personalities who thought independently. Universities were established everywhere [14] and became the centres for the newly-enkindled intellectual life. They echoed the struggle of the ideals of the age. Painting, too, awakened, though Byzantium had kept it asleep for a thousand years.[15] Like the chirping of the first harbingers of spring came the first sound of music [16] — the song of the minnesingers. And lastly architecture; it too had found a new style in the Gothic, through which the heights of Scholasticism, the reveries of Mysticism, and the joy of living were all expressed as reflecting the century.

While thus the first tender shoots heralded the coming springtime of nations, a violent storm swept the last wintry months. The fall of the Hohenstaufens sealed the fate of the first empire of Christianity. In contrast to the forces working for unity in Spain, France, and England, that invincible current flowed on which divided the empire among a vast number of local powers and so undermined the idea of a single state that it was entirely lost sight of. The proud empire of Otto the Great, ensnared in its own faults, quietly stepped

to the back of the world stage and allowed France to take the leading role. The emperors had estranged themselves from their own country; they were weakened by the constant struggle for the seductive glitter of Italy and were subdued by the popes. France began at once to hurl the outgrown papacy from the height of its power into the deep abyss of schism and exile.[17] "One more imperial sun was about to set, and a veiled moon lighted the world." The old empire of East Rome tottered to its final ruin, as a result of the many convulsions it had undergone. For Rome, having again reached the summit of worldly power, longed to give the death-blow to her ancient rival; she blessed the disgraceful treason by which pious crusaders filled the former throne of Constantine. As a thousand years before[18] the voice of the city on the seven hills was again obeyed from the Black Sea to the shores of the Atlantic. The vast state of the Bulgarians received the royal crown from the Pope and in 1203 accepted the Roman confession of faith. Greece became a small France, Athens a smaller Paris. Before the French played the part in the cultural life of later Europe that had belonged to the Greeks in the world of the ancients, unknown to themselves they had been consecrated for it in the shadow of Parnassus and the Acropolis. The dying soul of this illustrious country could no longer defend itself against its rougher conquerors,[19] but received instead from the victor a gallant new epilogue such as had been played by the Trojan heroes in the ancient strongholds of Argos, Thebes, and Mycenæ.[20]

The middle of the century saw the reflux of events; an appalling catastrophe, such as the crater of Asia always brews during a long period of rest, convulsed three continents. This time the fearful Mongolians were thrown upon the scene of history,[21] and, led by Genghis Khan,[22] the advancing storm swept from China to Egypt, from the Ural to India, and from Korea across the Carpathian and the Sudetes mountains. Peking was attacked and the imperial dynasty overthrown in 1211. In 1219 Samarkand was ravaged and the Shah of Bokhara was pursued across the Pamir. Next the great Khan bore down upon Siberia with frightful slaughter, and in 1223 the empire

of the Tungus perished in the ice of Koko Nor lake. After his death his sons continued the conquests and pushed on westward, where they raised their nine-tailed standard on the church-spires of the Occident. With one and a half million men the Golden Horde entered Russia and destroyed the holy city of Kiev, the ancient capital. They then spread through Poland and the Hungarian steppes, until they were defeated in 1240 at Liegnitz, as the Huns were at Châlons. In 1241 they were recalled by the death of the second khakan, which gave a different direction to their movements. Persia and Iran were flooded in 1258. Bagdad, the Babylon of mediæval times, with its thousands of splendid mosques, fell a prey to flames; the Caliph, the head of Islam, was put to flight; the provinces of the assassins were crushed,[23] and their Old Man of the Mountains was executed. The defeat of the Mongols at the well of Goliath [24] saved Africa and paralysed their power of expanding. Their world empire was divided into four khanates and accepted the faith of Islam.[25] In the following year, 1261, the East Roman emperors again entered their old capital and severed connexions with the Church of Rome. Although unable to defend the key of Europe, and exhausted by constant sovereign entanglements, the young Turkish power took possession of the shores of the Propontis after the downfall of the Seljuks in 1299. Islam, so passionately resisted, received new strength, and minarets arose from northern Russia to the Sudan. Egypt was ruled by Mamelukes [26] from the days of the Golden Horde. The caliphs resided in Cairo,[27] and, like the Pharaohs of old, they seized all of Syria; Jerusalem fell again into the hands of the infidels in 1244.

Five hundred years before (711), when the sons of Asia descended upon Europe, the Arabians — like the Huns before them — found the Kingdom of the Franks the defender of the continent. Now it was France that shattered the unity of nations in Europe. For when the pope was forced to leave the Eternal City to become a captive in France, that mighty column fell which had supported the principle of world dominion in Rome. The offensive spirit of the Romans died out, and for centuries Europe was sentenced to

disgraceful defence. When the old empire had lost its self-respect and power, political disintegration followed; when the papacy had fallen, religious unity was rent by schisms and councils. The Middle Ages took mournful leave, after having bestowed a last high radiance on the triumph of the Church.

RUINS

To look upon thy ruins, Rome,
Is keen delight to me.
Thy sunken splendours tell the past.
But when thy people take the stone
That stood in noble walls of old —
To pander to base gain in lime,
And for three centuries proceed —
Infamous brood! No trace will live
Of glories that were Rome.

POPE PIUS II

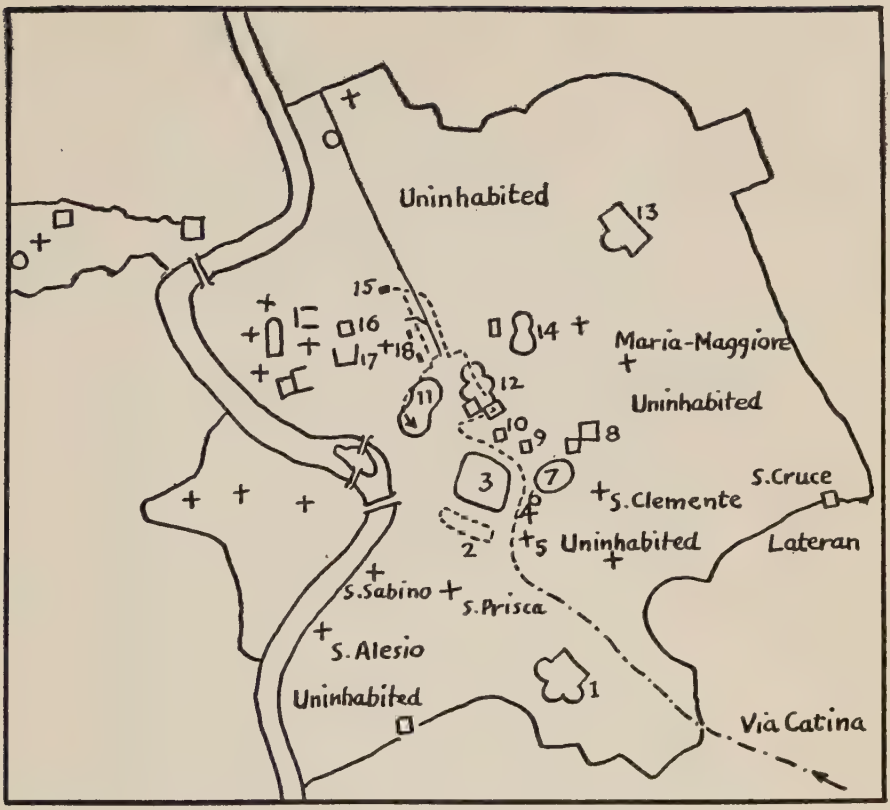
ONLY A CITY LIKE ROME, WHOSE WHOLE HISTORY FROM its very beginning, as Dante says, has been wondrous and divine, could after thousands of years suffer a similar fate under similar conditions.

In the beginning of the fourth century the triumph of the empire under Aurelian was quickly followed by the removal of the capital to the east, and for a century Rome was left without an emperor; exactly a thousand years later the triumph of the Church under Boniface VIII was followed by the removal of the pope's residence to the west, leaving Rome for a century without a pope. Each time she declined. Before the fall of antiquity Rome rested on the treasure of old and safe tradition. Her rich culture was like the vigorous conditions[1] of that period; the fall of the old order was brought about by the social upheavals leading to modern times. The civilization of Rome at the end of the Middle Ages, as compared to the end of

antiquity, was barbarous; traditions had grown vague and her treasure lay largely in buildings that had been patched together inartistically from the ruins of the past; they, in turn collapsing, heaped ruin upon ruin. In other respects the two periods, a thousand years apart, were similar.

Again, Rome and Italy were threatened with immediate death; all organizations that had prevailed during the Middle Ages had fallen. As once the remains of the Roman Empire, preserved in Constantinople, had survived for centuries, so the Roman Empire of German kings, embalmed in Vienna, was also kept intact for posterity. The old political idea of a universal republic was for a second time destroyed. The Cæsarean papacy, which had derived its Catholic demand for unity from Rome's past, and which never tired of proclaiming its spiritual authority over all nations — that papacy was held captive by the French king. An away-from-Rome movement began; nationalism raised its hydra head and gave birth to absolute monarchy.[2] In the fourth century men tried to supplement their paganism with ideals of Christianity, the religion of the future; and, renouncing the past, they turned in mystic reverie to the life beyond; so humanity in the fourteenth century boldly sought to turn away from the future, to look backwards and to supplement Christianity with the ideals of paganism — the renaissance of the past. The last bridge that had joined antiquity to the Middle Ages was torn down — the Roman conception of society as a universal republic. At the same time the break with antiquity was again repaired by art and science. A new bridge was thus built on which humanity crossed into modern times, into the Renaissance.[3]

The birth of such new eras always occurs during a time of total dissolution. Decay covers the new life that is germinating. Italy presented the spectacle of a great battle-field where war had ceased raging between the two highest powers of the Middle Ages, the emperors and the popes. The Eternal City raised her weary head out of the Campagna — a cemetery in the wilderness, where bones of thousands of warriors from all lands mouldered futilely. She looked with dimmed eyes upon the utter desolation everywhere. Anarchy



ROME, 1390 (Chapter XXI)

1. Baths of Caracalla
2. Circus Maximus
3. Palatine, with church of S. Sebastian
4. Septizonium
5. S. Gregorio
6. Arch of Constantine
7. Colosseum
8. Castle of the Copocci in the Baths of Trajan
9. S. Maria Nuova (Temple of Venus and Roma)
10. Basilica Maxentia
11. Capitol
12. Forum of Augustus and Conti tower
13. Baths of Diocletian with cloister of S. Ciriacus
14. Baths of Constantine and the Colonna castle
15. Column of Marcus Aurelius
16. Pantheon
17. Baths of Agrippa
18. Church of Minerva

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had sunk into still greater chaos by years of bad crops, famine, war, and pestilence. By night and day, crime, robbery, and the murderous revenge of family lines had raged across the wastes. Flagellants with their scourges, calling the city to repentance, poured in from all parts of Italy, proclaiming from the Capitol the approaching end of the world. Frightful earthquakes followed, turning into ruins the Lateran, SS. Apostoli, and the Colosseum. To fill the cup of misery to the brim, the Black Death swept on from China, mowing down twenty-five millions in Europe. Half Rome's population lay dead! [4]

Out of the universal agony which confused all minds, a visionary figure arose possessed of a spirit that refused to forsake Rome even in her hour of death. At the grave of the apostles Cola di Rienzi was crowned with six crowns as tribune of the Roman people. He then erected on the Capitol a fantastic caricature of the old Roman republic; he issued an edict proclaiming the majesty of the Roman people, and, having bathed in the Bath of Constantine the Great, he declared from the jubilee loggia of the tottering Lateran that Rome still held jurisdiction over the whole earth. He invited emperors and kings to reassemble in the old capital of the world. He killed the bloom of the old Roman families at the Porta Tiburtina and finally was himself murdered in the flames of the falling Capitol; his headless body was cremated by sympathetic Jews in the ruins of the tomb of Augustus. No longer were there nobility and clergy, but only a despairing mass of wretched people perishing in filth and direst poverty, crowded together on the southern Campus Martius, where once the Cæsars of Rome had passed in triumph. But in her death-agony the old widow cried out for pope and emperor.

And they came — like ghosts visiting the birthplace of their faded glory — and as quickly disappeared. The spectral Majesty of the Holy Roman Empire of German Kings, successor of Charlemagne and Otto the Great arrived, bearing letters of escort and recommendation. He bartered documents of nobility; in his travelling-bag he carried the royal crown, with which — shameful comedy that it was! — he was crowned in old St. Peter's.[5] His Holiness the Pope also appeared, in 1367, a poor pensioner of the throne of France,

and sat in that chair from which Gregory VII and Innocent III had ruled the world. Imposingly he received in the desolate halls of the Vatican the rightful heir of the Cæsars to the throne of Augustus and Constantine the Great — the pathetic Majesty of the East Roman Empire [6] — as though he were a papal vassal. The Emperor in vain implored the help of the Pope against the Turks, as once the popes had asked aid of the emperor in their struggles with the Lombards. In humility he accepted the Roman faith, though his predecessor had dragged the popes away as captives when they did not obey the emperor in religious matters.

Such were the living ruins among the dead.

History is cruel when it disturbs the conscience of the world with memories.

There was a time when a fatherly pope, as intercessor of Rome,[7] successfully besought the King of the Huns to spare the city of the apostles. Now Rome was represented by the daughter of a Swedish king. St. Bridget cast herself at the feet of the Pope, imploring him not to abandon the graves of the apostles. But all in vain!

In solitude let us wander through the desolate place where the ruins of antiquity and those of the Middle Ages were mingled together; for a new epoch is to set in which will long continue to destroy even the mournful remnants of two great ages past. This new era will build a new city among the ruins; and, influenced by a true appreciation of antiquity and proper reverence for its last monuments, it will finally protect and excavate them with loving care, that they may be preserved as illustrious witnesses of a matchless past.

The wilderness of the Campagna, which long ago had crept over the mossy walls of Aurelian, spread ever farther into the former city confines. It had driven the occupants of the seven hills into the arms of the river, which left its bed at times to flood this last retreat with brown slime. The elements seemed to be trying to recapture their old battle-ground, for earthquakes were more frequent and violent than ever. The Pontine Marshes crept nearer and nearer on

the south, polluting the air with miasma. The queen of high roads — the Appian Way — long unused and sunk in swamp, had disappeared. So we will take the Via Latina to the city. Vacant and uncultivated lands lie all around; here and there is a small vineyard or vegetable garden, or fragments of a deserted graveyard strewn with melancholy ruins sunk deep in the soil, sleeping crypts of times long past; now and then ivy-clad churches appear, with tottering crosses, and monasteries grey with age. The sight of such desolate loneliness grows more and more appalling; on every side there is a forest of abandoned towers blackened by smoke — witnesses of a barbarous time, drunk with blood — which rise high into the heavens dark and threatening, seeming to implore vengeance for the fall of a fearful race.

On the left of our road lie the arched substructures of the Baths of Caracalla, thickly moss-grown, a giant fortress of mystery. And there beyond is the valley where long ago three thousand men at one time witnessed the splendid games in the Circus; it is now a marsh, as in primitive days, and huge Egyptian obelisks, erected by Augustus and Constantine, are floating about in it. To the west, parts are standing of the three marble gates of the Carceres, built by Emperor Claudius; and to the east the fallen Arcus Pompæ of Titus, through which the triumphal processions had once passed in their march around the Palatine. Everything else had been given by Lucius II (1144) as material for the building of the Frangipani fortress. Above rises the Palatine, all its former glory sleeping; it has become an impervious primeval forest of stone, grown over with vegetation till it is past recognition;[8] olive-trees stretch forth their branches from the empty windows of the palaces, and broken towers jut out between them.[9] Remnants are left of the magnificent façade of the Septizodium, once seven storeys high, forming a part of the Frangipani castle, where the great popes of the preceding century, Innocent III (1198) and Gregory IX (1297), had been elected. On the southern slope of the Palatine we pass the Arch of Constantine, hidden in dust up to its curve, with a fortress tower built upon it. Now the Colosseum rises before us like an extinguished crater; its

outer wall on the east had lately collapsed, so the street is blocked. In 1312 Emperor Henry VII presented the ruin to the Roman senate; until that time the Annibaldi had lived in it. The chambers of the citadel now serve as dressing-rooms for the actors who present their passion-plays here annually. As late as 1332 it was the scene of a bull-fight, in which many young men and bulls had been killed. Legend says that Gaudentius, the architect of the Colosseum, was a Christian and was buried in S. Martino e Luca; that twelve thousand Jews had lost their lives during its construction under the scourge of Titus, just as their ancestors had done ages before when the pyramids were built.

To the south the Cœlian hill lifts its bald head. In 1084 the Normans had made of it a wilderness, but since 1287 it had again been sparsely settled. The ruins of the splendid palace Domus Vectiliana [10] rise in its midst. Opposite, on the summit of the Esquiline, there is a deserted cemetery in the Baths of Titus, and behind, towering from among the ruins of the Baths of Trajan, is the crumbled palace of the Capocci family, now extinct.

Let us turn our steps to the ancient centre of the city, past the Church of S. Maria Nuova,[11] grey with age, in the Temple of Venus and Roma, where the old Sacra Via begins; it is now called Sancta Via because it is used for the procession of the popes from St. Peter's to the Lateran. It crosses the Arch of Titus, on which a tower of the Frangipani is built. Beside it on the foundation of the Temple of the Lares is another tower, where the archives of the Church are kept. Three huge open corridors, their façades long ago destroyed, are the imperishable remnant of the Basilica Maxentia. Here we find a deserted oratory which Pope Paul I dedicated in 757 to the apostles, where the arch-sorcerer Simon [12] had fallen to the ground in his flight. In one of the niches sits a ghost of the past, the colossal statue of Constantine the Great, covered with dust; then we come to the old round Temple of Romulus, sunk in the earth, the entrance to the Church of S. Cosma and S. Damiano in the Temple of the Sacra Urbs, where the marble plan of the ancient city of Rome is still visible on its walls.

On the left the barren Atrium of Vesta is still standing, with dust eight feet deep filling the inner court. The peristyle is destroyed and a few statues of the high priestesses lie scattered about. In contrast with this, we can look upon the rotunda with admiration; it once enclosed the sacred fire of Vesta and is still unharmed. The two regia form a heap of almost unrecognizable ruins. In S. Lorenzo in Miranda we see the ancient Temple of Antoninus, from which only recently marble has been taken away for the Lateran. Through the scant remains of the Fornix Fabia[18] and the Triumphal Arch of Augustus we enter the Forum — that once brilliant centre of the ancient world. The sacred spot has been parcelled out into lucrative gardens and leased by the apostolic office. The tenants are allowed to sell any precious stones they find. And what a circle of desolate ruins around it! When the Frangipani fortress was torn down, the temples of Cæsar Divus and of the Dioscuri were also razed to the ground. The Basilica Æmilia remains, but ever since A.D. 500 its colonnades have stood in S. Paola fuori le Mura. The roof is gone from the Julian Basilica opposite; for a long time rope-makers carried on their trade there, but they have now moved away. S. Salvator, built within the Temple of Saturn, has long been in ruins. Beside it are the three columns of Vespasian, neighbours of S. Sergio and S. Baccho, in the ancient Temple of Concordia, where Cicero delivered his fourth invective against Catiline. The bell-tower of this church stood on the Arch of Severus.

Behind these structures, in the ancient Tabularium of Sulla, were storehouses for salt. On its foundations had arisen the new palace of the senators, while the curia had become the Church of S. Adriano, with an old burial-ground in front of it. Near by in the former secretarial offices of the senate rises the Church of S. Martina, dedicated to the Roman martyr. Crossing the Julian Forum, where much marble is still lying round and where the huge statues of Cæsar and Tiberius are buried, we suddenly come upon the high Conti Tower built in 1204 by the Marchione of Arezzo at the entrance to the Forum of Augustus; Petrarch said that there was nothing like it in the world. The Transitorium of Nerva received its death-blow during

the earthquake of 1348 when the graceful Temple of Minerva and that of Janus Quadrifrons were demolished; it now belongs to the monks of S. Adriano. The Forum of Peace is a mass of debris in which nothing is recognizable but three arches and a few columns from the Temple of Peace, which once housed the treasures from the temple of Jerusalem. Passing the Conti Tower, we enter the Forum of Augustus. Long ago robbed of its marble floor, the place is overgrown with wild vegetation and hence is called "the wonder garden." At the Temple of Mars Ultor is the church dedicated to St. Basil and the Monastery of the Annunciation. Our way now leads us through the vanished Arch of Triumph [14] to that once most glorious Forum of imperial Rome — now covered with a mass of crumbled ruins twenty feet in depth! The Colonna had never tired of dividing its tremendous treasure of marble among all the churches.

In the middle, where once the gold equestrian statue of the Emperor had stood, the tower of Tuschi di Berta now rises threatening. The east exedra is still well preserved. Among the ruins of the Ulpian library stands the tall, slender column of Trajan; its base, which holds the urn with the ashes, lies buried deep in the debris. The nuns of S. Ciriaco collect fees for the privilege of ascending it. In 1162 the senate published an edict pronouncing the death sentence on anyone who defaced this monument. A high hill of rubbish rises where once stood the temples of the idolized Trajan!

Turning to the left, we pass through a section of wretched dwellings to a huge stairway that since 1348 has led up to the old Arx — the spot now occupied by the Church of Ara Cœli and the Franciscan monastery. The ancient Via Lata leads straight north from here, narrow and crowded, forming the boundary of the portion of the city now inhabited. It is still spanned by two triumphal arches, while a third lies shattered on the ground. We wander past the ruins of the Sæpta, where once the luxury shops of ancient Rome displayed their treasure; we see the eleven Corinthian columns of the Temple of Poseidon [15] and reach a village square overgrown with weeds — the present Piazza Colonna. After giving an obolus to the monks of S. Silvestro in Capite, we climb the hundred and ninety marble steps

in the ancient column of Marcus Aurelius. The statues of the emperors that once crowned it have long ago been stolen or thrown down from their pedestals [16] like those on the column of Trajan. From this great height we survey the Eternal City in its deep humiliation — an appalling field of ruins. The entire district between the Via Lata and the Church of Minerva was destroyed in the street battle during the time of Henry VII. The column of Antoninus Pius is visible only six feet above the mound that covers the once glorious spot of imperial exaltation; the great sun-obelisk erected by Augustus had been upset by the Normans in 1084. Within the ruined walls of the Temple of Iseum are the cloister and garden of the Dominicans of S. Maria-Minerva, the only Gothic church in Rome. A Romanesque bell-tower has risen upon the Pantheon, which we can enter only by a ladder leading down from the raised ground in front of it. In the adjoining fortress of the Sinnibaldi, Boniface VIII established the University of Rome.

The ruins of the Baths of Agrippa are called simply *calcarium*. Many finely carved capitals, splendid shafts, and cornices are still lying round. The Church of S. Salvator in Thermis and of S. Eustachio was built within the Baths of Nero about A.D. 400. Columns forty-seven feet long from the Porticus Boni Eventus are piled in a useless heap. Then we see the last section of the city, with tall houses and many towers of the nobility, like the Arcapata, the fortress of the Orsini, on Pompey's Theatre, behind which stretch broad pasture-lands. Around the once splendid marble buildings of the Porticus Octavia wind the tangled streets of the filthy ghetto and its fish-market, in the very midst of the vaulted arches that once were adorned with masterpieces of Greek art. S. Maria in Campitelli has long made her home in the Temple of Bellona. The ruined towers of the Staccio stronghold are standing on the site of the Flaminian Circus, which Henry VII took by storm in 1312. The Pierleoni family occupied the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Cenci that of Balbus, in towering citadels. In the crypt in front workmen lived who made wax candles.

On the little Tiber Island, still connected with both shores by old bridges, the Church of St. Bartholomew with its high steeple has

risen on the site of the former Temple of Æsculapius. Opposite, in Trastevere, towers one palace after another, where the old families of the Papa, Normandi Romani, Stefaneschi, and Mattei lived. There also stands the massive Saracen tower built in 850 by Leo IV.

Let us now turn our eyes to the Borgo, a little city of its own within the wall of Leo, standing on the Vatican hill where the old Church of the Apostles hides behind the battlements of the Orsini fortress; from its spire the vesper-bells are ringing the Magnificat. The Castle of San Angelo, strongest bulwark of Rome in the Middle Ages, was — except for the tomb of Emperor Hadrian — razed to the ground by the Romans themselves, before its surrender to the Pope in 1379. Herds of goats now graze over the pile of ruins. Farther north along the river, another royal mausoleum that had long served the Colonna as a fortress is completely demolished.[17] Close to the wall beside the Porta Flaminia, S. Maria del Popolo rises in solitude above the grave of Nero; in 1099 Paschal II was supposed to have driven away Nero's evil spirit [18] when he felled an ancient elm-tree.

In the east, beyond the Church of SS. Apostoli, destroyed by an earthquake, we see the vast ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, where the nuns of S. Ciriaco spend their lonely lives; behind it in the former camp of the prætorians, the imperial body-guard, lies a neglected cemetery, long deserted. Next to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore rises the patriarchal palace, built in 1281, where Emperor Louis of Bavaria lived before his coronation. Standing alone on the Viminal is the Arch of Gallienus, to which in 1200, after the conquest of Viterbo, the Romans fastened the chain and key of this mediæval Veii. Between the walls of the Baths of Constantine, in part still standing, and the vast pillars of Serapis the noble fortress of the great Colonna towers defiantly.

Descending from the heights of the column that had looked upon all the scenes from the period of greatest splendour down to the present desolation, we return along the Via Lata; and, climbing the stairs to the Capitol, we pass the hoary Franciscan monastery. Reaching the Capitol square, the half-ancient, half-barbarian palace of the

senate rises before us — that old Corsican stronghold, blackened by smoke from the last conflagration. Steps lead down into a hall where the criminal court meets and where in 1354 the fearful *condottiere* Fra Monreale was beheaded. Also in this hall stands the statue of gloomy Charles of Anjou, who ordered the last of the Hohenstaufens to be executed in Naples. In the hall above, the senate holds its deliberations.

Now let us go to the southern summit of the Capitol. Around a high gallows herds of lively goats are grazing upon the foundation of the Temple of Jupiter, which once ruled the world. Another panorama just as melancholy looms before us. At our feet are the narrow streets of the Velabrum crowded together. The Temple of Mater Matuta, now consecrated to the Egyptian Mother of God, S. Maria Egeziaca,[19] still stands on the old Forum Boarium. The Temple of Hercules Pompejanus has outlived the times as the Church of S. Maria in Cosmedin; it received this name because of the marvellous mosaics of the Cosmati family, who worked for the Greek colony in 1286. The Janus Arch of Severus is now a ruined outpost of the Frangipani fortress. Below, the ancient Ara Maxima still stands, the monopterus of Portanus and the Temple of Hercules Æmilianus.

Southward stretches the desolate Aventine, turned into a desert by the Normans, its once pure air filled with malaria. Next to the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Dolichenes we see the old Church of S. Sabina; the stronghold of the Savelli beside it is now a monastery, where St. Dominic died, and where Emperor Henry VII had his residence. Otto III once held his magnificent court near S. Alesia; and over there stood the famous Temple of Diana, whose pillars were carried to S. Sabina.

Thus they lie, the ruins of a world twice fallen! Far away to the south-east is the tottering Lateran; and from the Palatine the song of the monks' choir trembles in the air: "*In manus tuas . . .*" The sun is sinking blood-red behind the old Church of St. Peter, dipping the neighbouring hills in gold and purple and rose; then deep-blue shadows fill the scene with contentment. The goats cross

the Tarpeian rock to the valley. Descending twilight softens this ghastly world of ruins, this mournful desert of past grandeur. The ruins themselves, like ghosts of a pagan world, breathe forth a spectral life; they are not wholly dead, but await their resurrection. Never has the frailty of life been more fearfully instilled. Never has the same magic flowed from the picture of a ruined past, infusing the mind with the exalted idea of the fleeting span of all life — *omnis fui nihil expedit:*

O Rome, thou longed-for city of the soul,
Thou home of orphaned hearts!
Thou lonely mother of a vanished realm,
Thou Niobe of Earth!
Whose ever was a fate like unto thine,
The whole world's crownless head!

We step through templed ruins sunk in sleep,
O princess of the past!
The dull crowd looks upon a silence deep,
And yet thou speakest aloud,
For to the spirit art thou still alive,
O Rome, thou orphaned soul!

Will the Eternal City go back to its very beginning?

Then a dull cannon-shot rent the air. For the first time the Romans acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of the popes.[20] From then on, but one power was to rule. The voice of the cannon proclaimed a new era; the whole system of feudalism and the many ramifications of knighthood had been struck. Lords and fortresses were to cease. Power strong enough to end the tyranny of the many was to be gathered under one hand, and it would protect the vanished Muses, who, descending in Tuscany, were again to enter the Eternal City.

No, this city was not to end in ruin — this city of which in its deepest desolation Petrarch after being crowned as poet on the Capitol had cried out: "The present is always dangerous to great

names, but here in a miraculous way they have not lessened, but increased. Truly, Rome is greater than I thought, and greater too are her ruins. I do not wonder that this city conquered the world, but only at its happening so late. Therefore it is noble, above all, not to let that perish which has won immortality." [21]

RENAISSANCE

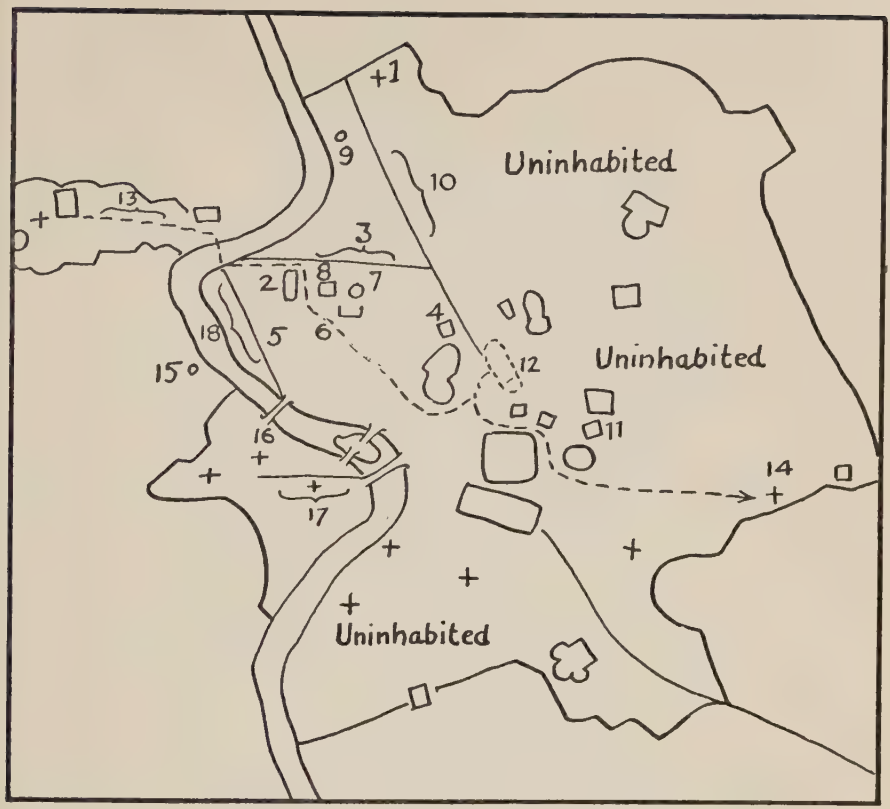
Roma in antiquos mutato sæcula mores,
Aurea Roma iterum renovata renascitur orbi.

WHAT THE SUN IS TO THE WORLD OF NATURE, CIVILIZATION is to the human race. As days and seasons pass, birth and death occur among the great as well as the small, descending to the most trivial circles and rising to cosmic ages. The growth and disappearance of civilizations take place in like manner, in individuals as well as in races and epochs of history; morning — the springtide and youth; noon — summer and the flowering season; evening — autumn and the prime of life; and night — winter and old age.

As the sun creates and preserves primitive life on mountain-heights and in the depths of the sea, on the cliffs of the tropics and the tundras of the Far North, so primitive civilizations are born in the most distant parts of the world, without variety or development.

Rich and inexhaustible as are the forms of life evolved from protoplasm to man — representing at the same time the organic world — so different civilizations express specifically the planet's world of culture.

In the wintry chill and eternal night of the arctic zones civilization is benumbed and incapable of development;[1] in the perpetual noonday heat of the tropics it takes on fantastic and voluptuous shapes or else is burned up.[2] Only between the two lie those spheres where civilizations vary like the seasons. Nature buds in the spring, blossoms in the summer, bears fruit in the autumn, and hibernates in the winter.



ROME, 1500 (Chapter XXII)

——— Route of Papal processions from the Vatican to the Lateran

1. S. Maria del Popolo, Augustinian monastery where Luther lived
2. Piazza Agonale
3. Via Coronari (formerly Via Recta)
4. Palazzo Venezia (S. Marco)
5. Campo di Fiori
6. Palazzo Massimi
7. Pantheon
8. University and S. Eusebio in the Baths of Nero
9. Mausoleum of Augustus
10. Via Lata (Corso), limits of the inhabited city
11. Baths of Titus
12. Imperial Fora
13. Via Allessandrina (today Borgo Nuovo)
14. Lateran
15. Villa Farnesina
16. Ponte Sisto
17. Lungarina
18. Via Giulia

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It was reserved for Europe to experience twice the yearly cycle of civilization through every phase.[8]

FIRST CYCLE

Winter

1. ABOUT 3000 B.C.: *Aryan-neolithic civilization of central Europe*
(*Stone vase from Bschanz, Wohlau, Silesia*)

2. TO 1500 B.C.: *Ægean civilization*
(*Principal seat in Crete, the lowest of the nine classifications of Troy*)
(*Labyrinth and royal palace of Cnossus on Crete; Egyptian-Asiatic influence*)

Spring

3. TO 1100 B.C.: *Mycenæan civilization*
A lovely day in early spring. Technique of metals fully developed.
(*Fortresses, huge town-walls, tombs with domes, like those of Solomon's time in Jerusalem; Egyptian-Asiatic influence.*)

4. TO 800 B.C.: *I. Dipylon civilization.*
(*Mycenæan civilization was swept away by the migrations of the Dorians.*)
II. Last Asiatic influence entering through Chalcis and Corinth
(*Too ornate oriental vessels*)

TO 500 B.C.: *III. Lax and severe archaisms, like the fitful days of April*

	(Transition from stone to wooden buildings. Temple of Diana at Ephesus, of Apollo at Didyma, of Athena on the Acropolis; all were destroyed by wars and rebuilt.)
5. TO 478 B.C.:	*I. Period of liberation (Purely national styles, freed from the conventional forms of the Orient)*
TO 400 B.C.:	*II. First flower. Highest embodiment of the whole intellectual contents of the period (Myron, Phidias, Polycletus)* (TEMPLE OF ATHENA ON THE ACROPOLIS)
	Summer
6. TO 330 B.C.:	*Second flower. Perfecting of the spiritual (Scopas, Praxiteles, Lysippus)*
7 & 8. TO 1 B.C.:	*Hellenism. Grecian baroque. Display of the princely splendour of the Orient.*
	Autumn
9. TO A.D. 200:	*Greco-Italian civilization. Apotheosis of antiquity. Imperial Roman style (Pantheon, Colosseum, Baths of Caracalla)*
10. TO A.D. 300:	*Roman high baroque. Decadence. Decline of civilization due to random mixture of races*

(*Palace of Diocletian at Spalato.*)

Winter

11 & 12. TO A.D. 500: *Under Byzantium. Civilization in a state of torpor (Hagia Sophia)*

SECOND CYCLE

Winter

1. TO A.D. 900: *Barbarian civilization — late Christian, northern, and Carolingian (the latter artificial, like house-plants in winter)*

2. TO A.D. 1200: *Romanesque. A mingling of German and Roman elements. Cold*

Spring

3. TO A.D. 1300: *Transition style (through oriental influence)*

4. TO A.D. 1400: *Gothic. Development of Painting. Natural substances: clover-leaf, rose, grape-vine, ivy, etc. Full of sentiment and sentimentality.*

5. TO A.D. 1450: *Late Gothic.* Gotico Florido. *Highest development of splendour. Oriental influence. Style of the Mudejars*

Summer

6. TO A.D. 1530: *Renaissance. Reawakening of Roman imperial style.*

7. TO A.D. 1600:	*Height of the Renaissance. Reawakening of Roman baroque*
8. TO A.D. 1680:	*Baroque. The ornate style. (Continued independent development of the Renaissance)*
	Autumn
9. TO A.D. 1715:	*The height of the baroque. Style of the Jesuits. Great display of splendour*
10. TO A.D. 1735:	*I. Rococo.* Genre Régence. *Further development of the baroque*
11. TO A.D. 1750:	*II. Rococo.* Genre Rocaille. *End of independent development*
	III. Classicism. Artificial reawakening of Hellenism and of the empire, a copy of Roman imperial style. Ends in the Congress, and finally in the style of Louis-Philippe
	Winter
12. ECLECTICISM:	*Artificial, like house-plants in winter. The tempo of modern times and technique fixes boundaries to the development of the epochs of civilization.*

Thus civilization becomes the reflection of environment and of history. Among all living creatures man alone is the bearer of culture, and environment becomes one of his ancestors. The law governing the evolution of mechanical nature, showing the trend of striving from the universal to the special, from cosmic mists to planetary life,

and the differentiation from the single cell to primitive man, is in effect to the very last racial formation. Environment acts as a passive matrix by demanding certain things of the creature living within it which must be met unless that creature is to perish. When at last man could give expression through language to that inner consciousness of being a product of soul and matter, the real and the ideal, of being an ego in the great design, then reason was born and at once began to weave a garment called civilization:

I am the God that it feeds at its breast,
The spirit that moves throughout all,
From the earliest struggle of forces dark,
To the pouring of life's first sap;
Where strength and substance are all combined,
And the first budding blossom swells,
Where the earliest shaft of new-born light
Like a second creation dawns;
And heaven and day and night are lit
From this world's thousand eyes.
There is a force, a change, a stirring,
An urge and longing for higher living.

SCHELLING

The physical labour of winning the struggle for existence was joined by the higher intellectual task of making articulate sound increasingly more able to express growing thoughts in religion and literature, and in the temples and altars which art erected to civilization. And as in nature the most minute particles first united in the molecule from which the universe emanated — as in the atom, power of transmission was linked with force in the creation of that primal energy which pervades everything — so the highest intellectual expression is found in the brain of the genius, the exponent of culture, in whom also nature achieved her masterpiece.

What is true in the growth of races is also true of the civilizations developing from them. The Australian, closest of all to primitive man, presents the general rather than the specialized type. The black,

yellow, and red races became fixed along a definite line, and the white race, nearer the mean of the primitive type, was assured of superiority; tempered by fate and environment, it ennobled the species. Rich in the impressionable talent of youth, it became most fit to develop creative culture.

In addition to fate, which rules over the world as father, and environment, which fate made the nurse of man, there are still other factors that aid in the evolution of races and their civilization. The race must first of all be valuable material in itself and must have preserved its plastic youth. The Tamils, impaired by the hot sun of India, destroyed the Aryan civilization which the Singhalese had developed among the most primitive tribes of Ceylon.[4] The Turks and Mongols living in the deserts of Siberia and Gobi exterminated the civilization of western Asia. But the Greeks were enriched by the culture of Egypt, which, having pursued development along one line exclusively, had become stationary. A race must harmonize with its environment and be able gradually to fit itself into it; otherwise, however strong it may be, it will perish, like the Vandals who suddenly exchanged Silesia for Africa, or like Javanese transplanted to Iceland or Spitzbergen. As the constant inbreeding of races and civilizations leads to such typically unchangeable conditions as are seen in Egypt, and to the infirm and grotesque effects evident in Siam, so indiscriminate mingling resulted in rottenness and decay in the late Roman Empire. This is partially true today also. Between races as between civilizations the right degree of influencing each other must exist; otherwise the minority, despite possibly greater talents, will be entirely absorbed by the majority; or if it does not combine, will form small scattered groups.

The highest civilization, however, is not the product of one race and its environment alone, but the bequest of different racial elements, in which one becomes quickly set, and the others constantly change, continuing for a long time to act as productive sources. The race which in the course of history has grown into a nation forms the protective wall that constant evolution guarantees to civilization. The clear light of its career illumines as well its own intellectual

achievements. In the nation, whether great or small, the individual attains the highest place, for he breathes the atmosphere of his own people rising to its hypostasis; and the homogeneous thought of the many seeks and finds its highest expression in the individual. Morality alone is not bound by time or place or nation; for its feeling of responsibility reaches out to mankind as a whole, and hence it is the sublimest expression of the essence of humanity.

As the white race developed from primitive man because it was most capable of culture — and from the white race the Aryan and from the Aryan the Greek — so in the Ionian, mankind crystallized as in a diamond, which the geniuses of that people so perfected by cut and setting that the rays of civilization centred in it with glittering iridescence. This diamond Rome placed in her tiara; after being long buried in the ruins of antiquity, the lost treasure was still talked of.

The Capitol was never a Parnassus. Rome had always conquered by her sword, her law, and her Church, and through them had built her fortress of civilization; this city of sober calculation and cold realism — qualities that most quickly lead to worldly success — had always been a true home and training-school for men of action. Only in times of haughty triumph were the Muses entertained, when as guests they were permitted to glorify the event. They first came from Tuscany in modest Tuscan garments; then they were brought captive from Hellas; and finally as bedizened Asiatics they rushed victorious through every gate and made the city the wild arena of their orgies. But, having grown worn and wretched, Christian asceticism and the storm from the north drove them again out of Europe.

Just as the Roman Empire in its last stages stiffened into a hierarchy, so civilization also became a hieratic cult. Gregory the Great had lighted the funeral pyre of its worldly treasure. Providence intended well, for it protected the young nations of the earth from that desecration of the dead in which unbridled barbarism threatened to join with a decaying civilization. The moral power of Christendom in the hands of the bishop of Rome proved a wise guide and

taskmaster for the youthful world in those dangerous days of transition. Rome slowly made the nations stepping briskly into the bright light of history acquainted with civilization, the great heritage of the ancient world; she did not show it to them in the brilliant outer garment of glory and pleasure, but in the severely plain dress of discipline and morality, of piety and duty. Had this not been true, the resurrection of the ideals of antiquity would perhaps never have occurred; but the chaos of the outward dissolution of Europe would have been followed also by the inner.

Thus for nearly a thousand years Rome carried on figuratively the great task of educating the people of Europe. Then the thankless moment arrived when, fully grown, they preferred to go their own ways and deserted their old leader.

The mingling of different racial elements in universal harmony which the high civilization of the Greeks produced was again repeated, this time on the soil of Italy.

A. *The mixed Æolian culture*[5] *floated along the Greek coasts from Asia and Egypt; it was shaped by the first Hellenic tribes, the Achæans, and became the Ægean and Mycenæan civilization.*

B. *The mixed Greco-Italian civilization of the imperial era was accepted by the barbarian colonies in Italy.*

A. *Dorians, Ionians, and lastly north Greeks brought Hellenic civilization to the complete development of its power.*

B. *Goths, Lombards, Germans who remained in Italy after accompanying the Emperors on their expeditions into Italy, and lastly the Normans — all these together brought about the high civilization of the Renaissance.*

Both series of events required the same amount of time in preparation. As once the Muses led their winding dances in republican Athens, and later at the royal courts of Antioch, Pergamum, and Alexandria, not forgetting the rich commercial cities of Corinth, Miletus, and Ephesus, so they now danced in democratic Florence and later in the capital cities of the Sforza, Montefeltre, and Gon-

zaga, at the royal court of Naples, and in the splendid city of the lagoons. As once Alexandria and the Ptolemies became the focus for the last rays of Hellenic culture, so now Rome and her popes gathered the rays of the Renaissance as they reached their height. As the last possible development of ancient civilization was attained in Byzantium, so now Rome independently led the Renaissance into the baroque and allowed it softly to fade away in the rococo.

Everywhere the watery wastes of mediæval times receded; there was no fixed boundary where the ark of the Church and the imperial ship of state could meet, whether in constant strife between themselves or united against opposing galleys or knightly corsairs. The two rulers of the sea ran aground, and, anchoring with difficulty, they enthroned themselves on steep rocky cliffs. Great continents emerged; in the east Asia — amid Turkish and Mongolian uprisings, pushing on to Vienna and the shores of the Adriatic, thus wholly separating Russia from Europe; in the west a totally new continent, America — the land of the future. In the south, Africa had been circumnavigated and taken possession of; India was rediscovered in this indirect way and was placed permanently within the sphere of European interests. Within a few years the world seemed doubled, and Rome experienced the moment of being truly the judge of the earth when she divided the lands of the entire globe and fixed their boundaries. In the east of Europe the Byzantine Empire was finally effaced from the scene of history. Constantinople, the old enemy of Rome, was now the seat of the Great Sultan and had suddenly grown again powerful as in the days of Justinian. Rome untiringly kept calling the Christian nations to tear down the crescent from Hagia Sophia. The Turks put an untimely and bloody end to the romance of a second Mycenæan era prompted by Western chivalry, from which another fine flower of Hellenic culture might have developed. A niche for prayer, turned towards Mecca, was set up in the Temple of Athena on the Acropolis, and a Turkish pasha ruled in the stoa of Hadrian. With as great ceremony as if they were monstrances, the galvanic remnants of Hellenic civilization

were carried across to Italy by Greek scholars. But as a last Christian greeting Greece sent the head of the Apostle Andrew to Rome.[6]

The sorrowful line of those deposed potentates who sought refuge and peace in the Eternal City began with the last royal scion of the Palæologi, who was admitted to the hospice of S. Spirito in 1461; he was soon followed by the Queen of Cyprus and the Bosnian Queen, who was expelled by the Ottomans and who in 1401, as the King of Pergamum had done before her, bequeathed her kingdom to Rome. She was buried in Ara Cœli. Cardinal Riario arranged a merry carnival for the last King of Macedonia on the Piazza SS. Apostoli. The Queen of Hungary, who had driven off the janizaries, was granted a retreat and a yearly allowance by the Pope.

The Catholic rulers drove the last Moslem prince from western Europe, which had now become the most important part of the continent; the fall of Granada was celebrated with splendid tournaments in the Stadium of Domitian. The first gold that came from Peru to Europe was presented to Rome by the Spanish kings; it still shines in the ceiling of the Liberian Basilica (S. Maria Maggiore).

Exile and schism were ended; the final consequence was that in 1408 the Pope had to sell the Papal States, including Rome, to the King of Naples for twenty-five thousand guldens. Martin V, a Roman and a Colonna, in 1420 took up his residence on the Tiber, and Rome again became the centre of high politicis. Not in the sense of Dante's idea, as the mirror of the world and the perpetual heart of universal monarchy, but as the capital of the new papal kingdom. For with the same speed that Rome once became ecclesiastic, the Roman Church now became an absolute state, which as a national principality joined the other principalities of Italy. She skilfully sought to use for the political interests of the Patrimony the international spiritual authority left her. A two edged-sword by which she could win as well as lose, and which more than once brought her to the edge of the abyss.

When Martin V entered his paternal city through the Porta Flaminia, it was as though he had chosen a village of herdsmen for

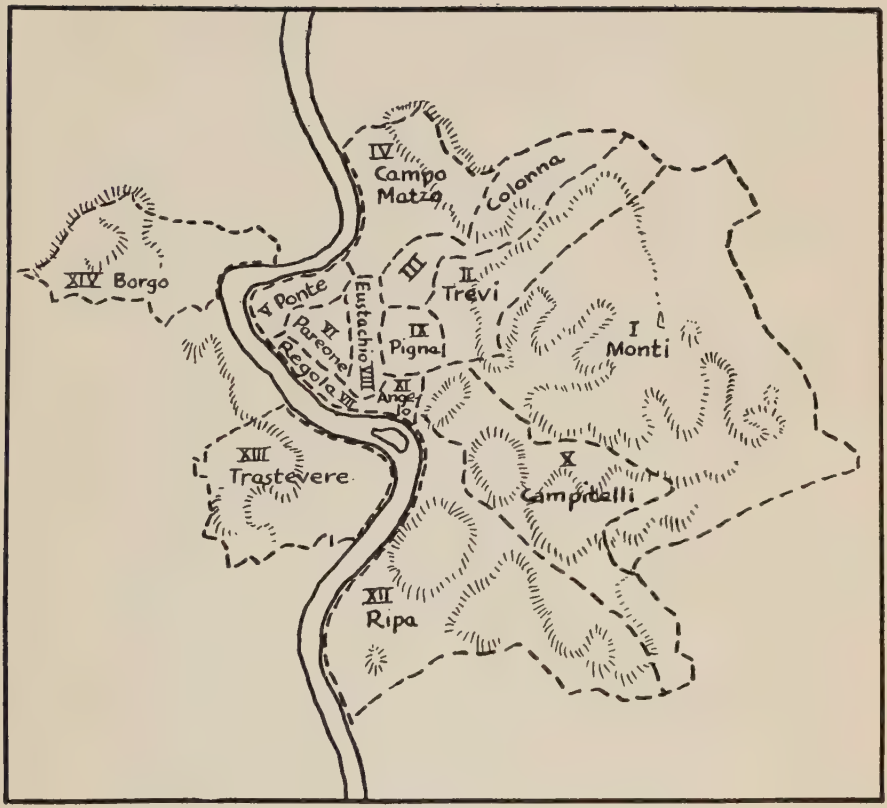
his residence. Famine, pestilence, unceasing anarchy, and sudden attacks by foreign mercenary troops, street battles between the native barons, and revolts of the population in general had still further laid in ruins the desolate city of the century preceding.

While the large and small cities of Italy all around were resplendent in the full bloom of the Renaissance, Rome was still a vast sarcophagus from which the tree of the Church stretched its withered branches into the eternally blue heavens; it was a tree hollow with age, and derived its scant nourishment from the bark. Then the Pope himself cut off its roots to save the ancient tomb. Every eye was turned on Rome hoping to find there the true resurrection of antiquity and the highest fulfilment of its artistic laws. In the twelfth century Milan had been the heart of national spirit; in the following one Bologna was the seat of learning, and in the fourteenth the Muses entered Florence. Rome, as always, made preparations, with outside aid, to lead awakening culture along a Via Triumphalis to its place of honour. Martin V erected the magnificent Palazzo Colonna, and cardinals followed his example. Gentile da Fabiano painted his frescoes (now destroyed) in the old Roman Temple S. Francesca; and in 1443 Fra Angelico painted those in the Capella S. Lorenzo of the Vatican, still well preserved. Leon Alberti, the Vitruvius of the Renaissance, in 1434 wrote his book on humanism. Antonio Filarete cast the famous bronze gates ornamented with pagan allegories, while Bernardo Rosselino created the new dais for St. Peter, and Mino da Fiesole painted the portraits of the apostles now in the sacristy. The first of the famous papal sepulchres (Paul II's) was also his work. The old master of German painting Roger van der Weyden was in Rome when Guiliano da Majano built the Porticus Corinthia in front of S. Marco in 1450. Nicholas V used the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus as quarries for his extensive architectural work. When the last imperial coronation had been held in the old Cathedral of St. Peter, the fate of that central point of mediæval time was sealed. It fell only to rise again like the new era, in vastly increased size and splendour.

In the latter third of the century Rome began adorning herself

as rapidly as she did in the reign of Augustus following the civil wars, although there was no peace; for tumults of the wildest passions accompanied the travail of this new period in Rome as everywhere else. Street-fights of the old baronial families, clandestine murders, bold acts of violence and inhuman justice alternating with frenzied sensual pleasures, cavalcades, banquets, and theatres, seemed to turn the holy city into a madhouse beneath a mask. The enthusiasm of this youthful time was so ungovernable that it strove to outdo everything good as well as evil. In honour of the jubilee year 1475, nearly all the churches were restored,[7] new ones were added to the old, and hospices were built for pilgrims.[8] In 1471 Melazzo da Forli decorated SS. Apostoli with his paintings, and in 1485 Pinturicchio put the finishing strokes on S. Maria del Popolo. But the spirit of the times turned to things secular. Straight lines of streets after the style of the old Via Recta,[9] bordered by the splendid façades of new palaces,[10] cleared away the dense thicket of mediæval sections in the city. The Via Lata, the Corso, was paved for the carnival races in 1464, and the Pope watched them from his loggia in S. Marco (Palazzo Venezia).

On the Piazza Agonale, the Stadium of Domitian, gorgeous processions and tournaments were held. The triumphal march of Julius Cæsar reproduced there in 1500 by Cesare Borgia showed only too clearly the vast difference between the original and the imitation, between the true Romans of ancient days and these caricatures of the Renaissance. For the old gods, summoned from the past, appeared like figures of demons in Venus Alexandria (Alexander VI), Mars Julius, and Minerva Leonina, ready, like all exiled rulers recalled to power, to take vengeance for insults once received. Magnificent new palaces — above all, the castle of the Pope — were erected for the worthy celebration of their cult. Nicholas V had already furnished the Vatican with strong fortifications and in 1450 had built the Chapel of S. Lorenzo within it; the Sistine Chapel followed in 1475, four halls for the library, and the garden house of Belvedere, richly adorned with pictures by Mantegna (1484).[11] In the Apartamenti Borgia, decorated with paint-



Plan of the Fourteen Districts of Rome in the Sixteenth Century (Chapter XXII)

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ings by Pinturicchio, the wedding occurred which brought death to the young husband of Lucrezia; there on All Souls' Day the Pope and his children attended the dance of fifty courtesans, and there Alexander VI died of poison, which he passed to his guests on the occasion of a great court banquet. During the reign of Julius II, Mars ruled the day; exactly on Palm Sunday the representative of Christ, clad in steel like a general of old, made his victorious entrance into the holy city. In celebration of the triumph over the Turks tournaments were held on the Monte Testaccio. There was a succession of banquets in the Vatican, at which Latin comedies entertained the guests.

It was at this time that Luther visited Rome; on his arrival he cried out: "I greet you, O holy city! Venerable Rome, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs and their graves!" But the impression he received must have been like the Apostle Peter's in times gone by. "*Passa, passa,* quick, quick," they called to him when he did not hurry the reading of the mass. At the sacred transubstantiation he heard priests pray: "Bread thou art and bread thou remainest." Returning home, the little monk dedicated himself to that tremendous struggle which was to cost the old princess of nations her most valued provinces and her most loyal subjects. But God first blinds those whom he intends to punish. Under Leo X the secularizing of the Church reached its zenith. In the words ascribed to this Medicean: "*Quantum nobis notrisque hæc fabula de Christo profuerit, notum est,*" she passed her own sentence.

In the course of only fifty years Rome had transformed herself from a village of herdsmen to a resplendent cosmopolitan city, where all the arts joined hands, and where all Europe met to sip the brimming cup of joy. Her fourteen districts[12] were occupied by fifty thousand inhabitants;[13] within the Borgo, a city in itself, enclosed in walls and strongly guarded, lived all who belonged to the court, papal relatives, foreign diplomats, rich foreigners, and adventurers from Spain, France, and the cities of Italy. In contrast, as is still true today, the narrow streets of Trastevere were filled with wine-dealers, boatmen, and small shopkeepers. The Jewish quarter, too,

was still there. Countless mediæval towers increased the gloomy aspects of this part of the city.

Vastly different was the appearance of the six smaller quarters of the Campus Martius, crowded around Rome's new Forum, the Campo di Fiori. Much was now to be seen on this place, which fifty years before was a pasturage for cows, when horse-markets and executions took place, when the governor proclaimed new decrees, when fortune-tellers and jugglers gathered the crowds around them, or when distinguished travellers rode by with their trains to the hotels which were to be found in large numbers.[14]

In the Rione Regola the Suburra had risen anew; there the makers of wax, combs, and hats had their own streets;[15] there the Swedish, English, and Spanish had the national hospices for their pilgrims.[16] There was also a new Velabrum, for in the Rione Parione, book-dealers, archæologists, copyists, and literary men were definitely established. In the Palazzo Massimi the first German printers in Rome had set up their printing-office;[17] another was in the Monastery of S. Eusebio. Greek also had recently been put into print, the wealthy Agostini Chigi being the first to have the hymns of Pindar printed.

The city of Rome, in the strictest sense, with her Lombard Street (Via dei Bancchi), extended along the river, opposite the Borgo; there were the rows of banks and commercial houses of world-wide activity — Fugger, Welser, Chigi, and Altoviti; there also the luxurious courtesans lived, the new Ponte Sisto being their Corso. In the centre of the "Pigna" stood the illustrious Pantheon, where the famous German astronomer Regiomontanus[18] was buried in 1474, and Raphael in 1520. Above the Baths of Nero stood the university, where freedom of speech was unlimited, where Fifelfo gave lectures on Cicero, and Copernicus taught the true course of the stars. Only now were buildings again begun on that part of the Campus Martius where the lonely tomb of Augustus stood on a vine-clad hill. Around it the Portuguese, Bretons, Slavonians, and Lombards had built their churches. The column of Marcus Aurelius and the left side of the Via Lata formed the boundary of the

inhabited section. But three-fourths of that area once occupied by the imperial city of the seven hills were now rural districts covered with vineyards and gardens, with old monastery buildings and ruins half sunk in the earth. This was the paradise of the friends of antiquity who assembled in the Accademia Antiquaria, conducted by Pomponius Lætus; the Laocoon group was found there in 1506, and other masterpieces also awaited their resurrection; there Raphael wandered, in the dismal grottoes of the Baths of Titus, and used the well-preserved paintings from the days of Nero [19] as patterns for his pictures in the Villa Farnesina, built for Agostino Chigi. What did all the papal edicts [20] for the protection of the last monuments of antiquity avail, when stones for the Pope's own buildings were taken from the Colosseum and the great Circus? [21] The Forum, where herds of cattle now pastured, was still encircled by many ruins. We are indebted to a pupil of Ghirlandajo for a picture of the Forum at that time, which is now to be found in the Escorial. Miserable huts bordered the Via Sacra from the Arch of Severus to the Arch of Titus. The Forum of Augustus enclosed a swamp within its walls; the Transitorium of Nerva was still well preserved; the Palatine was covered by a forest wilderness.

Through this Rome, only half still Christian and half again pagan, half an international city of luxury and half a desolate desert, the Pope moved in ceremonious procession from the Vatican, for the last time exercising the Lateran Possesso; [22] four court jesters surrounded by a band of musicians headed the parade, followed by light cavalry wearing the Orsini colours, the flower of Roman aristocracy in brilliant garments of gold brocade, and the senate in a body, clad in the papal colours, white, red, and green; next came the standard-bearer of Rome riding high on horseback and waving the large red flag; then the papal vassals, the dukes of Ferrara and Urbino, the Baglioni of Perugia, and the lord of Camerino. The Holy of Holies was borne aloft on a white horse, and eight patricians had the honour of holding a canopy above it. Two hundred and fifty archbishops, abbots, and patriarchs in their vestments followed; then came the Holy Father himself, the centre of the great train, riding

on a splendidly caparisoned horse, surrounded by the Swiss Guard; next rode the purple cavalcade of the cardinals; and four hundred archers, with the Sacellarius at their head, throwing money to the crowd on all sides, brought up the rear. The procession passed over the bridge of San Angelo, where the Jews stood in line while their rabbi, kneeling, held out the Pentateuch towards the Pope. "*Nos confirmamus sed non consentimus*," replied the Holy Father. Triumphal arches adorned with all the gods of Olympus had been erected; and fine rugs hung from all the windows. The procession left the thickly settled districts at the southern slope of the Capitol and moved through the Arch of Severus and the Arch of Titus along the Sancta Via, past the ruins of the Colosseum, till it reached the Lateran. There it stopped. In the basilica the Pope sat down on an old bath-chair. A belt with seven keys and seven seals was fastened round him; and a sceptre was placed in his hand; then the Holy Father mounted the second chair and received from the prior of the Church of Lorenzo a small gift of money, as a symbol that he also, the keeper of the keys of heaven, was mortal like everyone else.[23] For the last time the coronation banquet took place in the old Patriarchum.[24] Late in the night the solemn procession returned to the Vatican along the same road, which was then all aglitter with festal illumination.

The epoch thus beginning, so brilliant in outward appearance, only covered its inward decay with gold brocade. Rome held in her hands a cup filled with the pearly wine of joy, which but too soon was to overflow with tears of suffering. Artists of high rank just at that time created immortal masterpieces [25] of great beauty; but the spirit to which alone Rome owed her second world dominion had vanished. It was then that Ulrich von Hutten wrote to Grotus Robianus (1516):

Thus then I viewed Rome half in ruins,
Where, with the saints, God too is sold;
Saw noble priests and holy council
And cardinals glittering on parade;

Horses covered with waving purple,
Scribes a plenty and crowds of men
At shameful work, and others ailing;
Neath the halo what carnal joy!
Others reject the show of goodness
And at morality boldly scoff,
Rejoice at evil with rightful sanction —
Their yoke the Teutons gladly seize.
They grant licence and prohibition,
Dividing the heavens as they see fit,
Men and women of Rome no longer,
But filled with base and depraved desire.
Where once dwelt Curius and Metellus
And Pompey — oh, how time has changed!
Renounce your longings for Holy Roma,
For what you seek, my friend, is gone! [26]

Three years later: In the *appartamenti* of Cardinal Cibo the carnival was celebrated with a festival of true Asiatic pomp. On a stage illumined by chandeliers of gold, Ariosto's *Suppositi* was presented before His Holiness and two thousand guests; then in an adjoining hall a banquet of state followed; cakes and decanters of wine sprang miraculously upon the tables, without any visible mechanism; the ceiling was a sky of shining rays; the gold and silver vessels were used but once; the cloth on the table glittered with diamonds fastened to it; swelling music accompanied the feast. At the same time Luther in far-away Wittenberg was nailing the ninety-five theses to the door of his castle-church; the strokes of his hammer resounded in Rome, and the Pope and his guests turned pale under their rouge.

It was the Mene Tekel, to be followed by the Dies Iræ.

A wild army of mercenaries belonging to the German Emperor, who was also the Catholic King of Spain, and led by a cousin of the Christian King of France, marched upon Rome and captured the city — half holy as it was and half unholy. Far worse than the Vandals and Normans before them, for three weeks they ravaged

everything with such horror that it seemed as if Rome were wiped out for ever. Only by a miracle did the Pope escape the general slaughter.[27]

In the midst of the fearful devastation the goddess of the city for the third time raised her head. The religious spirit of restoration brought forth new life from the immortal ruins.

"If the wrath of a stern God has been satisfied through our boundless misery, if this frightful punishment leads the way to higher morals and better laws, then perhaps our disaster is not the greatest that could befall us. What is God's, let God alone defend. Before us we have a life to be made better, of which no power in the world can deprive us. Let us direct our deeds and thoughts to finding again the true glory of priesthood, and our own true power and greatness in God alone!" (Letter from Sadoleto to Clement VII, who had fled to Orvieto, 1527.)

THE REFORMATION OF ROME

A house there stands well founded
On a sustaining rock.
The Lord Himself hath published
That He the house hath built.
The powers of hell are raging,
And mighty is their band;
Above, the house rests calmly
On Peter's holy rock.

BIRTH AND DEATH, LIFE AND ITS PASSING ARE THE TWO mysteries in which the beginnings of religion found their source. There was the groping from the earthly to the eternal, the search for some path from the finite to the infinite, the building of a bridge from the material to the immaterial. Humanity is ruled far more by faith than one usually assumes. As different substances, differently susceptible to light, produce the brilliant scale of colour, so faith brings out different forms in the expression of religion. First of all came the religions of nature directly akin to sorcery; the division of consciousness within itself developed into the religion of the masses as in China; in India imagination was expressed in Brahminism or in the serene contemplation of Buddhism; in Persia the struggle of subjectivity became a religion of goodness and light; in Syria, of suffering; in Egypt, of mysteries. Secondly, the religion of the individuality of the spirit was expressed among the Hellenes in the cult of beauty, and among the ancient Romans in the cult of opportunism. The third development, the absolute, was revealed by

Christianity. It was the world's moral renaissance. Unfortunately it grew to be an historic religion at whose altars all the superstitions of antiquity found sanctuary; the ever-increased merging of the temporal with the spiritual was a wound in the religion, which, strictly speaking, became a Church. The wound was opened again and again and finally was torn wide apart by the Reformation; and only by the *vis naturæ medicatrix* was it closed, a proof of the vitality of its inherent principles. The Church of Rome had always possessed that revivifying power, rising like a phœnix from the ashes when the time came. The reformers of Cluny in the tenth century, as well as St. Francis and St. Dominic in the thirteenth, had propagated the Reformation as a peculiarly Catholic thought on the basis of the Church itself and had revived its life. This time the papistry was sunk too deep in the so-called Renaissance, the rebirth of the ancient pagan world; the popes had occupied themselves with artistic and political efforts rather than with the necessary reformation of the Church. This endless delay caused first the distrust and next the anger of the northern nations who were longing for a spiritual rebirth. So the fire-brand that Luther flung into the old framework of the Church became a Mene Tekel; the frightful storming of Rome in 1527, a Dies Iræ; but both of them were unable to hurl the rock of St. Peter down from the seven hills. Great nations, however, refused obedience, and purely worldly reasons were often the pretence for away-from-Rome movements. In Germany the princes sought to enrich themselves by secularization, the nobility of France tried to be freed from the crown, and in England the love-affairs of the King led to an open break with the mother Church. These losses that divided the Christian world into two warlike camps,[1] undermining religious peace and the unity of the creed, were both heavy and severe. Yet it was again true that "disasters that crushed other empires brought new life to Rome."[2] The chaff was sifted from the wheat, and all apathetic elements were ruthlessly removed from the diseased organism, so that it might arise from its severe illness in better health than ever. The recommendation of the English cardinals expelled by Henry VIII, of the Capuchin general Orchino,

of the high clergy, the nobility, and the intellectual aristocracy, that a compromise with the Reformation in the north be effected, was refused. For compromise meant weakness, and, in the struggle for the most sacred institutions of the Church, this would have led the masses astray. However, the ship of St. Peter sailed over the most dangerous of all shoals, guided by such helmsmen as this time of extreme danger needed. Leading all was Ignatius de Loyola, who together with his *militia spiritualis* worked for the strengthening and the expanding of the Church into the farthest places of the earth, trying to replace the lost provinces of the faith by establishing new ones. In the words of Cardinal Bellarmine, "A century of saints had dawned."

There was, however, one good effect of the worldly epoch of the Renaissance. By favouring ancient learning it had provided weapons to combat the new spirit successfully; it had rescued the city of the apostles from mediæval decline and had raised it to monumental splendour, to a worthy residence of high priests. Protestant Christianity lost its real power of development despite the countless number of sects into which it soon divided; through substituting the intellect for faith, Protestantism deprived it of the food received through the senses. "Try to manage in the world with a God placed on the throne of reason. You will find it impossible. The heart and the eyes crave something also." [3] While thus the life of Protestantism was doomed to decay, while its whitewashed churches became cold institutions for intercourse with God, the sun of Roman faith above the clouds of heresy rose to its greatest height. In contrast to the intensity preached by a Reformation that tried to fetter human imagination in the icy dungeon of shifting criticism, the Roman Reformation allied itself again with art and thus presented its ideas before the eyes of the great masses in concrete form. The nations loyal to Rome basked in the sunlight of art. This Church, re-erected on the bronze fundament of the Council of Trent, whose earthly symbol was the vast dome on the new St. Peter's, was sustained by great popes and venerable saints whose religious ardour and strict morality restored the authority of the Catholic Church. The cloak of heresy

that had been worn during the period of the Renaissance was cast away. Christian inscriptions covered Egyptian obelisks, statues of the apostles crowned imperial columns. A fervent religious faith filled every mind and was expressed in all the arts. Rome was again the centre of a Catholic world held under her sway; she had made up her mind, not to repeat the pagan past of the princess of nations, but to revive that second Rome that had arisen out of the catacombs, that had changed the city of Mars into the residence of the Christian Caritas. The wondrous structure of the new Church stood like a Te Deum of stone upon the grave of the prince of the apostles, and a century after Luther an inspired pilgrim, returning, might have said:

What were my feelings then when first I trod
The sacred shrine, and music as from heaven
Descended; when a wealth of beauteous forms,
The highest and the holiest ever dreamed,
From wall and roof stirred my enraptured eyes!
When I these radiant shapes divine beheld,
The angels' message and the Holy Child;
The Virgin Mother, and the Trinity
In bright transfiguration from the heavens;
The Pope in all his splendour coming forth
To celebrate high mass and bless mankind!

SCHILLER

ABSOLUTISM

Not to be sought for is rule by the many;
But one should be master, but one be king.

HOMER

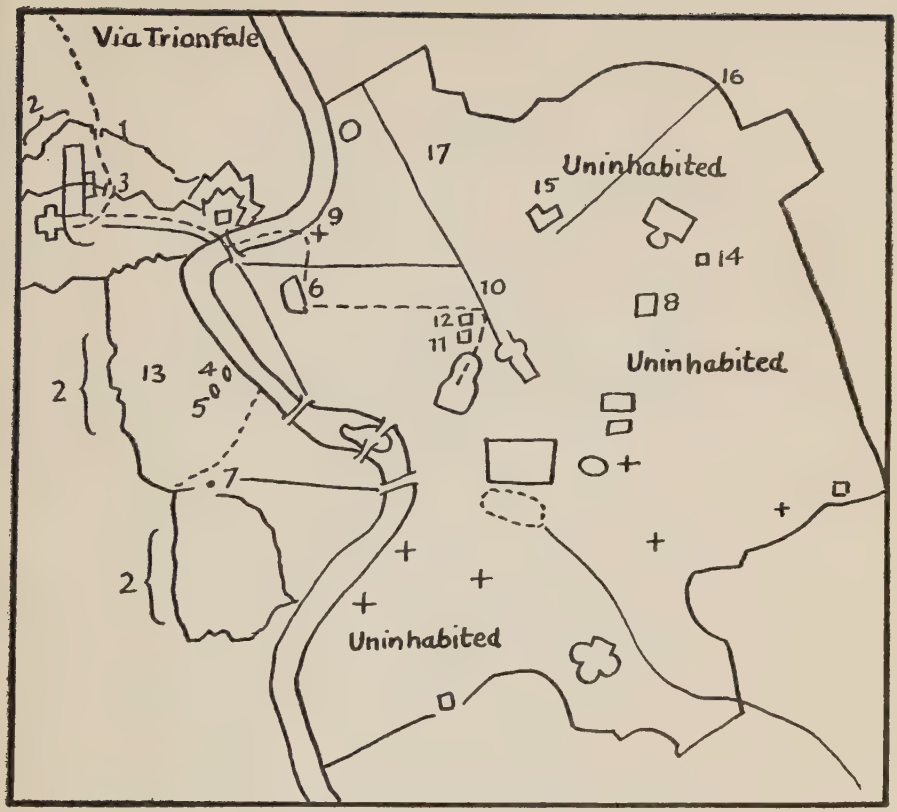
DURING THIS CENTURY THE COLD SPLENDOUR OF MO-narchical absolutism rose higher and higher on the national sky of Europe, reaching its zenith under the reign of the *Roi Soleil.*

While the political forms of the Orient never reached beyond theocratic patriarchy or dynastic despotism — probably the result of geographic influences on the nations — it remained for much-divided Europe first to develop the democratic idea of state government among its many other forms.

All political beginnings are shaped by voluntary union for mutual defence, on the principle that the individual must for his own good subordinate his thoughts and actions to the majority. A tribe must compel others to join it by force as it grows beyond the boundaries of its own kinship. Thus the continued combining of new states shows not only their peculiarly forceful character, but also that the actual foundation of the state rests upon this power. Perfect harmony of authority with material strength forms a patriarchy and represents a certain ideal state if accompanied by the theocratic thought of the divine right of the ruler.[1] If, however, the ruler considers this final significance of power in the state only as a means to an end, his sole aim being its expansion, then imperialism is born, the chief end of all historical movements. Imperialistic success turns the contented patriarchy into despotism. And if the people feel it to be a government

lacking in morality, despotism as represented by weak tyrants is, in principle, opposed by great numbers of the people and comes to a violent end in revolution, from which anarchy is born. Then the fundamental need for political order puts the strongest man, usually a political despot, in power.

As the geographic variety of Europe is reflected in her peoples, so the small Greek peninsula presents a faithful miniature of the complications and the variableness of the whole continent. On this soil all possible political governments developed, both together and in succession; those that grew naturally and those that were planned (Lycurgus, Solon), patriarchal, military, limited and absolute monarchy, aristocratic,[2] despotic, timocratic, and lastly the democratic form, with its reversed order of rule by the populace.[3] These greatly differentiated political institutions formed confederations, and amphictyonies among themselves. In Rome the " classic republic " was born when the rule of the kings became absolutism and they were therefore deposed. The exercise of power by the individual was transferred to the collective body of the nation, and the executive qualifications were vested in officials re-elected at stated intervals. Hence the subjects felt superior to the rulers. The natural conclusion that sovereignty should belong to the physically and materially stronger was in the course of many stages turned completely round. The republic became an oligarchy, a triumvirate, a principate, a dominate, and at last a theocratic autocracy. Then the Middle Ages began. Together with much else, the Teutons merged their undeveloped ideas of law with the Roman conception of government, whose complex nature was the result of centuries. They tried to make established absolutism agree with the Teuton idea of " free followers." This failed because of the constant change of property rights during the wanderings of the nations. When the movement had subsided, the conquered possessions were divided by the kings among their followers; the feudal system partitioned all Europe, great hereditary duchies as well as the smallest baronies. Europe became entangled in a network of legal complications, and all state power was paralyzed. The struggle for that authority, once held entirely by the head of



ROME, A.D. 1690 (Chapter XXIV)

1. Porta Angelica
2. Walls of Urban VIII
3. Porta S. Pietro in Walls of Leo IV
4. Villa Farnesina
5. Palazzo Corsini, where Christina of Sweden died
6. Piazza Agonale, Navona or Stadium of Domitian
7. Fontana Paolina
8. S. Maria Maggiore
9. Albergo d'Orso
10. S. Maria in Via Lata
11. Palazzo Venezia
12. Palazzo Doria
13. Bosco Parrasio (garden of the Arcadian Academy)
14. Villa Sixtus V. (today railway station here)
15. Palazzo Monte-Cavallo or Quirinale
16. Porta Pia
17. Artists' quarter: Via Sistina

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the Roman state and now claimed simultaneously by German emperors and popes, still further confused matters and destroyed the last "legitimate" control. A new epoch began. With the invention of gunpowder and cannon, the death-blow to hereditary nobility was struck; a war of the masses was resumed and the people once more were entrusted with the defence of the country. Strife arose between the rising civilian population and the nobility; the princes of the country, involved in the fate of election failures, joined the third estate. These lords grew increasingly stronger through their methodical planning for the increased power of their houses. They suppressed all civilian and peasant revolts;[4] they successfully revoked all liberties and rights; they deprived the people of their arms and then enslaved them by the sheer physical superiority of their bodyguards.[5] The nobility was definitely divided into two classes: the rulers and those who assisted[6] — the latter developing exclusively into the court nobility, the courtier, and the gentleman. Thus a few noble families gained a monopoly over all Europe, and the uniting of political power around these few centres led to the establishment of great and strong nations. Struggles among them for hegemony, at first carried on under the banner of dynastic ambition, filled the two centuries of princely absolutism.

In the manners and customs of its society every epoch reflects the thoughts that move and advance it; especially in the more lasting monuments of its arts and literature. This is most clearly seen in those epochs during which political thought assumes its most concentrated form — absolutism. The Pharaohs, the Chinese Empire, the Cæsarean papacy of Rome, and through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the multifarious states of Europe, all present a political pyramid, tapering symmetrically, piling one caste upon another, only to build a monolith towering into the clouds. At that time the "*dominium temporale*" of the Church again became an absolute papal kingdom, for the Church was again a temporal power, erected on the fundament of the Council of Trent, and forming a central hierarchy, with a monarch at its head. This double triumph of spiritual and worldly power, and the tremendous revolution in the

conception of life with the beginning of the seventeenth century, were reflected by art. During the height of the Renaissance it had taken up its abode in Rome, and now, with its theatrical baroque style, it had marched triumphantly through all the other countries. Civil and ecclesiastical sovereigns as well as the creatures whom their whims had raised to dizzy heights — favourites, mistresses, relatives, nobles, clergy, and patricians — all needed the outward pomp of architecture, dress, and manners to show their despotic position, their real or apparent power. They rivalled each other in imposing the most stupendous tasks upon artists, at the same time granting unlimited scope to their creative ability. But ostentatious display of splendour was the leading motive urging them on to produce daring and still more daring effects. The frothy new style developed directly from the Italian Renaissance sought to surpass everything that ever had been. The elements of motion [7] radiating on all sides, as in the Gothic, interesting vistas and elaborate effects of light and shade in painting, left their subordinate position in architecture and took the place of the purely constructive tendencies of the antique era and the Renaissance. Details were neglected in favour of mass effects,[8] analogous to the artificial structure of the Roman Church and the strict divisions of society, in both of which the individual was significant only as a part of the whole.

Sculpture and painting became notable and were once more subservient to architecture, as in the Gothic style. Ecclesiastical structures outnumbered the secular; their magnificent façades attracted the eye; their domes and curved vaults were symbolical of heaven. In their dark seclusion one's gaze was lost in the infinite. Figures of saints, more than life-size, with enraptured eyes and fluttering robes, occupied the niches or gracefully reclined on cornices. The splendour of burial chapels and sarcophagi proved the boastful vanity of the great men of the time, who were desirous even of making an impression after death. The combined effects of architecture, sculpture, and painting — these most precious and colourful jewels set in gold and silver — enhanced the sense of surplus splendour.[9] In contrast, the repellently severe exterior of the palaces resembled

the stately dignity of their occupants. The façades of the state apartments, miles in length, rose on buttresses and entresols. Huge gateways for the carriages of state led into courts having ornate fronts on the opposite side, where cascades fell murmuring. But the greatest splendour of all was to be found in the interiors, which had lost all their homelike character. The gilded halls, stretching away endlessly, with their gorgeous mantelpieces and still more beautiful crystal chandeliers, served only for the purpose of presentation and as a means of ceremonious display.

Country places became residences of magnificent style, set in gardens where the art of landscaping [10] made all laws of nature subordinate. Nothing but general effects and broad perspectives were considered. Details either were absent or appeared in mass. Straight avenues, with statues of the gods set in niches cut in hedges, led to artificial rockeries, grottoes, obelisks, and temples. Out-of-door theatres and menageries [11] were hidden in thick rustling foliage; in the Giardino Secreto amusement was provided by water-organs, distorting mirrors, gusts of wind, automatons, and labyrinths. The rushing waters of the basins and fountains in the pleasure-parks, unfettered by even one gesture of the princely hand, portrayed most perfectly the plenitude of his power. A fit setting for illuminations, fireworks, ballets, and masquerades; for men with curly wigs and waving plumes in their hats; for costly garments trimmed with lace and galloon; for ladies with butterflies of sparkling diamonds in their hair; for wide rustling gowns of velvet and brocade, fragrant with orange and frankincense; for the ornament of courtier and lackey in gay uniform. This society of outward show and inward hypocrisy knew but itself alone, lived only for ambition fed upon intrigue [12] and amusement. It squandered the proceeds obtained by the labour of the servile masses, and instead of bread offered them bright-coloured pebbles. The cringing obsequiousness of the lowest class accorded with the arrogance and conceit of the highest; between the two extremes were the beggarly court nobles, the rough country squires, and the narrow-minded, fawning citizen-class.

Cold calculation, blended with fantastic ardour, sought to intoxicate

the enslaved masses and to make visible before them the conception of authority in every possible form. Posing for effect took the place of true creation, in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Poetry and music, noble sisters that they were, became the handmaids of court ambitions; at the climax of religious moods [13] they contributed the new form: opera. Drama,[14] too, had had a reawakening. Poetry [15] tried to offer what never before had been attempted. *Lo stupore* was the watchword. Alexandrine verse resembled galloping cavalcades; the ornate eloquence of pulpit orators was like the avenues of Versailles.

Whole generations succumbed in dull apathy to the impact of these waves; individual voices were lost amid the ringing of bells and the rolling of drums, which everywhere accompanied the gay parade of princely absolutism.

But in the lonely distance the stars of great men were shining in the firmament of the age. Those who were not blinded by the quickly passing brilliance of Bengal lights beheld them with sincere adoration.

At La Storta, in front of the last mail-coach station [16] on the Via Cassia, a two-wheeled carriage stopped on its way to Rome. It was half closed and was drawn by two horses, on one of which rode the *vetturino* himself.[17] The innkeeper, a German, passed goblets of wine to the traveller and his coachman and pointed southward, where the dome of St. Peter's, bathed in sunlight, rose above the horizon. An old gentleman in clerical garb [18] stepped up to the coach and politely inquired if he might go along; he said his mule was lame and that he was obliged to be in Rome on the eve [19] of St. Peter and St. Paul's festival. The traveller granted the request gladly, for the seat beside him had been unoccupied since Spoleto because of an accident to his servant. The old man climbed in; he was a procurator at the Roman customs-house, he said with pride, a pupil of the learned German Athanasius Kircher,[20] and a friend of Lucas Holstenius. He was a tireless conversationalist, well-informed in the history of Rome. His curiosity was satisfied after he learned

that the traveller was the Franconian Baron Thüngen, who, since leaving Venice a fortnight before, had travelled continuously, expecting to reach Naples via Rome in four more days. "Many travellers are now coming to Rome, in addition to the pilgrims," he said; "evidently they follow the example of the Queen of Sweden and visit Rome because it is the educational centre of the world. Quite a colony of artists have settled on Monte Pincio. I myself for a long time lived next to Claude Lorrain, who introduced me to Poussin. You probably know that the King of France founded an Academy of Fine Arts in Rome in 1660. My father was himself a painter; he saw Rubens finish his famous picture on the high altar of the Chiesa Nuova in 1601, and he helped Annibale Carracci paint the ceiling decorations of the Palazzo Farnese. Once when I was a child I saw Milton, who is so often called the English Dante. Well, Rome has always been a rendezvous for men of fame."

Meanwhile the carriage was rattling along the old imperial road. The procurator was greatly pleased that the young German understood Italian so well; showing him on the left a lonely hill crowned by a fortress which rose from the plains, he said: "Over there is the site of ancient Veii; like Troy, it was once besieged by the Romans for nine years and finally taken by fraud. Camillus dug a passageway into the fortress under the wall. The Rospigliosi castle now stands on the same spot. The whole district is filled with malaria and hence deserted."

Soon the road divided, and the procurator advised: "I should turn to the left, for the Via Trionfale takes us straight to St. Peter's. If we hurry, we shall be in time to see the arrival of the Pope for Chinea." The traveller agreed and the coachman did not spare the whip. The Trajan aqueducts ran along the left side of the ancient road of the triumphs, which all victorious Roman generals had traversed, as well as the German emperors on their way to Rome. The talkative old man, now and then taking a pinch of snuff from his snuff-box, rambled on incessantly. "You need not trouble about the duties on your luggage. I shall attend to that," he said. "I presume you have with you the stories of Bandello and even the

Decameron, rather than such books as your great fellow-countryman Leibnitz carries along. The other day I had to relieve him of some books on Copernicus that were on the Index. They were returned to him, however, for he went to Rome purposely to settle that old dispute.[21] Strangers really enjoy the greatest liberty in the papal capital; it now has a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants,[22] and there is much to be seen: the pagan ruins and many new churches, with palaces shooting up just like mushrooms; there are even two coffee-houses,[23] as in Turkey, where the journals[24] and the Avisi di Roma are kept. If you wish good lodgings, I can recommend the new inn, Monte d'Oro, on the Piazza d'Espagna. The Albergo del' Orso also has long been considered a respected place. But so far as that goes, all the hostelries are small and dirty, with plenty of mosquitoes in summer. Nevertheless, they are quite expensive."

Again taking snuff, the loquacious old gentleman continued: "Don't let anyone talk you into hiring a guide, for they nearly all are uneducated people; the officers of the Swiss Guard are especially fond of fooling strangers. If you like, I shall take you about a little myself. You must see the magnificent Barbarini Palace and the Capuchin church, built by a brother of Urban VIII. The walls of its crypt are decorated with the carved bones of deceased monks. It is not far from there to the Porta Pia,[25] where the aristocrats enjoy their daily drives. There you can see the most elaborate coaches, *lettige*[26] and *portantine*, the Rospigliosi carriage, drawn by the famous Isabella horses;[27] the splendid sedan-chairs of the two French sisters who married the Princes Orsini and delle Rovere; they are worthy successors of another pair of sisters, the Countess Colonna and the Duchess of Mazarin, who enjoyed great prestige until they fled back to the French court in men's attire. French manners and French heiresses now, indeed, take the place of the Spanish. Not long ago the French ambassadors, with eight hundred soldiers, rebelled against the orders of the Pope to withdraw their exterritorial rights; whereupon the Holy Father placed the interdict upon the French Church of S. Luigi to which they had fled (1687). Added to this, everyone succumbs to French extravagance; it is ruining our

richest families. Not a day passes without some great festivity. Half the Roman populace lives on bribes, and her eight thousand beggars are not in such a bad way either. Some time you must come along to the Bosco Parrasio, on the Gianicolo, dear Baron; all Rome goes there to criticize the dramatic performances of the Arcadians; or you may perhaps receive an invitation from Prince Aldobrandini, to his Feste Campestri, so much admired by all foreigners. Oh, it's Sunday every day in Rome! The uninterrupted chain of public pleasures is broken only — to good effect — by the great church festivals. Fireworks on the Piazza Farnese and the *girandola* on the Castle of San Angelo always accompany the entrance processions of the ambassadors, the appointments of cardinals, or, as just now, the Chinea. Let us hope the old Queen of Sweden does not die today in the Palazzo Riario; it would be just like that spiteful old woman. She, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and the Landgrave of Hesse, great-grandson of Philip the Magnanimous, are considered the most eminent of the converts. The Church and the papal court have been greatly annoyed at her eccentric conduct. Only the other day she struck Cardinal Altieri a blow with her crutch. I wonder who will inherit her glorious collection?[28] Doubtless her old favourite Azzolino."

The procurator took another pinch of snuff and gazed pensively at the lid of his snuff-box. While these gay pictures of Roman life were flitting through the mind of the young German, he saw the desolate Campagna stretching before him. Far and wide no human being was to be seen; grape-vines crept painfully along the earth. About an hour and a half had passed since leaving La Storta, and the carriage had reached the height of Monte Mario. Before them lay the jewel of the sublime landscape — the city of the seven hills, her towers, cupolas, and palaces, the dome of St. Peter's triumphing over all, and the winding Tiber, a delight to the eyes. At the same time every bell began to ring, drowned by the thunderous salutes from the cannon of San Angelo.[29]

"The Pope is now leaving the palace on Monte Cavallo," the procurator explained to his surprised companion. He drew attention

to the strong new walls that surrounded the Vatican hill and formed extensive redoubts around the stronghold of San Angelo. Mysteriously enveloped in clouds of smoking powder, the huge archangel Michael stood aloft, the sword of God in his hand, like an image of the *ecclesia militans* itself. The procurator caught the Baron's glance and said: "Yes, the days of Charles V have gone, and gone, too, are those *capitani di ventura* who pillaged Rome and then forced the Pope to grant them absolution. My grandfather knew Valuti and Lionello in his day and saw the heads of those robber-kings hanging on the bridge of San Angelo."

The carriage stopped at the Porta Angelica, and sergeants examined the passports. Then it rolled along down the Borgo S. Angelico, as yet but scantily built upon. The procurator pointed to the vast papal palace, the façade miles in length, and the thousands of windows. A second wall was entered through the Porta S. Pietro, where a papal guard was stationed. "Here is the old secret passage from the Vatican to San Angelo. It has made flight possible for many a pope. In centuries past, adulteresses and female penitents were imprisoned here," the old man explained to the German, who listened attentively.

These remains of gloomy ages were suddenly followed by a dazzling view of the great Piazza di S. Pietro. In austere majesty, crowned by a dome "like a second heaven against the sky," the wondrous structure, at last completed, rose above the tomb of the prince of the apostles — a stone Te Deum of the Church Triumphant. Like two great arms reaching out to embrace all nations, fourfold colonnades proceeded from it, receiving the crowds of true believers, preparing their eyes by this imposing entrance for the increasing size and grandeur of the interior of the mighty church. Rome had erected nothing like it since the days of Trajan and Caracalla; its proportions almost surpassed in boldness those of the imperial city itself. Christian inscriptions now covered the obelisks, statues of apostles crowned the imperial columns; a piece of the cross of Golgotha — light triumphing over darkness — shone from the obelisk of Caligula in the centre of the square. Two glittering fountains sent their columns of spray

high in the air; waterfalls pattered over the ornamental crowns, and broad streams poured into basins of granite brought from the Orient. Bells rang unceasingly, blending with the sound of turbulent masses of people surging to and fro. The papal halberdiers were scarcely able to make room for the gilded coaches of the cardinals and the nobility. Everywhere there was festive decoration. Yellow *pozzolana* sand covered the large square, rugs and tapestries hung from all the windows. Festoons and garlands of laurel held the green silk curtains above the colonnades.

Baron Thüngen and the procurator left the carriage and pushed their way through the crowd, up the stairway that led to the broad platform in front of the church. On both sides hung the famous tapestries made after the cartoons of Raphael, among them the celebrated piece: " The Mass at Bolsena." Volleys of cannon again drowned the clanging of the bells. The papal procession arrived at the Piazza di S. Pietro. At its head were Corsican body-guards on horseback, followed by twenty-four pages, also mounted; next the large *lettiga* of the Holy Father, borne by Sicilian horses richly caparisoned, appeared in view. Everyone knelt in the dust. The crimson curtains were drawn back and Alexander VIII constantly bestowed his apostolic blessing. The sedan-chair was directly followed by favourite cardinals, the General of the Papal States, the Duke of Fiano, the Maestro di Sacro Offizio, the Vice-chamberlain and Governor of Rome, then the Roman senator,[30] in gold brocade, riding on a black Andalusian horse, with guards of the palace concluding the procession, which moved slowly through the arcades to the Scala Regia. There the papal king was received by the Prefetto del Palazzo. The pontifex was carried on a *sedia gestataria* to the statue of Constantine the Great in the portico of St. Peter's, where the chamberlain read to him the names of the vassals who were not present; the Pope then entered the great halls of the basilica and was seated upon a throne at the high altar. In the mean time a second spectacle was being presented to the gaping crowd outside. Drummers, buglers, and papal militia marched towards the church, followed by a coach of state drawn by six horses; inside sat Prince

Colonna, ruler of the Kingdom of Naples. Plumes yards in length waved from the horses' heads; their trappings were of gold. Swiss guards followed. Next came a white mule with purple head-gear, bearing a casket that held seven thousand ducats; numberless ecclesiastics on horses lavishly adorned joined the procession. At the stairway the Prince left his coach and passed with dignity through the wide-open centre portal, his retinue following. Then the procurator and the Baron saw the mule kneel down before the Pope's throne to have the casket taken off. Next Sardinia delivered her tribute: two thousand scudi in a chalice of gold. Parma and Piacenza presented an empty chalice, and each Roman baron gave an ounce of gold and two live pheasants or partridges as a token of their vassalage. This concluded the ceremony.

Don Antonio and the stranger quickly pushed their way out of the church. The crowd outside was jammed together watching for the departure of the princes of Church and State, whose coaches, accompanied by outriders, rolled thunderously out of the Court of Damascus. The two men found their carriage waiting for them at the Palazzo Accaramboni. As the procurator climbed in, he said: "Now I'll take you to a hostelry." The Borgo Nuova being closed off for the nobility, they drove through side-streets to the square in front of San Angelo. "Public executions take place here," said the old man. "My grandfather often told me of having seen the head of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci roll in the dust." Through two strong round towers they crossed the bridge of San Angelo and drove along the banks of the Tiber until their carriage stopped in front of a small house; an iron bear distinguished it as the Albergo del' Orso. The innkeeper came out with his servants, who took the luggage. The *vetturino* received twenty ducats, and the Baron was escorted to a small room. "A century ago M. Montaigne occupied this place; later the Archduke Andrew," the host said with pride. "I shall bring you a light repast." Then the procurator left, promising to come back in the late afternoon.

After Baron Thüngen had had a few hours' rest, Don Antonio returned. "Let us go to a neighbouring café," he said; "later we

can view the *girandola* from the Capitol." They walked through the Via del Soldato to the Piazza Navona, where the bustling traffic presented a true and ever-changing picture of Rome to the traveller. In the centre of the broad expanse an obelisk rose on a high rock; four streams rushed from its base, representing the chief rivers of the continent. Groups of people were gathered around the tables of public scribes, or the chairs of impromptu orators and street-singers. Processions of theological students, dressed in red, from the Collegio Romano passed lines of pale-faced orphan children. Sabinian peasants in picturesque garb pulled heavy-laden carts. Parsons in long gowns and wide-brimmed hats, and lawyers in their white wigs, gravely pursued their way.

Sedan-chairs passed, behind whose silken curtains sat ladies with high hair-dress, beside their *cavalieri servienti.* Now and then the golden coach of a prince of the Church rolled by, and everyone knelt before it.

In front of one of the inns tables and chairs were standing, so the procurator and Baron Thüngen sat down. At another table Herr von Leibnitz recognized Don Antonio and bowed. The host, a Greek, brought wooden cups filled with deliciously fragrant Turkish coffee. "This place," said the old man, "is the old Circus of Domitian. The cages of the wild beasts are still to be found in the cellars of neighbouring palaces. Yonder is the new Church of S. Agnese; its wonderful towers wind from massive squares to the delicate grace of a circle. Evil tongues say that Bernini placed the figures of his fountain in such postures that the God of the Nile covered his face in order not to see the façade; but La Plata leaned back with outstretched hands to catch the tumbling cupola and towers. Because of the criticism Borromini committed suicide. At this fountain criminals are scourged, and Jesuit fathers preach edifying sermons *ad exemplum.* But the place looks magnificent when it is turned into a circus again, with tribunes assembled for great amusements and tournaments.[31] I still remember the festival of 1631, when the Princess Colonna bestowed diamond pins hidden in bouquets of roses upon the victorious knights."

While Don Antonio was talking, fakirs were constantly appearing, offering real Jordan water, amulets, and pictures of the saints; also mendicant friars who were collecting money for hospitals. "Out of the eight thousand beggars in Rome, fifteen hundred are taken care of in the various charitable institutions," explained Don Antonio. "Just now they are building another large hospital. But you can't get rid of beggars, for we have no middle class[32] — only nobility and clergy."

The procurator took some snuff, then rose; the stranger likewise. They walked through narrow crooked streets lined with high houses. Rubbish lay everywhere. There was little paving, and only on the Corso were there sidewalks. Life was all spent out of doors. Here someone was being shaved, there a tooth was being drawn. There were no shops nor show-windows, but second-hand dealers had set up their stalls. As the two men reached the Corso at the Church of S. Maria in the Via Lata, the procurator said: "This is now our main street. It was widened thirty years ago for the carnival horse-races, by tearing down the Arco di Portogallo. To the right is the Palazzo Doria, with the most bizarre façade in all Rome. Prince Camilla, heir of the Pamphili, is having it constructed by Valvasori [it was completed in 1690]; next comes the Palazzo d'Este.[33] The Corso runs into a large square called Piazza Venezia; it is named after the palace over there, where the ambassador of the Venetian republic resides. Now we'll climb the stairs to the Capitol, past the Franciscan monastery. . . . We are now standing on the most important spot in all history. This, like St. Peter's Place, was completed according to the plans of Michelangelo. To the right is the museum; and the building opposite it is the Palazzo dei Conservatori,[34] where in the centre Marcus Aurelius rides, his hand stretched out as if proclaiming peace. The Capitol now looks northward towards Christian Rome." Between the double stairs leading to the senatorial palace stood a statue of Roma, with the river-gods of the Nile and the Tiber at her sides. A fountain was spattering into its marble basin.

Don Antonio and the stranger climbed the three hundred steps

that led to the top of the high tower of Paul III, where a scene of almost unreal beauty met their gaze. In the soft twilight of the summer night the lonely hills of ancient Rome to the south stood in proud solitude. In the Farnese gardens on the Palatine the crown of a palm-tree stirred gently under the evening wind. The ruins of the Forum rose out of the depths like a spectre, and far in the distance the Colosseum stood threatening, as if it were a giant fortress. The purple shades of night descended, bringing dreams of a great past.

Let us turn our eyes to the north, where the present lies, and the future. Illumined with thousands of lights, torches and burning pitch-pans, St. Peter's radiant dome rises in the night sky like a glittering pyramid. The city stretches along both banks of the Tiber in the splendour of her lighted façades.

Then suddenly there is the flash of rockets and the dull rolling of thunder. Streams of fire burst from the dark stone walls of San Angelo, blazing higher and higher, sinking the ancient structure in a sea of flame. Darkness again. From afar sound the joyful shouts of the people and the rolling of drums. Suddenly terrific peals of thunder, as though the masses of stone would burst apart! A huge column of fire shoots up to a great height like lava from a volcano. The whole castle is enveloped in wild seething flames. Myriads of fire-balls fly in all directions, piercing the purple clouds that hang above the seven hills. "*La girandola*," [35] cries Don Antonio, inspired. The glory of the fireworks gradually fades. From the darkness the triple crown of the pope rises in brilliance, the signal of his sovereign power.

But above the Eternal City the stars of eternity glitter.

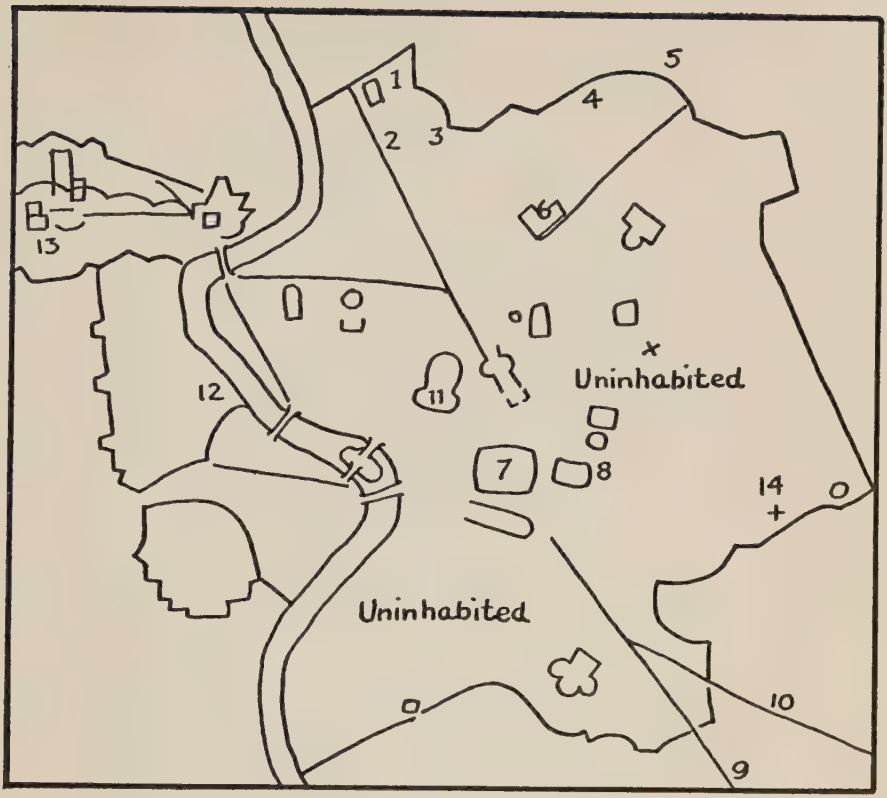
THE LETHARGY OF THE ROCOCO

Je le vois cette Rome,
Où d'auguste vieillards,
Hérétiers d'un apôtre
Et vainqueurs des Césars,
Souverains sans Armée
Et conquérant sans guerre.
A leur Triple-Couronne
On asservi la terre.

RACINE

"SON AGE ÉTAIT SA MALADI."[1] THE AGE OF THE ROI SOLEIL disappeared amid dense clouds of incense, and the chiaroscuro of the rococo veiled the world in a soft twilight. The *grand siècle*, forcing all nature into a coat of mail, was not a very entertaining epoch. People were weary of Fénelon's virtues and of the theatrical cult of the sun. The heavy splendour of majesty gave birth to the light, graceful rococo. It took its triumphant way through the world in a chariot of shell-work, accompanied on its flight by rosy Cupids. In glistening *criarde*[2] and little silver slippers the minuet of the *fêtes galantes* was danced; mysterious orgies were held in the *petits appartements* of the favourite; dainty gondolas, whose flapping wings were made of *drap d'or*, set sail for Cytherea's isle.

Just as the Italian baroque was lost in the rococo, so that grand pyramid into which in the preceding century, the political thought of absolutism, had developed, assumed the grotesque form of an obelisk. The ruler had become a despot, and all Europe was his apanage. In his cabinet, his camarilla, or the boudoir of his mistress



Rome, 1788 (Chapter XXV)

1. S. Maria del Popolo
2. Casa Goethe on the Corso
3. Piazza d'Espagna
4. Ludovisi quarter
5. Villa Albani
6. Quirinal Palace
7. Palatine
8. Colosseum
9. Via Appia
10. Via Latina
11. Capitol
12. Villa Farnesina
13. St. Peter's
14. Lateran

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the fate of nations was sealed. According to the whim of its ruler, the country was changed into a theatre or a barrack, a church or a monastery, an academy or a brothel.[3] His own subjects were held in serfdom under foreign troops.[4] The unlimited power of the least as well as the greatest of the rulers went so far that, overtoppling, they appeared as progressive despots — revolutionists at the top. The ruler had risen to such giddy heights that he ceased considering the steps which led him there. He saw only a sea of heads, flowing around a solitary throne; from the secret depths of the people the monarch procured some to share his bedchamber and some his realm, for a long or a brief period of time as he chose. Thus, usually foreigners, sons of the clergy, bakers, gardeners, even Jews were raised from nothing to the position of duke, minister, or cardinal.[5] Prostitutes became ladies-in-waiting, who later vied with the nobles in ruining the finances and in selling their own countrymen to build for themselves new castles with the price of their blood. Such were the first emissaries of that rushing mob for which they secured those *grandes entrées* which in later times surrendered the palaces to the flames.

True to the phrase "After us the deluge!" the frivolous society still enjoyed, like children, the honied fruits of that aristocratic century, which a safe old tradition seemed to have ripened for them alone. Sovereigns great and small, alike irresponsible, luxurious clergy, and wily men of the world danced about on the polished inlaid floors. Living in beautiful castles, they spent their time at carousals, the chase, and the gaming-table. Being lovers of the antique and expert in matters of art, they collected statues, books, and pictures during their extensive travels. They were intellectual epicures, revelling in the company of highly cultured scholars, and considering it a duty of honour to imitate Mæcenas. It was, however, *haut goût* that characterized this period. Effeminacy was the fashion; women and their attributes left their impress on masculine virtues. Often with the impudence of gamins, they gave an air of *bon ton*, ruling supreme in *salon* and council. Great true passion had gone. Comedy replaced the drama of former generations; a soft rustle followed the storm and stress; the *demi-monde* supplanted society at large, and the dalliance

of pygmies the vigorous deeds of heroes. Chivalry had become nothing but a display of manners. Slander succeeded better than the sword, and at the grand levee the intrigues and *bons mots* of diplomats were preferred to the strategy of generals or the roar of cannon.

The art that emanated from this age was embodied in graceful fancies; its form seemed to change into a mere bagatelle or a beautiful nothing. Elaborate baroque dissolved into delicate ornament. The splendour of tall palaces shrank into broad pavilions only a storey high. Spacious apartments became light tents, the framework decorated with queer Chinese flourishes. The walls were covered with mirrors or tapestries in soft colours. Everything grew more homelike, more intimate. Cold marble gave way to wood, heavy metals to fragile porcelain. Plastic art portrayed only superficial elegance; its figures were merely suggestive, and the marble gave the effect of soft candlelight.

That destructive element which gives the *coup de grâce* to every robust period crept in between the insolence of the masses and the cynicism of their slave-drivers, in the guise of clever meditations and witty opinions. It was the torch of "progress" (doubtfully thus named) which almost in play set fire to the graceful structure. It was the contemporaries themselves, princes and nobles, priests and citizens, who conspired to rob the people of religion, their last possession; the symbols of its authority, throne and altar, were made a butt of ridicule. The grey matter of the brain became an explosive with which the people themselves and the very soil on which they stood were saturated. But instead of fireworks — brilliant rockets that they had hoped to see arise — the earth began to quake and volcanoes burst forth; the monoliths of the old régime were overthrown, and a thousand years were buried beneath them.

Following the storms of the Middle Ages, the orgies of the Renaissance, the religious zeal and the display of splendour during the baroque period, eighteenth-century Rome, like an aging matron, settled into a lethargy of pleasant languor. The papacy was no longer an active factor in the struggles for supremacy which had become hereditary wars of the ruling family lines of Europe. The moral

authority of the pope was already too greatly lessened, and instead of saying "*Non possumus*," the aim was to hold the *status præsens* through concessions. The greatest sacrifice that the papacy was forced to make was the disbanding of the spiritual army of the Jesuits. The place of that religious ardour which had still determined politics in the preceding century was now taken by suppressed piety or indifference, by gross superstition or bald atheism. It was considered *mauvais genre* to be interested in the personal salvation of one's fellow-men, and hence a state of mild blessedness was enunciated for all. The tolerance of the stoa had again become fashionable. The pope, a gentle patriarch, ruled his small principality by laissez-faire, after the fashion of Turkey. In contrast with the days of the Renaissance, he represented his ecclesiastical office with great dignity, maintaining the sacred institutions of the Church. At the same time he tried to increase the fame of the old capital, a fame established not only by world sovereignty twice attained, but also by the resplendence of great art epochs, by the founding of a university for all the world in the Eternal City, and by the making of it a centre for the fine arts. "All for art, nothing for myself," was the motto of Clement XII, and his successors followed his example. "The pope no longer has arms and armies; he must seek to maintain his power by making Rome a model for all cities." The old Capitol [6] became the seat of the Muses, where artists from all countries worked diligently in the Galerie des Nudes, where visitors were conducted by torch-light through the Egyptian Museum, and through the room that held the statues of all the emperors. The Museo Clementino and the Museo Lapidario had their beginnings in the Vatican in 1773. The Académie Française [7] was lodged in the Palazzo Salviati on the Corso, and in 1789 received the painter David and Madame Lebrun within its walls. The great number of students made ten other academies necessary; the most important was conducted by Battoni, the Roman Apelles. More than eighty German artists chose Rome as the centre of their study. Exhibitions of art were held in the atrium of the Pantheon, and there it was argued whether Michelangelo or Raphael was the greater.

Since the days of Claude Lorrain and Poussin in the seventeenth century, the artists' colony was firmly settled in the former gardens of Lucullus. In her studio, at 72 Via Sistina,[8] beloved Angelika Kauffmann painted the portraits of Goethe and Duke Biron of Kurland (1785). Mengs, the Raphael of the rococo, also lived there.[9] Carsten and the art-critic Fernow lived on the third floor of 79 Via Babuino, and from 1785 to 1787 Gottfried Schadow occupied the same quarters. In 1760, the great Winckelmann lived in Casa Zuccari, next to S. Trinita del Monte. He was the author of many scholarly and enduring works on art and introduced a more objective view of antiquity, just as Herder did later for the Orient. From his windows the whole of Rome lay stretched before him: the flight of steps on the Piazza di Espagna, where the inns for distinguished strangers were located, the Café Inglese, which he loved to frequent, and whose walls were decorated with pictures by Piranesi. And gardens everywhere: the Villa Medici, with the Niobe group; the park of the Villa Borghese, with its hundreds of statues;[10] and, farther on, the Villa Ludovisi; Winckelmann was the first to realize the value of its greatest jewel — the head of Juno. Goethe called it his first love-affair.

Thus the holy city, for more than a thousand years the shrine of pious pilgrims, had also become the longed-for Mecca of the art-inspired. In 1736 came the architect who later built Sans Souci; then Gibbon, who on the heights of the Capitol resolved to write the history of Rome's glory and of her decline and fall; five years afterwards Lessing came; then in 1770 Mozart listened to the strains of Palestrina in St. Peter's; and in 1788 Canova, who established his fame by his tomb of Clement XIV in SS. Apostoli; then Goethe and Herder, and in 1799 Thorwaldsen, the last of the century.

Following old traditions, dethroned princes also found a refuge for meditation in Rome. The court of the last Stuarts and of the Queen of Poland added to the brilliance of Roman society. There were hosts of royal visitors, emperors and kings received by the Pope in the Café Pavillon at the Quirinal;[11] and distinguished foreigners on their travels, for even at that time Rome was considered one

of the most important sights in Europe. The splendour of church holidays, the joys of carnival time, the treasures of art, the *feste campestri* in the midst of the ruins, *salons* of culture where beautiful duchesses gracefully discussed the gossip of the court with cardinals, where abbés displayed their sparkling wit — all these together were conducive to the seeking and the finding of the *dolce far niente* in Rome. "All in all there is no city of Europe, not excepting Paris, where life is pleasanter. People know one another and meet everywhere, yet retain complete freedom of action." [12]

Now to a soirée, as was of common occurrence in the Rome of rococo days. A *théâtre paré* in the palace of the Spanish ambassador. All Rome is present, to see the *première* of *Antigone*, with Alfieri himself in charge of the rehearsals. Torches illumine the piazza, a band of musicians welcome the line of carriages from which, descending in ceremony, come nobles, diplomats, and princes of the Church in purple-trimmed robes — everyone in gala attire; past a line of Negro boys in bright uniforms, then up the stairs that lead to the brilliantly lighted rooms above. In voluminous *robrons*, with pages bearing their trains, the great ladies, resplendent in glittering jewels, take their seats. The gentlemen, in their wigs, with their hats under their arms, are standing behind the ladies. There beneath the crystal chandelier is the hostess, Princess Grimaldi, and bowing before her is the magnificent French ambassador, Cardinal Bernis, the *candatari* [13] arranging his purple train. Cardinal Albani, an old connoisseur of art, looks admiringly at the pearls of the Princess of Savoy through his lorgnette. Arcadian music is echoing. Turkish boys distribute boxes of precious sweets. Finally the Queen of England, the Countess of Albany, appears. A symphony is then played, composed by Cimarosa in honour of the evening. The curtain rises. The poet Count Alfieri takes the part of Creon, and the Princess Zagarola that of Antigone. The *tragédie larmoyante* makes a deep impression and there is great applause. Sherbet on a layer of ice and sugar, and *petit fours* for the ladies, Spanish wines, and dainty tartlets are passed by the lackeys, who wear the Grimaldi colours. Conversation now takes the form of the *chronique scandaleuse*. The

Princess Doria tells the Governor of Rome of the *bal masqué* planned in honour of Emperor Joseph; gay stories from the various courts make the rounds; it is whispered from ear to ear that Casanova is lying in wait for the beautiful daughters of Cheffarini, mistress of Cardinal Albani; and that the Queen is going to procure a divorce because of Alfieri. Baron Breteuille has heard that Cagliostro promised a seance to Princess Santa Croce, and the Abate Beneditti declares that the Holy Father is the greatest *pastizetto* of the century.

This city, thus reflecting the weakness of a system in Europe doomed to decay, trying in vain to restore her venerable features to youth with the rouge of rococo façades, was visited shortly before her fall — as by Luther before — by one of the greatest men she had ever received. A man in whom nature had surpassed herself, and who, knowing the secret decrees of fate, was deemed worthy by the Spirit of Rome to receive the Eternal City *sub specie æternitatis*.

Goethe sat in a small cabriolet, "scarcely daring to admit to himself whither he was bound." A brief stop was made at Prima Porta, where even in the days of Cicero there had been a hostelry. To the right, shining in the reddish hue of tufa, lay Saxa Rubra, the first station outside the confines of ancient Rome. There the victory of Christianity was decided. On the heights beyond was the Villa of Livia, hidden like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Then the way led over the old Roman road, the Via Flaminia; on the left were fine remnants of the Silvus Cimininus, which Livy compared to the primeval forests of Germany; then onward across the Cremera, steeped in the blood of the Fabians, into the Val Pussino, the landscape that Poussin painted.

Then out of the silent Campagna — Rome! Beyond were the plains of the Tiber, and still farther the whole range of the Sabini mountains. The cabriolet passed over the Ponte Molle, which still supported the heavy tower of defence used in the Middle Ages. From there the *mille passus* to the Capitol could be counted. S. Andrea was quickly left behind, where the weeping Cardinal Bessarion had once presented Pope Pius with the head of the apostle as a symbol of

Constantinople, daughter of Rome, enslaved by the Turks. Next appeared the Villa di Papa Giulio, last occupied by Benedict XIV, who died in 1758. The carriage then passed through Vignola's triumphal gateway. "Now I am sure," thought Goethe, enraptured, "that I am really in Rome. I have at last reached the capital of the world — the cosmopolitan city *par excellence.*" But the entrance to Rome, the Piazza del Popolo, in spite of its obelisk, presented no very metropolitan appearance. As everywhere else, great splendour adjoined plebeian poverty, barns stood next to domed churches, the women were doing their washing in troughs, grass was growing undisturbed between the cobble-stones, welcome food for goats and donkeys. The terraces of Monte Pincio were covered with the vineyards of the Augustine monastery where Luther once had lived. The only street yet paved was the Corso. There Tischbein lived, who was Goethe's host.

Soon the poet grew familiar with the wondrous atmosphere, the grandeur of the past that opened around him under such pleasant circumstances. For:

Daily to view the small things of Rome
Teaches us Rome in her greatness to grasp.
And Rome the great then shows us again
Fondly to value the things that are small.

"I have been here only ten days, and gradually the meaning of the city grows clear to me. We walk about industriously, I become acquainted with the plan of ancient and modern Rome, I view the ruins and visit the various villas. I open my eyes and look; I go and return. For certainly only in Rome can one prepare for Rome." [14]

He called upon Angelika Kauffmann, and together they wandered through the Villa Farnesina. He attended receptions in the Salon Pezelli, one of the many where society met.[15] From the Café Inglese, frequented by Hamilton the antiquarian, Lady Sidney, and Lord Baltimore, the Corso à la Mode on the Piazza d'Espagna was viewed. At the Café Greco [16] Goethe met the men who represented

intellectual Germany in Rome; and Goldoni was a frequent guest there, also. Along the streets he was struck by the officious idleness of men in the garb of abbés, by the groups of beggars in front of the churches, by the *cantastorie* and the young poets who were reciting their sonnets on the public squares; Metastasio, when a boy, laid the foundation of his fame in this way. All commodities were displayed on tables in front of the houses; hence a connoisseur could pick up many a treasure among the second-hand articles.

But, above all, the poet was drawn to those immortal things which only Rome could offer. "Excepting only the republic of Venice in my mind's eye, the chiefest things of human interest which I met on my travels were the Rotunda [Pantheon], because of its artistic greatness, and St. Peter's, because of its size, and the Apollo Belvedere, because its genius is so great as to be almost unbelievable. I saw the 'School of Athens'; it seemed as if Homer could be studied through a manuscript half effaced; and Raphael's loggie: my eyes were so entranced and my vision so broadened by the glorious perfection of those forms that I no longer cared to look upon the trifling arabesques. For the moment Michelangelo so overwhelmed me as I viewed his masterpieces in the Sistine Chapel that Nature herself no longer looked right to me, because my eyes are not so great as his. From an upper tribune I saw mass celebrated on the first Easter holiday at the high altar beneath the dome of St. Peter's. It seems incredible that art, intellect, and desire should through all the centuries so have combined to deify the actual body of a human being. The brilliance of showing forth His likeness can mount no higher. During that hour I longed to be a child or a believer so that I might experience everything in fullest measure.[17] Each day brings something new and strange; different daily impressions unite in a totality one has long thought and dreamed of, yet never truly reached in imagination."

And now the magic of the ruins in their revered patina! "It is a sad and difficult task to seek out ancient Rome from among the new. Yet it must be done and there is joy in the reward. Traces of glory and of destruction surpass all conception. What the barbarians

allowed to stand, the builders of new Rome have laid waste. But nothing is more enchanting than the view of the ruins from the left slope of the Capitol, between rows of trees. There is the Temple of Concordia glistening through the leafy green. A private individual now lives there and sets his flower-pots on the stumps of the columns. Behind the trees the small tower of the new Capitol appears in sight. The foreground is rural and lonely. In the evening I went to the Palatine, where the ruins of the imperial palaces seem like walls of rock. Looking at these works of man, so totally changed by time in the passing of two thousand years, yet standing in the same soil, on the same hill-top, one feels companionship with the great secret orderings of fate. . . . My departure was favoured with peculiar solemnity. For three nights preceding it, there had been a full moon spreading the impressive charm, so oft experienced, over the vast city. Masses of light as clear as soft daylight, with constrastingly deep shadows, sometimes lit by reflections, made us feel as if we were in another and greater world. . . . After sauntering for perhaps the last time along the Corso, I climbed to the Capitol, which stood like a fairy palace in a desert. The statue of Marcus Aurelius recalled to mind the Commander in *Don Juan*, and instilled within me a feeling of the unusual. Nevertheless I went down the steps behind it, where in total darkness the Arch of Severus confronted me, casting dark, gloomy shadows. Familiar objects in the solitude of the Via Sacra looked strange and spectre-like. As I approached the sublime ruins of the Colosseum and gazed into its depths, I confess a shudder passed over me, which hastened my return.

When through my soul there flashes the sad picture of that night,
My last in Rome—
When I recall that night whose treasured memories remain—
Tears fill my eyes."

A frightful thunder-storm had rapidly gathered above the gay world, blinded as it was by continual sunlight. A year later, in 1789, the first lightning struck the lily sceptre of the Bourbons. Soon the

storm swept over all Europe, beautiful France was a prey to flames, and liberty, murder, and pillage crossed her frontiers. Italy was the first victim. Worse than Goths and Vandals were the French hordes that rushed upon the papal residence; they dragged the defenceless Pope, eighty years of age, away to Provence, where he died in distress. Tragic irony that it was, a compassionate heretic placed a wooden cross on the grave of fallen greatness.

In Rome the tree of liberty was planted on the Capitol. *Cæsar's Death* was performed before Pompey's statue, in the Colosseum. The republic was proclaimed, with consulate and popular tribunes. Churches were either burned or used as stables for horses. The papal tiaras, the golden lamps from the apostle's grave, and all treasures of gold and silver were stolen. Masterpieces of the museums were carried away to Paris or suffered barbarous mutilation. Raphael's tapestries were given in payment to a commissioner. The state was bankrupt. All who were able — cardinals, foreigners, and artists — fled from Rome, as in 1527, at the time of the *sacco*. Disease and famine raged among those who remained. The Eternal City was ruthlessly wakened from her lethargy.

ROMANTIC ROME

Grander far than in our north,
The beggar dwells by San Angelo's gate,
For he sees eternal Rome!
Around him beauty glimmers bright;
A second heaven against the sky,
He views St. Peter's wondrous dome.

SCHILLER

WITH THUNDERING TREAD HISTORY STEPPED OVER EUROPE and swept away whole generations in an ocean of blood; as if by volcanic force, the character of nations and the condition of peoples were totally changed. For the tremendous breach had been made through which mankind was to enter into its last epoch. As in childhood minutes seem as years, so to the aged years are but as minutes. Since recent inventive genius has overthrown all our previous conceptions of time and space, the tempo of the history of humanity redoubles every year. If the first chapters were long and void of meaning, the last ones will be brief and equally empty. There will be ever less and less to report. The synthetic human mind makes the panorama of the world more uniform every day, and each succeeding invention opens vast new possibilities for making it still more uniform; until at last the world as a whole, led by the principle for which thousands have died — "equal rights for the brotherhood of mankind" — reaches the limit of its possibilities for development.

If discovery once made the earth seem twice its size, invention now shrivels it to ever smaller proportions. The nineteenth century saw the first scenes of the last act in the drama of history, the struggle

of the new with the old, two steps forward and one slipping back, revolution and reaction — until only the first will find the victory.

Italy made the beginning with the consolidation of her states; ancient supremacy vanished; oldest of all, the Papal State.

Let us consider the Eternal City in this last period of pontifical rule, when, bowed by the storm of history, she sank back during a calm into her old apathy. "Only when so divine an anarchy spreads in Rome, and such a heavenly wilderness lies around the city, is there any room for those spirits of the past, one of which is worth more than this whole living generation." So Carl von Humboldt wrote to Goethe in 1804. And it was this wondrous charm of Rome lying in the midst of the Latium Marshes and the solitude of the Campagna that drew to it the poets and romanticists. For the splendour of the world centre of art and the pleasures of luxurious life which the traditions of the preceding century had guaranteed — all were gone. Dignified silence pervaded this city which did not care to become a metropolis,[1] a noisy Paris or a London greedy for gain; certain of its districts, separated from the others by vineyard and pasture, still carried on their individual life. The cardinal and aristocratic families lived in palaces of the Renaissance or of extravagant baroque; they enjoyed by preferment all the rights and profits of the estates, displaying the old magnificence only on official occasions, especially for the visits of foreign royalty.[2] Rome offered refuge also to surviving nobility, to deposed rulers, to royal widows, especially to the venerable mother of Napoleon, and her brother Cardinal von Fesch (Palazzo Falconieri), to the royal couple from Spain with Godoy, Principe de la Paz (Charles IV. Palazzo Barbarini); Charles Emanuel IV, the former King of Sardinia, lived as a monk in S. Andrea; the line was closed by the last King of Naples (1860. Palast Farnese). All officials were ecclesiastical; the citizens, many of them quite prosperous, lived a comfortable life; the people, always frugal, continued to feed on the crumbs that fell from the masters' tables.

"Whom would Rome not take into her gentle lap and there both teach and caress, even though he were born on foreign soil? Who ever felt himself a stranger there, even though he came from the

ends of the earth? Where was there ever a spirit, however crude, that Rome did not soften and send home more mellowed? "

Thus had Erasmus of Rotterdam experienced the magic of the city, and after the stormy times of the Renaissance and of religious fervour, after the pomp of baroque and florid rococo *salons*, the last period of papal rule over Rome faded away in the gentle melancholy of a dreamy romanticism. To enjoy once more the lure of the past in a world being everywhere born anew, noble natures more than ever made pilgrimages to Rome.

On the picturesque Aventine, Honoré Balzac saw, all around, the churches and monasteries grey with age. There was the olive-tree planted in 1200 by St. Dominic in the garden of S. Sabina, whose dismembered trunk brought forth a new shoot when his order was being reformed in 1835. Was that not an emblem of Rome, the Eternal City? Far below him over blocks of marble the Tiber rushed on like Time. " O Rome! " he mused, " we tread the stones that once were Cæsar's and Pompey's gods; and we are lost in thought as we view their great works, beautiful still in their old age. Here alone is life worth living, where both mind and body are satisfied, and where the fountain of all beauty is for ever flowing. O Rome! thou alone hast led us away from the barbaric and hast taught us religion and culture. If I meditate for an hour on the banks of the Tiber, I am wiser than if I had studied at home eight times as long."

There through the vineyards of the Cœlian mount is where Chateaubriand wandered in the noonday glow. No breeze stirs, only the cicadas buzz monotonously; everywhere there are the ruins of great buildings, old oaks and underbrush, and on all sides stretches the panorama of Rome. " He whose time is free in this world should live here always, where the earth itself is company and gives food for thought, where every walk tells of something new. This crumbling stone, like the very dust whirled by the wind, speaks of an ancient grandeur."

Behind the Cestius pyramid lies a little cemetery. Gaudy and Brentano stand at the grave of Goethe's son, who died in that same

Rome that once enriched his father's life. Not far away Byron buried the heart of Shelley.

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

On Sundays, as they have done for thousands of years, the country people with their wagons pass this peaceful spot on their way to the old cattle-market, the Forum Boarium. The fissured rocks of the steep Aventine jut out on the right, still bearing remains of the old royal walls. Shabby dwellings are scattered along the way; on the shore opposite are lovely gardens of lemon-trees, extending to the Ponte Rotto (Pons Æmilius). Draught-oxen are being watered at the picturesque well where once the Ara Maxima stood. Old churches in still older pagan temples heighten the romantic picture of this oldest forum of Rome. As in the days of the republic, when the markets of Latium were held there, a lively commotion still prevails among the many stalls. Shoes are mended and cattle are sold; labourers are hired and barbers ply their trade; public clerks, seated at tables, are busy at work; eating-places are filled, while lemonade and other refreshments are offered for sale. Jugglers and street-singers provide entertainment, and monks take up collections for masses to save souls. High on the Capitol, where once stood the imposing Temple of Jupiter, the Palazza Cafarelli now salutes the world.

Often Frederick William IV gazed from his windows and, romanticist on Prussia's throne that he was, surrendered himself completely to the spell that the view of Rome beneath his feet cast upon him. " We looked down upon the Forum and across to the Palatine and the Aventine; one with the ruins of imperial palaces, the other with old churches and monasteries and tiny houses embedded in gardens. Behind the Forum rose the walls of the Colosseum and, stretching on to the sea, the broad plains of the Campagna; to the left the Alban hills, Frascati, and Lake Albano with its bor-

dering trees were all illumined by the setting sun; the farthest rays fell on Labicum, the very ancient city of the Latins." [3]

Rome lured all, as with the magic power of Circe, and on they came: Tieck, Schelling, Andersen, and Scheffel, Alexis, Gaudy, and Brentano, striking the strings of their lyres in worthy song. Then others came also who by their work built that intellectual wall which immortalizes the city's fame. Gibbon laid the foundation, Mommsen and Gregorovius built tower and gate; Gsell-Fels and Bädeker placed the layers of stone, Burkhardt furnished stately ornament, and Ranke and Pastor set the cross on the pinnacle.[4]

Artists also came, though the time was past when they might have helped to weave the city's festive dress; but they learned how to create, and their works, bearing the impress of Rome, went into the far world. It was a smiling life, long to be remembered, and deeply enriched all who lived it. The Café Greco, now Tedesco (Via Condotti), has always been frequented by German artists: there Mendelssohn sat and Schopenhauer, Baron von Stein and Moltke (Prussia's Cæsar and Augustus), exchanging thoughts and impressions. Society met at the Corso when the Pope and the prelates drove or walked on Monte Pincio. The religious festivals attracted many, and likewise the jubilee years; carnival was observed as formerly, and at night the ruins of ancient Rome were visited. Prisoners from the galleys worked on excavations at the Forum, but romanticism in contrast to the Renaissance and classicism showed but little appreciation.

"Only from a distance and separated from the ordinary — as the past alone — should antiquity appear to us. We are always annoyed when a half-lost ruin is exhumed. At best it may mean gain for learning, but always at the expense of imagination." (Humboldt to Goethe.)

Yet as night fell, everything again seemed unchanged. The fires of brushwood lit by the shepherds flared on the same spot that once was the whole world, and illumined the fallen splendour of the Forum. The desolate stretches of the Palatine and the Sacra Via looked mournful, and the old world of pagan gods seemed to be sighing. The dreamy magic of wandering in the deep solitude of

night Goethe had once experienced deeply; and Byron too when he sang:

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers. Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress. . . .

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native sight,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
And sailing pinions. — Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs? — let me not number mine. . . .

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,

Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

The time of papal rule over Rome and that age of romanticism which shed a radiance over the ancient seat of world dominion took dramatic leave of a world that had changed — a leave worthy of the end of so great a spectacle.

Eighteen hundred years had passed since Peter, suffering a martyr's death, blessed the seven hills from the Janiculum. His rock still stood immovable, anchored through the centuries in the soil of Rome. Surrounded by all the princes of the Church, while lightning flashed from the sky, and thunder re-echoed through the Church of St. Peter, his successor proclaimed, *urbi et orbi*, the doctrine of the infallability of the pope.

By this act he made his power limitless. In the old mausoleum of Hadrian the *Patrimonium Petri* was enshrined in a coffin. The white flag on San Angelo, restoring the Eternal City to secular rule, became the sign that the empire of the Church had ceased to be of this world, but was far above it and beyond attack.

A REGAL CITY

Dum Capitolium stabit
Roma stabit.
Dum Roma stabit
Mundus stabit.

THE CAPITOL, ILLUSTRIOUS SIGN OF THE ETERNAL CITY, is also the symbol of her great history. *Tria sunt mirabilia*, the hallowed numeral three has become perpetuated upon it. The Temple of Jupiter, facing southward, immortalizes the world sovereignty of ancient times; the Altar of Heaven — Ara Cœli — looking north, is the emblem of ecclesiastical hegemony in mediæval ages; and to these is added the monument of recently united Italy, testimonial to the present.

Ancient Roman history reached its zenith with the defeat of Hannibal; then it descended towards the plane of the Intermontium where the equestrian statue of the emperor-philosopher stands, who made the cosmopolitan ideas of the Greek stoa the peaceful creed of Rome. And then began the painful ascent by which Christendom reached that height where the altar of the Son of God[1] held the mediæval world around it; then down the hill of the citadel, on a golden steed, Italy's first King rides into the new era.

The gate which, for the world's good fortune, denied access to Rome's chiefest foe was entered two thousand years later by the one who united all Italy. In ancient times this unity was the chief aim of Rome; by finally declaring herself the capital she crowned her work. The Middle Ages never knew a united Italy, but the ideal lived on in many hearts. In those times Italy suffered from both

its own and foreign tyranny, but Rome remained set apart — a capital of the world above all nations. Modern days have finally seen the working out of another plan: first to unite all Italy and then to perfect the achievement by making Rome the head. As the only example in the world, two sovereigns are enthroned in the Eternal City. While the patrimony of more than a thousand years is now confined to the palace of the Vatican, the pope continues to rule the Christian fate of the whole world, uninfluenced by the great vicissitudes which have never been able to overthrow the Papal See. The national government on the Quirinal is regulated by the principles of modern states. Rome, thrice crowned by history, shows herself inspired by the old genius and equally worthy of her new place. As the capital of a great country she belongs to the small group of national capitals that govern the political diplomacy of our time. By allying herself with two empires she made her own position in Europe secure and safeguarded as well the balance of power on the continent. But her statesmen were greater than her military leaders. For when, as in ancient times, she had visions of colonies in Africa, her political wisdom was not matched by her military skill, and her proud self-confidence was consequently humbled. When the World War broke out, it was the culture of ancient times inherited by Rome that strengthened Italy and kindled the idea of world imperialism. So Rome closed the political affairs of the ancient Roman provinces and signed the declaration of war against her former allies.

The Italians at times defeated the enemy, but they were never conquerors; the country expanded, but the sacrifice was tremendous. Greater far in danger than any victory of Pyrrhus was the entrance of Bolshevism — the terror of both victorious and vanquished nations alike — threatening to spread its shroud over all Italy. But then, as in the ancient days of civil war, her saving dictator came, and youth crowded gladly round him. With impetuous ardour she drove back the flood of Jugoslavs from Istria and took possession of Fiume. Strengthened by the soldiers returning from the front, whom the Socialist parties had deceived, the youth of her land formed the

Fascist legions. Thus united, the army marched to Rome, and, unlike the avenging course of a Sulla, the new dictator made his triumphal entry amid the rejoicing of the multitude. He ascended the marble heights of the Capitol, and in view of her most ancient trophies of battle all Italy saw the Roman eagles again soar into the air from this sacred hill. "*Salve Dea Roma*," cried Mussolini. "All those that were, are, or ever shall be thy sons salute thee, ready to suffer and die for thy power and thy greatness!" [2]

When kings again ruled in Rome, for the fourth time in its many thousand years, the face of the old city grew young again; first, as in the days after the defeat of Hannibal when the village was changed to a city of crowded dwellings by immigration from the surrounding country and from all the world; and second as in the times of the Tarquinians and Julians, who in giving Rome the character of a capital wished definitely to express the new historical epoch by building structures alike practical and of great beauty.

"*Constituit ætas hora dissolvit*," Seneca rightly says, for with almost as little sympathy as the Christian era once trod upon the hoary splendour of antiquity, disintegrating and destroying it, a new age now strode through the maze of mediæval streets, spreading light and air everywhere. Much that once gave character to the papal capital disappeared, for the new city like a magnet drew the whole kingdom within its walls. Buildings arose with feverish activity,[3] huge tenement-houses appeared, long rows of streets quickly spread through the Quirinal, Aventine, and Cœlian districts, similar suburbs sprang up before the Porta Pia, S. Lorenzo, and Salara. On the fields of Nero a wholly modern quarter of the city developed; where once the gardens of Sallust had been, there now arose the distinguished Ludovisi section of villas, around the Palazzo Piombino. The old Vicus Longus, running from the Forum of Trajan to the Diocletian Baths, was rebuilt and became the Via Nazionale, the principal artery of traffic, lined by rows of splendid buildings. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele traversed the southern part of the Campus Martius. It was not long until four hundred electric arc-lights and thirteen thousand incandescent lamps illumined the streets at night.[4] Huge government

palaces arose; across the Tiber the marble Palace of Justice, with the colossal statues of Cicero and Hortensius standing at its entrance. Where once in peaceful meditation the Villa Sixtus V rose amid shady trees, the ceaseless traffic of a mighty railway station rumbled constantly by day and night. Again in the deserted prætorian camp, as in the times of Tiberius, soldiers exercised in front of the enormous barracks. Monuments representing the new spirit adorned the public grounds, that of Victor Emanuel I at the foot of the Capitol being the most splendid. Four new bridges were added to the five of ancient times.[5] The emperors had never succeeded, in spite of the honest efforts of their greatest builders, in protecting Rome from annual floods.[6] This was finally accomplished by the modern controlling of the waters of the Tiber, and since then the old mountain stream rolls majestically onward restrained by the strong walls of quays along its banks. The fortifying of the new capital also began at once, fifteen advanced forts guarding the Aurelian walls in all directions.

While the Palace Madama, decorated with paintings of the past, is the place of meeting for the new curia of the senate, the sovereign representatives of the people assemble now, just as the centuriæ did in ancient times, on the Mons Acceptorius.[7]

In the construction of new thoroughfares and buildings, many old sections have had to be sacrificed, like the walled ghetto (1870) and the labyrinth of narrow streets in the Regula; but this has resulted in the excavating of many remains of antiquity. At S. Andrea in 1889 the Ara Incendii Neronis was uncovered when the edifice for the Ministry of War and the Aquarium palaces were being built;[8] in the Castra Prætorio the Arch of the Emperor Gordianus was unearthed; the tearing down of the ghetto bared the main entrance of the Porticus Octavia, and the old German Embassy on the Capitol (1920) revealed the fundament of the Temple of Jupiter. At the Church of Minerva the obelisk of Rameses II was found which now adorns the Soldiers' Monument in front of the railway station; and on the Piazza Sciarra the trunk of the Minerva statue,[9] the stylobate of the Portico of the Argonauts, and the Ara Pacis on the

Corso. Very recently the mausoleum of Augustus was converted into a huge concert-hall.

The Italian government has taken scrupulous care of the venerated ruins, their excavation, and the protection of the treasure. On the Forum the Julian Basilica was exhumed in 1871–83, the temple and atrium of Vesta in 1883, the tomb of Julius Cæsar in 1872, the marble floors of the Basilica Æmilia in 1900 and of the Maxentius in 1903; also the pavement of the Sacra in 1879 and the Nova Via. The Arch of Constantine was unearthed to its base in 1910. When the construction of the gas-works had destroyed the remainder of the Spina, only scant remnants of the Circus Maximus were found (1886).[10] The Pantheon in 1882 was freed from the last adjoining houses and the two campaniles of Urban VIII. According to the old tradition, the new kings also are buried on the Campus Martius.[11] The fora of the emperors will soon [12] be visible again, and together with the Palatine and the Forum will display in completed form an amazing field of memory before the eyes of the twentieth century, deeply moving alike through the burden of its history and its transient nature. Only a step away, the centre of the modern metropolis seethes and surges!

The National Museum, built upon the Baths of Dioclesian, was designed to house the excavations from Roman soil; a part of the Venus and Roma Temple is to shelter the treasures of the Forum, and a part of San Angelo the remains of prehistoric and earliest known ages; in the former German Archæological Institute a topographical museum is being established (1925). By the purchase of private galleries, until now accessible only with difficulty, by its care of all sorts of collections, and by the preservation of everything of any historic value in later epochs, the state has proved itself worthy of the great inheritance, which it feels in honour bound to share with all the world. Though the Church in more modest degree has also erected new structures, these too have been permeated by the modern spirit; in 1895 S. Anselmo arose on the Aventine; in 1893 a monastery for the Franciscans expelled from the Capitol, and S. Antonio di Padua. The enlargement of the Lateran Basilica was completed,

the catacombs were further exhumed, in the Vatican the splendour of the Borgia apartments was restored, and the famous library was increased in size by adding to it the rooms of the mosaic-factory; electric lighting was installed in the papal sepulchre within the grottoes, and lastly an elevator was built to reach the cupola of St. Peter's.[13]

Thus the Eternal City has remained true to tradition by honouring and protecting the treasures of the past, which have made her the greatest historical museum in the world; and she has also been just to modern times by uniting necessity with classic grandeur, the practical with the romantic. Thus she stands — a great cultural example in a period of mechanical technique, a period of Americanizing, in which the note is being sounded for the decline of the West.

At high speed a train *de luxe* is rushing across the plains of Latium. An old gentleman is telling how in his youth, when there was no railroad, he had driven in a carriage through the Porta del Popolo (1861) with the poet Andersen; and how he remembered the famous man's complaint to his father that the city was no longer what it was in 1833, when every day he had sauntered through it devotedly with Thorwaldsen and Cornelius. Only a few years more and the deep chasm in space which by the tremendous conquest of technical achievement separates all preceding time from the twentieth century can never be bridged. Three generations have done what thousands of years before could not accomplish — they have altered the face of the world completely and have overthrown all previous conceptions of time and space. Hence it is well to remember the words of those who, far ahead of their time, caught the great general idea that is breathed forth so sublimely from this city of cities. For of Rome it is true in the highest sense that everyone finds there what he brings. " Rome is a world where years are needed to learn the way; she is like the sea, for the farther one steps in, the greater are the depths. And from that first city of all the world does not every place, yes, even every stone, speak to us? How many thousands of mute teachers beckon ever kindly to us in silent majesty! " (Goethe.) The book of history that the sibyl once brought to Rome

lies open, three thousand closely written pages, a motley mixture, with every page different, the letters cut in stone and bronze.

The long train of coaches passes through the Aurelian walls where the gardens of Mæcenas once lay, and the round Temple of Hercules Sullanus[14] is calling. Then it puffs into the long station-shed and stops. As in the days of the Cæsars, all nations congregate here. Hotel-servants crowd close, and, outside, thick rows of automobiles stand waiting in the park, with the obelisk of Rameses towering above. There are the Baths of Diocletian, where the requiem for Puccini was sung in 1925; and there where the old Aqua Marcia feeds the stately fountain of the Exedra, the Via Nazionale begins, flooded with roaring traffic. Flags flutter gaily from every roof, and bells are pealing, for Italy is celebrating the birthday of Rome — the old shepherd festival of Pales,[15] the goddess of fields and pasture. A short drive takes us into the Ludovisi quarter, to a hotel once the Palace of Bellisarius.[16] After a refreshing bath, luncheon is ceremoniously served by German waiters; it was prepared by Frenchmen, certainly as good cooks as those ticklers of the palate which the old Romans imported from Syracuse. Negroes in scarlet coats, newly arrived from New York, are playing the latest dance music on their primitive instruments.

Then a brief siesta rests body and mind for an afternoon stroll. The clocks are just striking three as the splendour of the public gardens appears in sight behind the Porta Pinciana; King Humbert, following Cæsar's example, presented these to the Roman people. They continue the traditions that Lucullus and Sallust originated in neighbouring parks. Children romp over the green, playing ball; in the hippodrome a bicycle-race is in progress; officers in splendid uniforms ride through the avenues; processions of student-priests pass by in their robes of many colours, they are the future missionaries of Rome to the farthest corners of the earth; under those tall trees is a Swiss dairy that is much frequented. It is said that Goethe wrote his "Witches' Kitchen" in this garden, and his marble statue is a reminder of the fact; the path leads past it to the villa where Napoleon's beautiful sister once lived.

Not far away is the zoo, one of the largest and most modern in the world. The shady avenue then passes a very old temple to Diana and turns back towards a lake where black swans from Australia are making circles on the water, and where a Temple to Asclepius casts its reflection. Loud military music is resounding from the Monte Pincio, near by. A well-kept promenade leads on to the gardens that once belonged to Pompey, where the Empress Messalina met death in her villa at the hands of a murderer. On the public circle rises the obelisk of Antinous, thickly surrounded by spreading palms, aloes, and acanthus; while against masses of laurel-trees stand the busts of all great Italians from Scipio and Cæsar, past Dante, to Garibaldi and Cavour — a pantheon in a paradisiac setting. Slowly and ceremoniously the carriages of high society move past in a long procession, while the crowds admire the show of latest spring fashion and repeat the names of the wearers: the Duchess of Sermoneta, Princess Colonna, Princess Orsini, and the wives of many foreign ambassadors. Fountains are rippling, on the pavilion the musicians are playing the strains of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly;* and from the parapet of the terrace the whole panorama of Rome lies at our feet: the cupola of St. Peter's and San Angelo the tangle of columns at the Capitol, the tower built by Innocent III, and far in the distance the Palatine. On the opposite side of the Tiber is S. Onofrio, where Tasso died and S. Philippo Neri taught; the Villa Farnesina, and the palace where the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus once resided. In the sea of houses at Trastevere, S. Benedetto reminds us of St. Benedict of Nursia, and that Francis of Assisi once lived in the monastery S. Francisco; and that, later still, Vittoria Colonna died in Michelangelo's arms at the Convent of Santa Anna. There where Romulus ascended to heaven two thousand years ago, the cupola of Agrippa's Pantheon rises; there towers the column of Marcus Aurelius, and below stands the obelisk that looked on while the Jews departed from Egypt.

Between lilacs, rose-bushes, and pines we descend the broad marble stairs to the Rondell, where columns from the Temple of Rome have been re-erected and sparkle in the sunlight with their golden

ornaments. Wherever the eyes wander, there are witnesses of past centuries. There in the Augustine monastery Luther lived; and there in that church built upon the grave of Nero sleeps in peace the woman who gave life to the fearful Cesare Borgia and to Lucrezia.[17]

To the left lie the Via Babuino, Margretta, and Sistina, where, for the past four hundred years, the great artists of all countries have worked on their masterpieces in the presence of eternal Rome. There still stands the studio of Böcklin, where Kaulbach painted before him; there Thorwaldsen and Schadow lived, not far away Caroline Wittgenstein died, and the fourteenth house farther on is where Richard Wagner resided in 1876. On the Via Sistina are the places that once sheltered Platen, Schwanthaler, and Gregorovius, Rafael Mengs, Angelika Kauffmann, Lenbach and Piloty, Tischbein, Henriette Herz, and Reinhold Begas. Here also the French Dioscuri, Poussin and Claude Lorrain,[18] painted. The resplendence of great art epochs flash constantly upon the inward eye.

Getting into an automobile at the Casa Goethe, we drive rapidly past the splendid Plaza del Colonna and the obelisk of Augustus, with its sun-dial, and then along the Via Coronari (formerly the Via Recta) and across the bridge of San Angelo. In the Borgo Nuova the old Church of S. Maria Transpontina is still standing; in front of it the German emperors greeted the Roman dignitaries on their imposing entrance into Rome; not far away is the palace of Rafael Sanzio. Then St. Peter's, with its magnificent square and its colonnade, comes into view. Reverently we climb the great stairway that Charlemagne ascended on his knees; a flood of pilgrims, who come from all parts of the world for Holy Year to visit this central shrine of Christendom, is constantly passing up and down. There is the loggia from which the Pope bestows his blessing upon the city and on all the world.[19]

Crossing the threshold of the Porta Santa, the marvellous structure opens before us. " The great curves spanning the corridors, all in perfect harmony, give one the sensation of floating in dreamlike calm, a feeling not experienced in any other structure built by mortal hands." In this capital of Christendom, where St. Peter is enthroned

instead of the colossus of Jupiter, where in the subterranean vaults the builders of the world Church rest from their great work, every stone and every statue bear a remembrance of thousands of years. All who ever enter this Temple to Eternity, whether in profound solitude or during the great splendour of church festivals, come away enriched by the consciousness that the brain and hand of man have erected something divine to the honour of God.

It is late afternoon, and the rays of the warm April sunlight, falling aslant, seem to centre on the cross of Golgotha, the symbol of light, crowning the obelisk of Nero.[20]

We pass on in deep thought towards the old Capitol across the Tiber. The gay crowds know but one goal, St. Peter's. Monuments are everywhere: Chiesa Nuova, with its high altar painting by Rubens; to the left, the Cancelleria, where Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, died; on the opposite side the Massimi Palace where the work-shop of the first printers is still to be seen; then S. Andrea delle Valle, where, with their magic, Domenechino and Lanfranco worked the "Glory of Heaven" into its dome; the splendid church of the Jesuits, the monastery where the dying Loyola in his cell bequeathed a world empire to his disciples; then, opposite, the Palazzo Venetia, where behind its window the mother of Napoleon I died.

At the joining of the two Corsi the traffic on the Via Nazionale grows thickest. One may sit in front of the cafés and listen to Negro songs and jazz bands in this international centre of the world. Autos come in all directions across the piazza. Newsboys are not calling the latest happenings from Tokio to Washington. For this is the birthday of Rome, and no newspapers are published. Instead everyone is discussing the opening of the electric road to Ostia, which is to be reconstructed as the splendid port of Rome; the commercial conference; and the elaborate gifts that the state has made to the city to celebrate the opening of the Forum of Augustus by the King; also the modern promotion of the old Latin city of Fregenum. The city has donated three million lire for the care of public monuments, so that the day may be observed in a fitting manner. Many excursion-trains *de luxe* are making Rome the centre of all Europe.

Meanwhile building is progressing everywhere, for with the arms of a giantess the city is extending in all directions.

Passing the National Monument, where marble fountains rustle by day and night, we ascend the stairs to the Capitol; Cola di Rienzo's statue on the left seems like a spirit from hoary antiquity; and in a cage behind, there is a live she-wolf. Gaily decorated in honour of Rome's birthday, the place is today as it has been for three thousand years, a sanctuary to all — "the holiest spot next to Golgotha for all the nations of the civilized world." [21] As though from the mouth of the Dea Roma, enthroned on the height, resound the words of her youngest son addressed to the valiant youth of Rome: "Here is the heart of the city, which through you will again become the centre of the Latin World." [22] As if Jove's eagles were once more flying up from the hill of the gods, a few aeroplanes dipped and circled in the afterglow of the evening sky.

Slowly I went down the stairway leading to the Forum, the mass of ruins already lying in shadow; but from among them the gigantic column of Phocas rose like a special reminder. Constantinople had once placed it there as a last monument on the grave of the deposed capital:[23]

Constantinople is New Rome in flower,
While spires and battlements of Old Rome fall!

Since 1918 the city of Constantine has been dethroned by history and abandoned by emperors and sultans. But the splendour of Eternal Rome is heightened by the presence of two sovereigns.

Alone in the twilight I pursue my way to the Palatine; I sit down on a stone from the wall of Romulus. The source of history itself gushes from the rock. Going forth a stream, it became that ocean of history, which today washes the shores of all distant countries. Here still the three Parcæ sit spinning the thread of the Eternal City, singing in turn: "I have placed in thy hand a sceptre that shall never break"; "Disaster that ruined other empires shall bring thee resurrection"; "Thou art the native land of all mankind — nor time nor

space shall bound thy power." And then, as though the Alban volcanoes, so long extinguished, had again burst forth in flame, a glowing red illumines the distant sky; [24] below, the river rustles, and above me the cypresses. Three thousand years of history are strangely interwoven, the beginning and the end, the transient and the eternal.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

1. The fact that the first settlers appeared in 1100 B.C. or earlier is confirmed by the discovery in 1904 of a prehistoric cemetery at the Forum. In ancient times Dionysius of Halicarnassus placed the founding of Rome in the fourteenth century B.C.

2. The seven hills formed small islands in prehistoric times. The rocks are of volcanic origin. The tufa consists of volcanic ashes and sand. On the Gianicolo and Vatican hills yellow-gold sea sand is found, for which reason the church standing there is called S. Pietro-in-Montoriro (Golden Mount). The ground is covered with pure white clay. Gravel-like clayish sand.

3. Compare: Professor Ed. Meyer: *On the Hittites.* Their remnants are to be found perhaps in the Basques, Ligurians, Etruscans, etc.

4. latus = flat, flat land.

5. Historical: The lava was later used in Rome for building-purposes. The stream of lava flowed to within three miles of Rome, as far as the location of the tomb of Cæcilia Metella in later days.

6. Ruma in ancient Latin probably = St-ream, as Rhine, Rhone, Reuss, Riva, river, Greek *rheo* — to flow. Hence river town.

7. Later carved in bronze on the altar of Jupiter Stator. Also Mussolini's motto.

8. Theodor Mommsen states that probably the flight of the Latin herdsmen from the dangerous neighbourhood of the active Alban volcanoes first led to the settlement of the Palatine.

9. Chaos, original nothingness, hatched the egg (*universum*), a hermaphrodite representing the four elements, whose son, Etos, brought about uniformity and order.

CHAPTER II

1. The Etruscans: The scholar Corssen considers them as Italians; Bunge as Armenians; Tylor as Altaic people; Brixton as Lybians (Hamites); Wilser

as Thracians; Hauser as Hittites from Lydia. Name Turski: as in Lithuanian the Prussians were called Truziskai. Language: for instance, "ten" in Etruscan "*licha*," in Lithuanian "*lika*." Related perhaps to the Baltic group, more to the Hellenic than the Italian idioms.

2. Following the Trojan war great migrations of the nations, caused by the breaking-away of the Celts, who pressed upon the Illyrian-Hellenic peoples. Tursa-Tyrians, passing by sea from Asia Minor to the west, settled Tuscany, bringing along their tribal god Tarchon.

3. India, Persia.

4. Lettish Slavs, Cimmerians, Massagetæ, Sarmations, Scythians. Carduchi: the present robber race of the Kurds.

5. Siberians, mingling with Finnish-Tartaric peoples.

6. Celts, Teutons, Slavs.

7. To the end of the Roman Empire. The sacred vessels of the vestals also were without iron. Among the eight trade-guilds of Rome that of the iron-workers was lacking. Iron served for ornament, and this new period was expressed in the cult; for instance, the ring of the bride and of the conqueror was always of iron.

8. Mommsen.

9. Theodor Birt: *Römische Charakterköpfe* (*Roman Portraits*).

10. A few miles north of Rome. There are still remains of the forest at Prima Porta.

11. Found in the Engubinian tablets.

12. In Veii, Volterra, Perugia, Toscanella, etc.

13. For example, the Cucumella at Vulei.

14. In the ancient Esquiline graves between the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and Via Napoleone III and the Arch of Gallienus, 1874–83. As in Ægina and Rhodes, vases with Hellenic drawings and Egyptian technique were found. Also scarabs that came by way of Etruria (800 B.C.).

15. Near the present Monte Fiascone was the site of the "Forum Voltumniæ," the most sacred spot of Etruria.

16. Origin in the terramara, the lake-dwellings.

17. *Ver sacrum:* originally the Aryan emigration of the superfluous population; from the first of March to the end of May.

18. Belonging to Veii and an ancient Vatican community.

19. Umbrian-Sabinian sun-god Sol.

20. The site of the present Pantheon.

21. Gate of Janus.

22. Very ancient cemetery containing similar vases excavated by Professor Boni, 1898–1904. Graves like those of the prehistoric cemetery on the Esquiline.

23. From mugire = bleating.

24. A tree sacred to all Aryan peoples, because it was believed to draw in the light of the sun. At present the site of S. Maria Liberatrice.

25. *Tigurium Romuli* — remainders still extant (protected as later the Santa Casa of Loreto by a stone house built around it, since the time of Augustus).

26. Still extant.

27. Lupercal — buried under debris.

28. Ara Maxima (in 1464 torn down for the erection of the Palazzo S. Marco).

29. The beginning of the *jus civile*.

30. Pons Sublicius. — Later long walls led to the citadel on the Janiculum (Livy), like the long walls from Athens to Piræus.

31. *Pontifices* (the engineers of the primitive period).

32. Capitol.

33. For example, Consul Spurius Cassius and Manlius Capitolinus. To the end of the empire, also in mediæval times until 1488. Today: this Tarpeian rock is in the garden of the German Institute of Archæology. (Since 1925 the Topographical Museum.) According to ancient law, perjurers, thieving slaves, people convicted of incest and in later times of capital crimes, and in imperial times those guilty of high treason were hurled down from this rock. At Athens the ravine of Barathron was used for the same purpose.

34. The oaks of the Vatican, preserved till imperial times, were thought to be older than Rome herself and were covered with Etruscan inscriptions. The hill was said to be a magic forest and hence was uninhabited; later the bad wine made from grapes growing there was of ill repute (Cicero).

35. It was extinguished by Theodosius the Great at the end of the fifth century. But it has continued to the present day in the eternal lamp burning on the grave of the apostle.

CHAPTER III

1. At the time of Hammurabi.

2. Golden age of the new Egyptian kingdom, in the eighteenth dynasty. Time of Tel-el-Amarna, King Tutankhamun, to Rameses the Great, nineteenth dynasty.

3. Golden age of Sais, 663–525, in the twenty-sixth dynasty. Greek bodyguard of the Pharaohs. Naucratis, the first Greek commercial city.

4. Second entrance by way of Florence in the fifteenth century. Art was foreign. Law and constitution always remained Roman.

5. System of sewers developed by the Etruscans in Tuscany; in Graviscanear Tarquinii one of like age (fourteen feet in width) was found. Cato perfected the system. The sewers were cleaned under Augustus, and Agrippa rode through them. At present two-thirds are filled up. Parts were excavated in 1890 and may be viewed near the Arcus Argentarius.

6. Monte Cavo, the highest point of the Alban hills. The Tarquinians later revived the celebration of the festival, which had been discontinued because of the destruction of Alba Longa. Their power rested on the subjection of Latium. They made Rome the head of the confederation, and her king became the leader. The *feriæ latinæ* later became a celebration of peace and general reconciliation. Still later Roman generals who were not granted a triumph by Rome herself received the *ovatio* (small triumph) there and wore a wreath of myrtle. As late as 1783 the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter were destroyed by Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts. The Passionist monastery erected by him at this spot was broken up in 1870. Today an inn is located there.

7. At Marino.

8. The Truce of God was observed during the *feriæ latinæ.*

9. The walls had stone covering and towers only after the withdrawal of the Gauls, about 360 B.C. Present ruins: (a) at the Piazza Magnanapoli, a gateway built into the Palazzo Antonelli; (b) in Via Tre Pili at Ara Cœli; (c) at the Auditorium of Mæcenas (Piazza Fanti); (d) Viale di Porta S. Paolo on the Aventine, etc; (e) at the railway terminal.

10. *Curiæ veteres.*

11. Via Nuova.

12. Like them, cardinals today wear red shoes.

13. Today SS. Cosmas and Damiano.

14. The seven sacred relics on which Rome's welfare depended were: (a) the Trojan Penates; (b) the Palladium; (c) the sceptre of Priam; (d) the veil of Ilium; (e) the shields of Mars; (f) the ashes of Orestes; (g) the terracotta quadriga on the roof of the Capitoline Temple.

15. Market was held every nine days.

16. Later every Roman conqueror entered in this way.

17. The place was called Senaculum.

18. His ancient altar of rock has been excavated and is standing at the old place.

19. Comitium.

20. (a) Lower part: Tullianum (from Tullius well, spring) the old well of the citadel, drained by the sewer system. A spring still to be found there

is said to have bubbled forth at Peter's command, for the purpose of christening his fellow-prisoners. (b) Upper part: Mamertinum, the prison where later Appius Claudius, the murderer of his daughter Virginia, died in 449. Still later the following died there: King Jugurtha, the Catilinian conspirators, Vercingetorix, King Tigranes of Armenia, Sejanus, and others. Unchanged, it is today San Pietro in Carceres, and may be visited; it was consecrated in 1420. (c) Above it, in the sixteenth century, San Giuseppe in Folignano.

21. Today the Church of Ara Cœli.

22. Three distinctive marks of cardinals at present.

23. Juno and Minerva.

24. Juno Moneta (the present site of the Church of Ara Cœli).

25. Altar of Juno Caprotina, the present site of the Pantheon.

26. Temple of Jupiter Latiaris on Monte Cavo, the earthly embodiment of the vault of heaven, on a high substructure.

27. The old stairway has lately been excavated.

28. Similarly painted figures are still to be seen in the Etruscan museum of the Vatican.

29. *Toga prætexta*, worn by boys until their seventeenth year, when they were permitted to don the *toga virilis*.

CHAPTER IV

1. Theodor Birt: *Römische Charakterköpfe.*

2. It remained so to the end of the Roman Empire, with varying authority of the magistrates, who in name were conservatively the same.

3. In 444 taxation and senatorial election were withdrawn from them by the censors. In 442 two quæstors were appointed for the military treasury; in 362 the curule ædiles took charge of the police and games; later the choice of the dictator was taken from them and given to the senate, which henceforth had power to suspend the consuls. In 343 administration of justice was separated from the consulate through the prætorship.

4. Theodor Mommsen: *History of Rome.*

5. Theodor Mommsen: *History of Rome.*

6. G. Ferrero.

7. The quæstors from 421 B.C., the consuls from 367, and the censors from 350 were the palladium of nobility, which every five years revised the senatorial list, made the budget as well as the list of citizens and taxpayers, and exercised moral police power.

8. *Ordines sacerdotum:* Pontifex Maximus, high priest, (a) *pontifices, rex sacrificulus, flamines, vestales, Salii, Lupercales;* (b) *augures;* (c) *fetiales;* (d) two *viri* (for Hellenic cults); (e) seven *viri epulones* (for banquets).

9. *Secessio.*

10. The Roman faubourg Saint-Antoine. At present also the party of political opposition is called Aventine.

11. The greatness of Etruscan political power was destroyed at one stroke when in 396 B.C. Milan fell into the hands of the Gauls and when in the same year Veii fell under Roman control. Carthage, the leading power at sea, took Corsica and Sardinia from the Etruscans, the latter having previously lost to Syracuse their supremacy on the sea.

12. 450 B.C. with 150,000 people.

13. G. Ferrero: *The Rise and Fall of Rome.*

14. Th. Birt: *Römische Charakterköpfe.*

15. G. Ferrero: *The Rise and Fall of Rome.*

16. Remains are still to be seen in a small court of the Arco della Salara. In 1881 an arch twelve feet in width was found there. Through this gate Marius fled from Sulla in 88 B.C. and went to Ostia.

17. 391 B.C.

18. 439 B.C.

19. Since 367 the state granted a subsidy of $9200 for the games.

20. Quarters for the horses.

21. 329 B.C.

22. The Etruscan *ludiones* since 365 B.C. The actors, *hister* in Etruscan, danced Etruscan dances.

23. The ceremony was copied from the Thesmophoria of Demeter in Sicily.

24. By Demophilus of Himera in Sicily, the teacher of Zeuxis and of Gorgasos.

25. 315 B.C.

26. 338 B.C.

27. This happened as late as the battle of Cannæ, in 216.

28. A legend, the source of which was probably due to the fact that the Tiber island originated in historic times.

29. Now Piazza Montanara.

30. Now Piazza Campitelli.

31. Ambassadors of friendly cities were received in the Temple of Saturn on the Forum. Now the place before the Palazzo Astalli.

32. Columna Bellica, held in the name of the Church of S. Maria in Campitelli.

33. The northern part of the former royal domain was called the Campus Martius; it was used for gymnastic and knightly sports.

34. Today the Church of Il Gesù.

35. Today the region from the Palazzo Venezia to the Collegio Romano.

36. Named for a race-driver whose horses during a chariot-race at Veii suddenly rushed back to Rome, throwing out and killing their driver at this gate. Remains of the gate under the house at 8 Via Marforio were found about 1890.

37. Salii = jumpers; they danced in honour of Mars, completely armed, to the sounds of war-trumpets — on the 24th of March, the day of the spring army-review, and in October as a sign of the winter cessation of war.

38. 305 B.C.

39. Until 264 B.C.

40. The "*Ærarium*," the state treasure, lay in the cella of the Temple of Ops, in charge of the quæstors.

41. Statue of Sumanus, the god of lightning at night-time.

CHAPTER V

1. In Rome, anonymous heroes until about 200 B.C., personal heroes until Julius Cæsar, romantic heroes from Marcus Antonius to Marcus Aurelius, adventurous heroes to the end of the empire.

2. Ferrero: *The Rise and Fall of Rome.*

3. 273,000 Roman citizens, 85,000 Latins, 412,000 confederates (G. Ferrero).

4. We are following the classic presentation of Theodor Mommsen.

5. Suffetes, like the Jewish *Schofetim.*

6. For example: Agathocles, Regulus, etc., when the Lybian women surrendered their jewels for the war against Carthage. Only in Sicily the Carthaginians had been gentler and had therefore gained better results.

7. Hannibal left 26,000 men in Spain, 20,000 in Africa, and marched on to Italy with 59,000 men, of whom only 26,000 arrived (Polybius). There are no accounts of the total number of the reserve forces.

8. Rome had a militia of 356,000 confederates and 273,000 Roman citizens. Seven per cent of the total population served in the army for twenty years. In the war of 1870–1, only two per cent; in the American Civil War, five per cent. See Kronmayer: *Roms Kampf um die Weltherrschaft.*

9. Similar to the Roman Empire in the second century after Christ.

10. Fabius Cunctator, the most brilliant representative of the idea of the

operative tactics of fatigue. See Kronmayer. A similar tendency was successfully pursued by the Entente in the World War, while offensive tactics had until then alone been considered wise.

11. Rediscovered and destroyed in 1872, when the Ministry of Finance was being built.

12. The *ager*, seven stadia in length. The stone ramparts and towers of this wall were not built till 350 B.C. Two-fifths of this part of the wall were excavated in building the railway station and were then removed, a small part only being preserved. Since Sulla's extension of the *pomerium* its destruction had systematically begun, but in the early imperial period the eastern side was still used for defence.

13. The famous "*Hannibal ante portas*" was a cry of terror by means of which disobedient children were frightened during late imperial times.

14. Today between Via Giotto and the eastern gate of the Ministry of Finance.

15. Cells of the vestals walled in alive have been found.

16. It stood about on the site of the Palazzo Barberini; the Capitol was in existence as late as A.D. 400.

17. Probably the Piazza S. Andrea today.

18. Cult of the Palatine Mars that was removed to the Quirinal; the services in connexion with the god had been entrusted to the Roman Fabian family. Today the gardens of the Quirinal Palace are on this site.

19. In 311 B.C. dedicated by C. J. Bibulus; today the Quirinal gardens. The paintings of Fabius Pictor were still shown and admired in late imperial times.

20. e.g., Clivus, Salutis, Argentarius, Delphini, etc. The streets were named for the families living on them, as: Vicus Sulpicius, Fannius, etc.; for historical places like Armilustrium, Lauretum, Lacus Fundani; or for their builders: Vicus Publicius, Pullius, etc.; or for artisans: Vicus Tuscus, Argentarius, Sandalarius. The main street of each quarter was called *vicus;* the side-streets were called *semitæ*, blind alleys leading off from them, *angiportus.*

21. Were called insulæ, because they were isolated; they retained this name when they grew to lodging-houses.

22. A copy on a copper tablet was preserved in the Temple of Diana on the Aventine.

23. He came to Rome as a slave, and wrote the Odyssey in Roman Saturnian verse; it became the oldest Roman school text-book. He replaced the old lyrical stage poetry with the Greek drama. In 240 the first play was given on a Roman stage. His talent was pedantic, but he was the first to introduce Greek metre. He died in 210 B.C.

Nævius of Campania wrote a poem on the Punic War. Plautus of Umbria

(254–184 B.C.), once a miller's servant, wrote coarse comedies with great success; exaggerated caricatures suited to Roman taste; a kind of Shaksperian burlesque. Terence, a former slave, who died in 185, was a coarser Molière in his chosen language. Ennius (239–168), a Calabrian, considered himself the Roman Homer. He wrote a Roman history (288–177) in a blending of epic and story; he introduced the Greek hexameter, and abolished the old Roman Saturnian metre. He was the typical Hellenic court poet. Finally Paccuvius, the Milanese, wrote technically more correctly than Plautus, and more vigorously than Terence, yet with less significance than either. These men of letters — not any of them Roman — became in characteristic manner the founders of Roman literature (Mommsen).

24. Græcostasis: Here later foreign ambassadors waited until they were called to give their reports before the senatorial curia.

25. Erected by the consuls A. Sempronius and M. Minutius (257 B.C.).

26. Probably a copy of the original one on the Palatine, which was worshipped there only; or a second chieftain's house erected there upon the conquest of the southern peak of the Capitol.

27. Romulus and Titus Tatius (350 B.C.), according to ancient usage, both without the toga. Numa and Servius Tullius, each with his finger-ring, erected in 250 B.C. In 130 B.C. T. Gracchus was murdered beside these statues.

28. It was a part of the booty won in 212 B.C. by the consul L. Martius, the avenger of the Scipios.

29. Via Appia: the model of all later roads, constructed in 312 B.C. by the consul Appius Claudius Cæcus. It later ended at Brundisium. Although it was a marsh in the Middle Ages, it has again been in use since 1870.

30. The Pontine Marshes: The miasmas causing malaria were probably produced by deficient water-supply; an improvement, but not an abolishment, may possibly be brought about by intensive agriculture. Besides Appius Claudius many others have tried to solve the problem. Cæsar wanted to lead the Tiber through the marshes. Augustus and Trajan cleared large tracts. In the Middle Ages the marshes reached to Rome. It was not until the time of Boniface VIII, Martin V, Sixtus V, and Pius VI that the struggle was resumed. Even today there is a plain about fifty kilometres in length and twenty kilometres in width rising only a little above sea level. The once stagnant water is now largely received by a wide canal, and the marshes form a second plain, with meadows, fields, and forests.

31. Aqua Appia: Also erected by the censor Appius Claudius Cæcus in 312 B.C. Subterranean. Not in use today, but the source was discovered at the Latomia della Rustica, fifty feet beneath the present level.

32. 291 B.C. After a great pestilence a Roman embassy had brought the snake from Epidaurus; as the ship passed the Tiber island, the animal glided

into the river and swam towards it. Hence a temple was erected there to the Greek god. Today S. Bartolomeo (since A.D. 1000).

33. In accordance with the Sibylline Books, the stone representing the goddess was brought in 205 B.C. by a Roman embassy from Pessinus in Asia Minor. The oracle revealed that the "welfare" of the Roman people depended on this stone. In Ostia the most aristocratic women of Rome received it. When the ship struck bottom at the Aventine, a soothsayer declared that only a chaste hand could move it; therefore the vestal Claudia accomplished it. (A similar occurrence later, in the life of Saint Bridget in Rome, in connexion with the ship of the Pope.) In Rome the stone was first placed in the Temple of Victoria on the Palatine, until in 191 B.C. a temple for the Great Mother herself was completed. Until A.D. 392 her orgiastic festival, the Megalesia, was still celebrated. The divine stone was rediscovered in 1730; its fate is unknown. May-poles erected at Easter are reminiscent of her cult.

CHAPTER VI

1. The individual Greek tribes freely developed themes for musical expression and thus perfected the harmony of the entire Greek spirit.

2. As Carthage was destroyed physically, so Rome was destroyed spiritually. Twenty-five per cent of the population had been killed in war, a strain unparalleled in the history of nations. It was the greatest feat of the Roman people in the long course of its history. All later events were but consequences of this occurrence.

3. Macedonia fought on the side of Carthage. Commercial and moral reasons were added to the political; the safety of authority at home had to be gained by limitation of power in Macedonia.

4. In 197 B.C., 13,000 Macedonians fell at Cynoscephalæ. Macedonia was granted only the power necessary to protect the boundaries of Greek civilization against the barbarians.

5. At the Isthmian games, by the philhellene Flaminius, in 197 B.C. The only instance where the Romans disregarded political advantages, for they could at once have annexed Greece; but their love for the Greeks resembled that of a strong young man for an older, still beautiful, but ever faithless wife. Greece soon surrendered herself to Antiochus and later to Miltiades. All Macedonian garrisons were removed. Athens received Paros and Scyros. The Macedonian possessions in the Peloponnesus were given to Corinth. The Spartan tyrant was humbled.

6. The Boii of Italy, a part of one of the most troublesome of all the Celtic tribes (other parts were in Bohemia and Bavaria). They came to Italy about 280 B.C., the last of the Celtic invasions. In 196 B.C. the Romans conquered Como, in 193 they were victorious at Modena, built fortresses and roads: Via Flaminia from Rimini to Piacenza.

7. Carthage, Egypt, Pergamum, Bythinia were on the side of Rome; also the Archæan League. The Ætolian League took sides with Syria. Macedonia remained neutral.

8. Chalcis on the island of Eubœa was his residence, where he held lavish festivals and in 192 B.C. celebrated his marriage.

9. In 168 B.C., 20,000 Macedonians fell, 11,000 were made prisoners, and Macedonia was divided into four tributary states.

10. In thirty days Illyria was conquered and King Gentius was brought to Rome.

11. Among them Polybius, who wrote an entirely objective history of Rome to 216 B.C., which is still in existence. All that were hostile to Rome in liberated Greece were kept in terror by being accused of treason.

12. After 167 B.C. all Syrian wars of conquest ceased, as the senate had commanded before the walls of Alexandria (Pompilius Lænas). For domestic reasons the empire was soon dissolved, while Egypt was paralysed by dynastic troubles.

13. In 201 B.C., Scipio had there deposited 100,000 pounds of silver from Carthage. In 157 B.C. the treasure consisted of 18,000,000 pounds of gold. In 153 B.C., 1810 pounds of gold, 22,070 pounds of silver, 6,854,400 of coined money. In 148 B.C., 23,000,000 sesterces from Macedonia. In 146 B.C., 4,350 pounds of silver deposited from Carthage. From 201 to 151 B.C., Carthage had to pay $12,000,000 in gold. Macedonia from 197 to 187 B.C., $1,000,000; Syria in 190 B.C., $15,000,000.

14. In 179 B.C. the removal of useless statues and ornaments. 146 B.C. mosaic floor. In 142 B.C. Mummius had the ceiling gilded and decorated with inlaid stucco. New monuments in the temple: the mask of the great Scipio, the statue of Zeus-Basileus from Macedonia in 197 B.C. Golden shields at the gable, 193 B.C. Teams of six gilded horses, 189 B.C., from Æmilius Regillus and Glabrio. In the cella of Minerva: paintings depicting the deeds of Scipio Asiaticus, 189 B.C. On the square before the temple: the statue of Marcius Rex, who constructed an aqueduct to the Capitol. In 169 B.C. more than nine thousand political treaties were already executed in bronze and placed everywhere on the altars and walls of the temples; among these was the peace treaty with Antiochus of Syria, 188 B.C.

15. (a) Basilica Porcia: by Cato, 184 B.C., after tearing down the dwellings of the Mænius and Tities families; burned in 52 B.C. (b) Basilica Sempronia:

179 B.C., after purchasing the villa of the great Scipio (later Basilica Julia). (c) Basilica Fulvia-Æmilia: 179 B.C., with a clepsydra from the year 156 B.C. The basilica is simply a roofed side-forum.

16. (a) Porticus Æmilia: 179 B.C., at the Emporium. (b) Porticus Apollinaris: 179 B.C., from the Porta Flumentana to the Temple of Apollo Medicus. (c) Porticus Navalis: 179 B.C., by Censor Fulvius. (d) Porticus Aventina: 174 B.C., from Porta Trigemina at Porta Lavernalis. (e) Porticus Metella: 149 B.C. (f) Porticus Corinthia: 167 B.C. Columns still in S. Angelo in Peschiera.

Art treasures: In the Porticus Metella: twenty-four gold-bronze equestrian statues by Lysippus of Dium, representing the family of Alexander the Great.

17. (a) Pons Cestius: 179 B.C., of wood, now Ponte S. Bartolomeo. (b) Pons Æmilius: 179 B.C., pillars of travertine, railing of wood, and in 142 B.C. also balustrades of stone. From there the corpses of Elagabalus and Christian martyrs were hurled. Middle Ages: the Ponte Rotto was destroyed in 1598; till 1890 there was a chain bridge. In 1886, when regulating the banks of the Tiber, the ancient contact was found.

18. 144 B.C., thirty-eight miles in length, at a cost of thirty-six millions; three-eighths subterranean. Replaced in 1870 as Aqua Pia; supplies the fountains before the Baths of Diocletian; also the Moses fountain.

19. 193 B.C., copied from Piræus, with storehouses for grain, wood, wine, etc. 174 B.C., stairs a thousand feet in width, with lions' heads for the fastening of ship-cables (stairs and lions' heads found in 1886).

20. Part of the Temple of Spes on the vegetable market — today Piazza Montanara — had a colonnade, now S. Nicolo in Carcere, with antique columns. Part of the Juno Sospita pledged in 197 B.C. during the Insubrian war; there the consuls sacrificed a bull when entering upon their office.

21. Hercules Invictus or Æmilianus: painted in 168 B.C. by Pacuvius. At triumphal processions the ancient statue of Hercules was draped in triumphal garments. In 1471 the temple was destroyed by Sixtus IV; the stones were used for the Vatican library. A gilded statue of Hercules today stands in the New Capitoline Museum.

22. Temple of Felicitas, where the axle of Julius Cæsar's triumphal chariot broke. Burned in 40 B.C. There the Thespiades and the Aphrodite by Praxiteles were placed. Since about A.D. 590 the Church of S. Theodoro stands on this spot.

23. In Delos particularly, a great slave-market, where about ten thousand Syrian slaves were sold daily.

24. Horace.

25. Following the Macedonian War, Fulvius Nobilior brought 785 bronze and 230 marble statues to Rome. Æmilius Paulus had brought

250 wagons filled with statues. The first art treasures had been carried away from Tarentum and Syracuse during the Second Punic War by the conquerors.

CHAPTER VII

1. The first Brutus by the expulsion of the absolute monarch founded the republic. The second Brutus accomplished the reverse, the end of the republic, by the assassination of the sole ruler.

2. By conquests, the Ager Publicus had steadily grown and was scattered over all Italy; for the conquered had to yield one-third of their territory. The state granted one-half only as absolute property to settlers; the other half was sold. From about 264 B.C., when the great victories introduced cheap slave-labour and capital, the capitalists seized as much public land as possible. In order to check these large estates the *lex Licinia* was passed in 196 B.C., declaring that no one was allowed more than five hundred acres. But it was not enforced. The Ager Publicus grew to be private property to the extent that the lands were inherited, although the senate always remained conscious of the illegality of such proceedings (e.g., Cato, 167 B.C.).

3. Parallel with the prosperity of the large capitalistic activities of the optimates, who divided the public lands among themselves, was the decline of small agricultural business, a consequence of international traffic; for grain could be bought more cheaply from foreign countries. Compare with the Italian protective grain-tariff of 1925.

4. Owing to the low prices of grain, only large concerns made any profit, because they were carried on by cheap slave-labour. The peasant estates necessarily disappeared one after the other.

5. While the former popular tribunes pursued purely economic-political aims, G. Gracchus desired the sole sovereignty of the popular tribunes, supported by rule of the people.

6. The popular assemblies were purely legislative; even though without intiative of their own, they voted on the proposals of the magistrates.

7. Each citizen was entitled to a monthly requisition of wheat, at first for half the customary market-price, soon gratis. By this the price of grain, received by the state as ground-tax, was further lowered and at once affected unfavourably the agriculture of Italy, which agrarian reforms had tried to improve.

8. In 149 B.C. the tribune L. Calpurnius Piso had instituted a jury-court (*quæstio*) to deal with extortions; its judges became senators. Later the

financiers and the knights became judges, which made the senatorial provincial governors dependent on them and obliged them to overlook business irregularities of the knights.

9. In 125 B.C., Valerius Flaccus had to withdraw this just proposal because of its unpopularity in Rome.

10. Owing to intrigues, he was not re-elected; street brawls ensued; in the grove of the goddesses of the infernal regions Gracchus ordered himself killed by a slave. Three thousand of his followers lost their lives. The head of Gracchus, once said to be worth its weight in gold, was filled with lead, and his body was thrown into the Tiber. Cornelia, his mother, was not permitted to mourn. In later times a statue to the mother of Gracchus was erected in the Porticus Octavia Metella; the base of it has been found.

11. In 111 B.C. war was declared upon Jugurtha in the Numidian war of succession, but the consul and his legate Scaurus sold the peace. Assuring him of safe conduct, the popular party brought Jugurtha to Rome, but the optimates bribed him, so he could not compromise them.

12. Spring tides made them leave Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg (Strabo). Only by a storm were the Romans saved at Aquileia. The Teutons moved across the Jura to Gaul, where they thrice asked the senate to permit them to settle in peace. In reply the Romans attacked them and were defeated. When they determined to enter Italy in 105 B.C., a battle was fought at Orange in which 80,000 Romans were killed. Later they fought in northern Spain, then marched to Belgium, where the Teutons joined them. Six thousand men, later called the Ædui tribe, 59,000 of whom Cæsar sold into slavery, remained in Belgium; the others moved on towards Italy, and Marius exterminated them at Aix; others settled near Vercelli and were there destroyed by Marius in 101 B.C.

13. The senate later treacherously annulled the agricultural law, because no coupling of two laws was allowed. So the knights were now rid of the senate.

14. The Etruscans made an alliance with the Samnites.

15. The Transpadanes (from beyond the Po) received Latin law and citizenship only in 49 B.C., through Cæsar. The allied states, formerly independent, became Roman civic communities, with local self-government. The Italians became Romans, dialects vanished. Rome, until now the mistress of Italy, became its true capital and political centre.

16. Mithridates the Great, a Hellenic sultan of Pontus. He made use of the war of the Italian allies to form Alexandrian plans, claiming to be the liberator of the Greeks from the Roman yoke. He had all Romans in Asia Minor killed and took up his residence in Pergamum. His armies garrisoned Thrace and Macedonia, and his fleet guarded Greece.

17. One of the many reactions of the Orient to the Occident, traceable through all history since the time of Babylonia: Persian kings, Alexander the Great, Antiochus of Syria, Mithridates the Great, Romans, Parthians, Arabians, the crusades, the Turkish Empire.

18. Dissatisfied with the Roman reforms that tended towards Macedonian principles, Athens had joined Mithridates. During the siege the famous Avenue of Sepulchres at the Dipylon, where Sulla constructed a rampart for his offensive operations, was buried. It has since been excavated. The Odeum, burned down by Xerxes, had been rebuilt by Pericles from the masts of the Persian ships — a trophy of the victory of art over barbarian greatness. Sulla's attack destroyed the Propylæa. He stole the treasure of the goddess: forty pounds of gold and six hundred pounds of silver. The columns from the temple of the Olympian Zeus were sent to Rome.

19. In 84 B.C. emptying of Asia, three thousand talents of gold and silver, eighty war vessels; ninety-six millions had to be raised by the province of Asia.

20. Sulla had landed at Brundisium with four thousand loyal mercenaries; in Campania he was joined by the young Pompey. At Tifata he gained a victory over the democratic army of the consul Verbanus; another army surrendered to him. At Sacriportus he was victorious over the son of Marius, who shut himself up in Præneste. The Samnites tried to liberate him, but were completely defeated by Sulla at Rome. At Præneste Sulla had twelve thousand prisoners executed in one day. Samnium was turned into a desert.

21. More than 4,700. Sulla witnessed the scene from his judge's seat in front of the Temple of Castor. Their property was confiscated.

22. Today the site of S. Maria degli Miracoli on the Piazza del Popolo.

23. Sertorius, a supporter of Marius, had become proprætor of Spain in 82 B.C. He was driven to Morocco by the followers of Sulla and in 80 B.C. returned to Spain, where he found an anti-Rome centre, having a senate, etc. After an excellent reign of eight years he was murdered by the jealous Perperna, and the latter was quickly defeated by Pompey in 72 B.C. Pamplona (Pompeluna), the city of Pompey, still preserves his memory.

24. The revolt broke out in the school of gladiators at Capua, where the descendants of the Teutons, made captives by Marius at Vercelli, were also serving. Soon there were 70,000; later 120,000. Spartacus, a Thracian, led them to Rome; four times they defeated consular armies. Then Crassus, the prætor, drove them back. They divided and were defeated. Crassus had 6000 crosses erected along the roads. The remaining 5000 slaves were slaughtered by Pompey.

25. An upstart, whom Sulla's proscriptions had made the richest banker of Rome.

26. Pompey had renounced a proconsular province. Since the time of Marius the people had filled the offices of command, so he made an alliance with the popular tribune Gabinius. The people, however, were afraid of tyranny and were induced only by the popular Cæsar to ratify the *lex Gabinia.*

27. Pompey's dominion extended over the whole Mediterranean and ten geographical miles inland from the coast. He received 500 ships, 24 legates, 120,000 infantry and cavalry soldiers. His superior forces were to gain the victory. He won many by colonizing; he founded Pompejopolis in Cilicia, where he settled twenty thousand pirates. Thirteen hundred pirate ships were captured.

28. Lucullus had subdued Pontus; he brought the cherry to Europe from there. A mutiny in Tigranocerta, the capital of Armenia, forced him to turn back and concluded his great military career. From then on he devoted himself solely to the enjoyment of life.

29. This ancient prison, unchanged, may still be visited.

30. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, in 62 B.C., Cæsar had received Spain and had first tried his military talent in war against the Lusitanians of Portugal. Upon his return from Spain he could easily have paid back to Crassus the money borrowed from him. Cato prevented his triumphal procession.

31. In 58 B.C., Cæsar defeated the Helvetians and Ariovistus; in 57, the Belgians and the Nervii; in 56, Brittany and Aquitania; in 55 he crossed into England; in 54 he made his second expedition to England; in 53 he defeated the Eburones and Ambiorix; in 52, the Averni and Vercingetorix.

32. In order to become a popular tribune Clodius, a member of the princely family of the Claudians, turned plebeian. In revenge for the Catilinians he had the villas of Cicero, who was then in exile, torn down. The weak senators renounced their right of entering the curia. The right of might obtained in the popular assemblies.

33. In 49 B.C., Cæsar wished to become a candidate for the consular office *in absentia,* although usage demanded that candidates should be personally present in Rome, of course without an army. Cæsar agreed to dismiss his army if Pompey would do likewise. The latter refused.

34. Cæsar, having no fleet, could not follow.

35. Pompey, the fugitive consuls, senators, etc., had formed a kind of counter-government in Thessalonica. Pompey trained new troops, his own being in Spain.

36. The sons of Pompey were also there. Fifty thousand fell at Thapsus. Pompey's sons fled to loyal Spain.

37. Cæsar, present in person, gained a victory near Sevilla. Ninety thousand fell.

* In the fifty battles fought by Cæsar, 192,000 men were killed (Pliny).

38. The "*imperium*," which took its name from its official military authority, and which included the latter as well as the highest civic authority, without reference to place and time.

39. Changing the bed of the Tiber to make it flow around the Vatican hill protected Rome against inundations.

40. In 46 B.C., by Sosigenes, an Alexandrian scholar; after three years a leap-year of 366 days was planned, instead of the 365 and a half days; in this way there would be only one day too many in 129 years; hence in 325 B.C. the 24th of March fell on the 31st. When Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, reformed the Julian Calendar, eleven days were lacking since the time of Cæsar; for that reason the 4th of October was immediately followed by the 14th, so that in the next year the 21st of March would again be the day of the equinox. Russia discontinued using the Julian Calendar after the World War, when Turkey also accepted the Gregorian Calendar.

41. Cæsar was dictator for life, consul for ten years, pontifex maximus, *præfectus morum*, with high censorian power. He had tribunal rights; presided in the senate and voted first; conducted elections in the tribunal comitia; appointed governors of the provinces; decided on war and peace without consulting senate and people; and had control of public treasuries.

42. On the first day of January a statue of Cæsar crowned with a diadem was found; the latter was removed by the tribunes. On the 26th of January the people hailed him as king. When the tribunes ordered arrests, they were put out of office by Cæsar. In 44 B.C. the consul Antonius attempted to place a crown on his head at the Lupercalia, but the applause of the people was not as yet great enough. Cæsar wished to start for the East on the 18th of March 44 B.C. The Sibylline Books said that only a king could defeat the Parthians. Cæsar wanted to renew, not the old Roman kingdom, but the absolute Hellenistic form.

43. In 1553 this statue was rediscovered. It now stands in the Palazzo Spada at Rome. In 1796 it was placed in the Colosseum and *La Mort de César*, Voltaire's drama of the French Revolution, was performed before it.

44. Each Roman citizen received three thousand sesterces; even one of his murderers received a legacy.

45. After the assassination of Cæsar he was sole consul. Sicily was obliged to pay him for granting her Roman civil rights. Meanwhile he kept Cæsar's fortune, of twelve million marks in ready money.

46. Cæsar had promised the provinces to them for the year 43 B.C. Antony gave them Crete and Cyrene in exchange.

47. Decimus Brutus had become its governor in 44 B.C. As this was the province of greatest importance to Italy, Antony had it transferred to himself;

likewise the part of Gaul conquered by Cæsar; a friend of Cæsar's, Lepidus, was to remain governor of Gallia Narbonensis.

48. Antony besieged Decimus Brutus at Modena for the purpose of taking Gallia Cisalpina from him. Defeated, he fled to Genoa, where he succeeded in bringing Lepidus, the governor of Gallia Narbonensis, over to his side. Octavius, leaving the senatorial party, joined them as the third member of the alliance.

49. In Bologna: Antony received Gallia Cisalpina and the part of Gaul conquered by Cæsar. Lepidus received Gallia Narbonensis and Spain. Octavius received Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Octavius married Claudia, the daughter of Fulvia, Pompey's wife. Upon the death of Fulvia, Antony married Octavia, the sister of Octavius.

50. Three hundred thousand hectares of land were taken from their owners without indemnity; among them were Horace, Virgil, and Propertius.

51. Sextus Pompey, lord of the sea and of Sicily, in 40 B.C. took Sardinia from Octavius. The treaty of Puteoli ensued. Pompey in addition received the Peloponnesus and was responsible for the grain-supply of Rome (39 B.C.).

52. Mylæ at Messina became the scene of the naval battle. Agrippa had built a fleet for Octavius at Baiæ (Baja). Sextus Pompey died (36 B.C.) in Asia Minor.

53. Lepidus was not formally expelled from the triumvirate, which expired in 32 B.C. He died in 13 B.C., and from then on, all emperors until the time of Gratian were *eo ipso* pontifex maximus.

54. Following his campaign in Armenia in 34 B.C., he held a triumphal procession at Alexandria to show that he regarded it as the capital. To Cleopatra he gave Phœnicia, Sicily, Syria, Cyprus, and parts of Palestine, also Cyrenaica and Lydia. He appointed his son Alexander Helios as king of Armenia, Media, and Parthia.

55. The last great naval battle of antiquity. There was peace on land and sea after this victory. The poets said that Cæsar had witnessed this battle from the clouds, and that Apollo himself had shot the enemy with his arrows. Because of this, Emperor Augustus erected the glorious temple in his honour on the Palatine.

56. Antony believed that Cleopatra had killed herself in the royal mausoleum, because all had left him. He committed suicide by the sword. Upon hearing this the Queen had the dying man brought to her in the mausoleum and advised him to make peace with the noble Octavius.

57. Cause of death unknown. The Queen was determined not to be exhibited in the triumph at Rome. Octavius had her portrait, showing the snake, carried in the triumphal procession. She had sent Cæsarion, her son by Cæsar, with

his tutor to the Red Sea, where the latter killed him. Her daughter Selene married King Juba of Numidia.

58. Egypt became an imperial province and personal domain. No senator could enter Egypt without imperial permission. It was governed by a prefect of Augustus. Augustus built the garrison city of Nicopolis near Alexandria. The administration remained the same. The immense booty enabled Augustus to wipe out the national debts and to pay for the provision of a hundred thousand veterans.

59. Title of Augustus.

60. Since about 50 B.C. business street for dealers in fancy goods and jewels, oriental bazaar, etc.

61. Since Tarquinius I: (a) flute-players, (b) goldsmiths, (c) carpenters, (d) basket-weavers, (e) copper-smiths, (f) potters, (g) dyers.

62. Porticus Octavius (149 B.C.), the first group of temples constructed at Rome in Greek style, by the Greek architect Hermodoris of Salamis, including temples to Jupiter Stator and Juno Regina. In 32 B.C., Augustus surrounded it with a colonnade of Numidian marble. There were twenty-four statues in gold-bronze of Alexander's family by Lysippus; a seated statue of the mother of the Gracchi (base found in 1878); an ivory statue of Jupiter by Praxiteles; a marble Venus by Phidias; and many other masterpieces. A.D. 770 S. Angelo in Peschiera with antique columns. In 1887 the main entrance was excavated.

Porticus of Philippus: In 33 B.C. only the Temple of Hercules Musarum by the stepfather of Augustus; also many paintings and pieces of sculpture. 410 statues from Ambracia. Now: a small wall to the north-west of the Porticus Octavia.

63. In 61–51 B.C., by Pompey, the money furnished by Demetrius, a freedman. First stone theatre of Rome patterned after the theatre of Mytilene. Surrounded by gardens, a villa of Pompey near by. Now: semicircular place before S. Maria di Grotta Pinta. The *scæna* preserved in Via de Chiavari. Auditorium in the cellars of the houses Via Giabbonari, Paradiso, and the Palazzo Pio.

64. Curia of Pompey: Since about 1740 the Theatro Argentina. The portico surrounded a courtyard with plane-trees. Fine rugs and paintings adorned the walls, similar to the arcades of the Hofgarten at Munich. Many statues found.

65. Built in 495 B.C. Rebuilt in 296 B.C., after the battle against the Etruscans.

66. In 174 B.C. the spina were constructed, and the Carceres (where the racing-chariots started) were renovated (gas-works since about 1860). In 66 B.C., Pompey erected an iron fence to protect the spectators against the wild beasts. In 46 B.C., Cæsar built the first storey of stone. In 33 B.C., Agrippa

placed seven dolphins on the spina instead of the old eggs, for the purpose of counting the chariots as they passed the point.

67. Where Titus later erected the Colosseum.

68. Dedicated by Romulus. Rebuilt in 295 B.C. Cicero delivered his first oration against Catiline there. Stone blocks belonging to a later reconstruction were found.

69. The old curia burned down in 52 B.C. Sulla's son built a new one, which Cæsar tore down in 47 B.C., erecting a temple to Felicitas in its place. In 45 B.C., Cæsar built a new curia, dedicated in 29 B.C.

70. 83–96 B.C. Reconstruction, a copy of the one destroyed by fire. The roof was of gold-bronze, supported by wooden eagles. The columns brought by Sulla from Athens were not used. Burned in 69 B.C.

71. Copy of the Olympian Zeus.

72. Tibullus, in 10 B.C., first used the term "*Roma Æterna.*"

CHAPTER VIII

1. The whole empire had 59,000,000 inhabitants; according to other authorities 150,000,000; about ten people to a square kilometre; in Egypt there were 180. The latter had 7,500,000 inhabitants.

2. Peter, according to Luke.

3. Italy retained the monopoly of wine until about 280 B.C. Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt flourished and northern Africa became the Argentina of antiquity.

4. "A good shepherd should shear his sheep, not pull off their skin" (Emperor Tiberius).

5. Most of the places, such as Gabii, Veii, Cora, Alba, Lavinium, etc., were abandoned. Pastures stretched to the Roman Campagna, which was strewn with the villas of the rich. In 1925 Fregenum was rebuilt.

6. For example, in 3 B.C. an altar of Augustus at Braccara in Spain; A.D. 10 at Ancyra (Angora) a Temple of Augustus and of Roma, with a cult of great splendour; A.D. 11 at Narbonne, an altar on the Forum; also at Cologne, Lyon, Athens, etc.

7. Occupied from 28 B.C. to 3 B.C. Two laurel-trees were planted in his honour at the entrance; the senate had placed a wreath of oak leaves, signifying a civic crown, over the portal. In 3 B.C. this house burned down and was rebuilt by public subscription, every Roman giving one denarius. A.D. 64, under Nero, this also was burned.

8. About four million citizens were entitled to vote. Votes could be sent in writing. Augustus permitted the comitia to elect half the magistrates, but retained the right of veto and proposed candidates himself. The emperor had the people sanction only such laws as were approved by the senate. The senate was given jurisdiction over its members and families. In appeals to the people the emperor in his capacity as tribune made the final decision.

9. Three hundred thousand received donations of grain. He supplied spectacles and amusements and cancelled all debts; helped large families; granted loans to farmers and bequeathed $1,200,000 to the people.

10. Imperial provinces: Portugal; Tarragonian Spain; Aquitania; Gaul; Lugdunensis; Belgium; Rhætia; Vindelicia; Noricum; Pannonia; Mœsia; Pontus; Cilicia; Egypt. Senatorial provinces: Sardinia; Sicily; Corsica; Gallia Narbonensis; southern Spain; Dalmatia; Greece; Macedonia; Crete; Cyprus; Bithynia; Asia; Cyrenaica; Africa.

11. In architecture the Romans proved their eminence as technologists by the construction of great sewers and aqueducts. In painting they were skilled in magnificent mural decoration. In industrial arts their creations were of the highest rank. In music, as in sports, they admired virtuosi; likewise in poetry, where their masterpieces excelled in technique.

12. A second Egypt, centre of occidental industry. Arsenal. An efficacious balancing of the oriental tide. Gaul saved Rome from becoming Easternized (von Pöhlmann).

13. During the reign of Tiberius this call was heard by sailors passing the Leucadian islands; Rome was terror-stricken.

14. A.D. 69, at the storming of the Capitol by the Vitellians; 50,000 were killed, and 3,000 ancient treaties were burned. During the night of the 8th of April A.D. 70 the temple was seen bathed in daylight. On the 21st of May at sunset huge armies were seen above it fighting in the air; also a large comet hanging over it like a sword. Became a prey to flames on August 5.

15. A.D. 69, according to Renan, at Pella, whither Jews and Christians fled when Titus approached Jerusalem.

16. Each region: 265 *vici* — quarters with 230 lodging-houses (*insulæ*) and 10 palaces (*domus*), one curia chapel with the Lares of Augustus, four plebeian police heads, and two special curators for each *vicus*. 7000 policemen. Firemen in seven barracks, each serving two regions. The gates for the collection of custom-duties were approximately at the places later occupied by the gates of the Aurelian wall. Present day Rome has retained the fourteen divisions.

17. Agrippa himself passed through with a boat. Today these sewers still serve their purpose.

18. 320,000 free males; 265,000 free females; 10,000 senators and noble families; 13,000 soldiers; 60,000 foreigners; 450,000 slaves. At the time of Titus about 1,700,000 inhabitants.

19. 80,000,000 bushels used per annum. Egypt alone furnished 20,000,000. The largest ship of three masts earned $11,400 annually by freight. Each citizen received gratis five modii of wheat monthly.

20. Rome was the centre of the money-market also. She had by that time introduced the gold standard.

21. Boulevard.

22. A large and fashionable Roman bathing-resort on the Gulf of Naples. Warm mineral and sulphur baths. Beautiful environs: Lake Averno, Cave of the Cumæan Sibyl, villas of Cicero, Sulla, Pompey, of nearly all the emperors and empresses, senators, etc. In late imperial times it was devastated; but it was revived by Theodoric the Great. Arabian invasions put a stop to the gay life. During the Renaissance Baiæ was again frequented. Pontanus, the poet, sang its praises. In the Neapolitan wars of Louis XII Baiæ was again laid waste. Today it is a miserable seamen's village.

23. Two-wheeled phaeton.

24. Destroyed by Arabs about A.D. 848. The octagonal cube of this temple, resting on a square base, is still visible. For a month the corpse of Augustus was exhibited there with great ceremony.

25. Hence *carruca* (state coach), the large sleeping- and travelling-coach of the Romans, supplied with every comfort for long trips. During the reign of Commodus even a sort of automobile is said to have been invented. (Compare Dr. Kemmerich: *Kulturkuriosa.*)

26. Via Appia was called the "*regina viarum.*"

27. Burned down, A.D. 69, during the attack of the Vitellians. Vespasian at once began to rebuild it (A.D. 70–5), making it higher than the preceding ones and using Corinthian instead of Doric columns. It cost 12,000 talents ($8,000,000) and survived antiquity. Golden statues and a quadriga of gold adorned the roof.

28. Tacitus says that Seneca had to commit suicide in his villa at the forty-second milestone of the Via Appia. The Atys relief was chosen as symbolizing the sudden end of a happy life. It is still in the same place.

29. Erroneously called "Grove of Egeria" today. Was also visited by Goethe. At present there is still a spring and a mutilated statue of a water-spirit. The oak grove unfortunately is greatly thinned out.

30. About 8 B.C. Still visible in spite of the transformation of Caracalla.

31. The Curatian bride. Horatius, returning as victor from the triple combat, killed her because of her lamentations.

32. By Dolabella, son-in-law of Cicero. The Aqua Claudia crosses it. Still extant. In 1213 St. John of Malta, a hermit, lived on this arch.

33. Today the Via Claudia.

34. Twice as many as in Paris. The streets, but from four to seven metres wide, since the time of Cæsar had to have pavements that were very narrow. The lower part of the houses were of stone, the upper of wood; they were badly built and often caved in. The numerous bay windows and balconies were removed in 358 B.C. The people living in streets were responsible for repairing and cleaning.

35. After the conflagration Nero confiscated half of Rome for his palace and gardens. Unlimited in extent and furnishings, they covered the Palatine and the Esquiline. A triple colonnade enclosed the whole expanse. Halls and apartments were decked with gold; the walls were inlaid with precious stones and mother of pearl. The main dining-room was a rotunda which turned on its own axis. The baths were supplied with water from the sea and from a sulphur-spring at Tivoli. A portrait of Nero, painted by Anculius, 120 feet in height, was set into a wall. Magnificent works of art were brought from Delphi and Asia Minor and displayed there by Nero. The huge park, after the style of English gardens and having temples of transparent stone, was a marvellous sight.

36. Where later the Temple of Venus and Roma was built. The colossus was erected near the amphitheatre that probably was named for it. The base is still extant.

37. Where at present the Arch of Titus stands, not erected by Domitian until after the death of Titus.

38. Finished only A.D. 80, together with colossal statues of Vespasian and Titus — their bases still preserved. Excavated in 1810. The three columns lifted and replaced. Still at the same spot.

39. At Carthage alone 40,000 miners worked the silver mines for Roman jewellers. The mines today are in the hands of the English.

40. Cæsar began to construct it of marble in 45 B.C., on the site of the ancient "Ovile" — the sheepfold where the centuriæ voted. This fine structure was given to the latter just at the time when their importance was vanishing. Agrippa placed paintings in it. The apostles Luke and Paul are said to have preached there. In its huge hall gladiatorial games were arranged by Claudius. As late as 1464 its marble was used in construction of the Palazzo Venezia. Remains now lie beneath the Palazzo Venezia, Bonaparte, and Doria.

41. In 25 B.C., by Agrippa for his naval victory at Actium; in 1575 an orphanage; now the Bourse.

42. Sun-dial of Augustus, brought in 10 B.C. from Sais (610 B.C.);

overturned by the Normans in 1084. Set up again in 1792, on Monte Citorio in front of the Parliament.

43. In 9 B.C. dedicated by the senate to Augustus when the latter had declined an altar in the senatorial curia proper. Found in 1899 near S. Lorenzo in Lucina. Present remains: 4 Piazza Lucina; in the Vatican; the Uffizi and the Villa Medici; re-erected in 1925 on the southern peak of the Capitol.

CHAPTER IX

1. Domitian.

2. Following the fall of the Julians and the death of Nero.

3. When the Roman Empire had attained its greatest westward extent and had entered upon its golden age. China had done likewise in the fifth Han dynasty, having conquered Korea and central Asia. It was the golden age of China: quiet and order everywhere; revival of literature; religious tolerance; introduction of Buddhism; humane penal laws; taxation according to assessments by the taxpayers themselves; improvement of foreign commerce through treaties with Syria.

4. The emperor's power rested solely upon his office as proconsul for life; he was commander-in-chief in judicial and military affairs, as well as of the governors. Being tribune, he passed upon all rights of the people; as consul he was superior to all other government officials; as pontifex maximus for life he was the head of the state religion.

5. Hadrian's — Trajan's — ramparts. *Limes.* Hadrian wall (Scotland) — Trajan wall (Roumania) — *limes* (Germany).

6. Thirty legions (350,000 men), frontier-guards.

7. Edictum perpetuum: Alleviation of the condition of slaves. Great numbers emancipated. Women permitted to draw up testamentary bequests.

8. Neo-Pythagoreanism, Gnosticism, etc. — Unlimited freedom of thought in the Roman Empire. A second blossoming of the schools of the philosophers. The Stoa declared the conceptions of humanity and human rights to be the highest aim. The *Encheiridion* of Epictetus is the Stoic gospel of the second century. Conscientious, practical morality taught contempt for death to be a result of philosophic conviction, not of Christian fanaticism. Demonastrates, a Cynic, acted the part of a new Diogenes — never sacrificed to the gods and, when one hundred years of age, chose suicide. Proteus, in order to create a sensation, cast himself upon the funeral pyre at Olympia. The Cynics disowned mythology through atheism. The Sceptics and Stoics completely ignored

the existence of gods. The Neo-Pythagoreans and the Neo-Platonists tried to revive the old religion by a demonology and by an ethical system resembling Christianity; while Lucian, the critic of the Roman Hellenic world, like Voltaire and the Encyclopædists of later times, arrived at nihilism. Christian Gnosticism rested on one foot on the paganism of Plato, the other on the Christian doctrine of revelation, mixing Hellenic with oriental conceptions. Christianity had never, as yet, challenged pagan science. It had found a cult not yet profaned, which taught salvation by penitence and the hope of immortality for the soul. Hadrian's destruction of Jerusalem set Christianity free in that city and prepared the way for Rome to become its centre (Gregorovius).

9. Juvenal, Martial, Statius, Persius, Suetonius.

10. Lollius of Ephesus, Polemon of Smyrna, Scopelianus, Herodes, Atticus, etc.

11. After the time of the Antonines (about A.D. 240) the painting of statues ceased. The different colourings were derived from different kinds of stone, and the perfecting of the pupil of the eye was begun.

12. Grain sufficient to supply Rome for about seven years was kept in the storehouses. About eighty thousand modii were used daily. Cæsar reduced the number of those receiving grain gratis from 320,000 to 150,000.

13. One of the most famous Sophists of the time, who presented ten millions to his city for the construction of a temple. These rhetoricians were frequently justices of the peace in their cities and representatives before the emperors.

14. He united with the wealth of a Crœsus as many gifts of the Attic Muses as his age allowed (Gregorovius).

15. $9,800,000. 184 marble steps lead to its summit. There are 2,500 relief figures on the columns.

16. Since the time of Cæsar ten thousand hectolitres of oil had to be furnished by Africa for the Roman baths.

17. The knights wore a golden ring as the sign of their rank.

18. After Hadrian joint bathing of the sexes was prohibited.

19. From *Aspasia* by Hamerling.

20. On a square substructure (no longer extant); its four corners were adorned by four huge bronze horses; a circular tower was surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade, with masterpieces of sculpture in the spaces between its columns. An immense quadriga probably stood on the platform of the tower.

21. Rome had grown enormously since the time of Augustus. She had about two million inhabitants and was the largest city of the world. Rome was filled with temples, porticoes, baths, palaces, pleasure-grounds, and numberless magnificent statues. The houses built to rent (for purposes of speculation)

were poorly constructed and exceeded the private dwellings in the ratio of twenty to one. Public buildings of extraordinary splendour and extent arose in great numbers. Buildings for purposes of both utility and amusement, imperial palaces, and fora (in contrast to the churches of present-day Rome) formed the architectural type characteristic of the period. Art succumbed to splendour. Technique was at its height. Water from the fountains flowed through the entire city. The Capitol offered the glorious panorama of the fora, the imperial palaces, the Forum Romanum with its wonderful works of art, the arches and baths of Titus and Trajan, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Campagna with its villas and magnificent avenues of tombs. The Campus Martius formed a second centre. The interior of the city, however, was interlaced by narrow streets, and the hills prevented extensive views. These streets were crowded with the shops of artisans, tradesmen, innkeepers, and barbers. But everywhere the cosmopolitan city and her world commerce were evident. Stores and warehouses contained the costliest products from all over the world. National costumes of all nations, an epitome of the ancient world (compare Gregorovius).

22. Tiber Island, changed to the shape of a ship, which in 200 B.C. brought the sacred snake of Æsculapius from Epidamnus.

CHAPTER X

1. 250–65. The plague, resulting from a famine, raged throughout the whole empire. Fifty thousand people died in Rome daily. Entire cities, still spared by the barbarians, were depopulated. Half of all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire perished, among them Emperor Claudius II in Sirmium.

2. Ancient Baiæ, now a poor fishing-village, was at that time the bathing-resort of the Roman world of fashion. All the great people had villas there with mineral and sulphur baths. Seneca called his private bath "*ad myrtha*" (*Epistula* 56). Cicero, Lucullus, and Pliny lived there; and it was there that Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey formed the triumvirate. As late as A.D. 220 Emperor Alexander Severus built a palace at Baiæ with salt-water lakes. Frequented until the time of the Goths. Arabian invasions caused its decline. Pontanus in 1550 sang its praises. The wars of Louis XII completed its ruin.

3. Unless forced by necessity, general literature mentions no man and no object existing after the end of the Roman republic. Lucretius preached that deadly scepticism which prevented all productivity.

4. The muscatel wine of today.

5. About 400 B.C.

6. Cato: the great-grandson of old Cato (died 149 B.C.), whom he zealously copied. He committed suicide in Utica near Tunis (46 B.C.) when Cæsar, victorious at Thapsus, had become absolute monarch of Rome.

7. He made military despotism an end in itself. Vigilant distrust of favoured soldiers by the soldier-emperors. Exploitation of the provinces in favour of his "body-guard." The pernicious consequence was increasing pay instead of donations for the soldiers. The Syrian-Aramaic element was the most corrupt of all in the Roman conglomeration of nations. See Mommsen.

8. The Albanians of today are the real descendants of those Illyrians.

9. Lucretius derided the Greek thinkers, Augustine scoffed at the Roman heroes, and Tertullian at Homer.

10. While paganism sought the aim of higher morality and blissful immortality in gloomy labyrinths and by-ways, Christianity simplified these problems. That political need which, due to Roman despotism, had entirely lost its interest in national affairs was supplied by Christianity with a new state, a new democracy, and a new civic society (J. Burkhardt).

11. Temple of Isis, founded in post-republican times by a man named Metelleus; now probably S. Pietro-e-Marcellino.

12. Minerva Capta: Opposite the Temple of Isis to the south. Very old. Named for a wooden statue of Minerva taken from Falerii (now Falerii-Civita Castellana).

13. Consecrated A.D. 135. A.D. 629 the golden tiles of the roof were taken to St. Peter's. In 847 the present Church of S. Francesca was built into it. Another part is now occupied by the director of the Forum excavations.

14. Decius.

15. Emperor Valerianus.

16. Burned A.D. 363.

17. The great general reception: *promiscua salutatio.*

18. For the sum of three thousand scudi the Duke of Parma in 1724 sold two columns to stone-cutters, who took them to Parma, where they still are.

19. The state council consisted of twenty-five senators and sixteen consuls, appointed at will by the emperor.

20. The exhausted art of later times could no longer compete with the huge halls of the Baths of Caracalla and their wide puzzling vaults. Sculpture: statues were often put together from the most difficult kinds of stone; the brittleness did not favour the creation of works of genius. The work was rather that of slaves who copied models at hand. Added to these was an increasing number of statues of Mithras, of Pantheons, statues of Ephesian Diana, and statues preferred because of their cubic scale, monstrous and

corrupt; hence works of art in smaller dimensions were no longer created (Jakob Burkhardt).

21. A.D. 274, triumphal procession of Aurelian, including the ex-Emperor Tetricus, Queen Zenobia of Palmyra, and twenty captive tribes.

22. The Romans regarded Troy as their maternal city. Mindful of the ancient prophecy, Cæsar already contemplated a removal of the state capital to Ilium. Constantine the Great began the construction of great buildings at Ilium, until later he gave preference to Byzantium.

CHAPTER XI

1. This type of mediæval socage-tenure was the first step in the development of later feudalism; it originated when Constantine the Great transferred rural estates to his veterans upon the express condition that their sons should become soldiers (Von Pöhlmann).

2. By Diocletian.

3. Rome, overthrown, was the capital in name only, the defence of the frontiers making it impossible for the different emperors to reside at Rome. The first attack on the majesty of the capital was made when Constantine the Great dissolved the prætorian camps. Rome retained a privileged position, however, independent of provincial government, having prefects of her own. Economically barren, Rome had to be supported, as before, by the provinces. Italy as well as all the provinces was made subject to taxation, since she had failed in saving or ruling the empire. A.D. 284 Milan had been made the capital of the Occident; later Ravenna (since 404).

4. The former actress Empress Theodora (see the mosaic in S. Apollinare Ravenna).

5. For example: the huge granite columns that Diocletian obtained from the Orient for his Roman baths; the gigantic column of Phocas on the Forum, which, like the column of Pompey at Alexandria, had been erected by Diocletian. The great obelisk of Constantine I in the Circus Maximus (now in front of the Lateran).

6. For example: the Baths of Diocletian and the Escurial palace. Nothing but restlessness and diversion; individual forms in abundance; no perspective. The beauty of architectural forms was doomed to perish through luxury. The greatest possible display of splendour silenced every other consideration (J. Burkhardt).

7. The members of the first estate (of senatorial rank) had four names.

8. These water-organs again were prominent in the baroque gardens, which were similarly laid out.

9. Titles were severely classified. The court overpowered Roman society with its system of titles and ranks. Antique life in its natural progress of decay necessarily assumed this form.

10. After the edict of tolerance issued by Constantine, Roman nobility consisted almost exclusively of pagans, and as late as A.D. 357, Emperor Constantine at Rome showed respect for the pagan state religion.

11. But many Romans also, full of the real ambition of former days, having no position and being threatened and silenced, crowded to the bishoprics in order to gain some significance there. Abundant means, usually derived from bequests, enabled the Roman bishop to lead the life of a prince. When the Pope inquired of him why he did not become a Christian, the prefect Prætextatus replied: "Make me bishop of Rome and I shall become Christian."

12. Commendable exceptions are: Pammachius, Marcella, Paula, Fabiola, Oceanus, and the young married couple Pinia and Melania. Augustine also praised the morals of several Roman monasteries. On the whole, however, Roman life was then of a character by no means Christian. Compare Rössler: *Der Grundriss einer Geschichte Roms im Mittelalter.*

13. A.D. 280 by Emperor Aurelian; the same wall encloses the Rome of today.

14. Built A.D. 262 by the city prefect Victor in honour of Emperor Gallienus and Empress Salonica.

15. Women dancers from Syria.

16. Built in 352; now S. Maria Maggiore. (The first religious services were held in the palace halls of Roman families.)

17. Mentioned by St. Jerome. He was christened in Rome in 348. His remains were later taken from Bethlehem to Rome, where they rest in S. Maria Maggiore.

18. The Roman bishop already was the greatest landowner in Italy.

19. This custom spread to such an extent that Emperor Valerian forbade bequests to ecclesiastics. In 382 St. Jerome founded on the Aventine the monastic society of Marcella, which was joined by the noblest ladies of Rome.

20. Painting was exclusively devoted to these ceremonial portraits, which pictured the exact official garb as well as entire families in ceremonious processions. (Compare the baroque pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt's "Nightwatch," Luca Giordano, etc.) These palace friezes also showed processions of ambassadors, triumphs, festivities, spectacles; for example: a picture of Constantine the Great painted after his death in Rome — an allegory of heaven, the glorified Emperor enthroned above it.

21. In contrast with the luxury of the higher classes and the clergy, the poverty of the lower classes was as extreme as that of the baroque period. Accustomed to being provided for, they shouted for bread and games. Here Christian charity had an opportunity to prove itself in magnificent manner. Christianity gained many supporters inasmuch as the Roman bishop took these duties of the old imperium upon himself.

22. Ammianus reports regarding the visit of Emperor Constantine, A.D. 357: When he then had entered Rome, the seat of world sovereignty and all true greatness, and had reached the Rostra, he was dazzled by the great array of miraculous structures. The Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol shone upon man as though divine. The baths seemed entire provinces to him. He felt as though his gaze could never reach the height of the giant walls of the amphitheatres. The glorious circular structure of the Pantheon, the triumphal columns that could be ascended, the temples on the Forum, etc., all rivalled one another in size, splendour, and magnificence. When, however, he came to the Forum of Trajan, he stood as one dazed, trying to grasp the hugeness of the vaultings — neither to be described in words, nor attained a second time by mortal hands.

23. Since Varro (Cicero) it was believed that the twelve vultures seen by Romulus represented the twelve centuries granted Rome by fate. In 447 this period ended.

CHAPTER XII

1. Cæsar in obedience to this prophecy had planned to move the capital to Troy; Constantine undertook the construction of important buildings there, before he finally decided upon Byzantium.

2. By means of which, however, the old conception of a state as such was saved. Since Leo I had settled the dispute regarding the doctrine of the Trinity at Chalcedon in accordance with Roman ideas, the Church of Rome had become a real political power, and the old idea of empire had given way to a Christian-theocratic one. The Church had become a substructure of the collapsing imperium, making use of its worldly arm in the persecution of Arians and pagans. The imperium was not allowed to die until Roman orthodoxy had been completely organized and had taken a part of the traditions of antiquity under its wings (Von Grävenitz: *Deutsche in Italien*).

3. The favourable influences of Christianization were checked by an accident that introduced deadly poison into the cup of salvation. Ulfilas, the apostle of the barbarians, lived at the time when Arianism ruled. This soon led to violent struggles with the Catholic West. Since Arian emperors then

ruled Eastern Rome, the barbarians first became Arians. Catholicism was not restored in Eastern Rome until 530.

4. Characteristic of this period because there were many whom the clash of the old and the new religion and morality had confused, and who therefore sought salvation in extreme measures. This epidemic of asceticism, a consequence of deepened moral conceptions, is but a symptom of age that can no longer be revived by the worn-out world (J. Burkhardt); similar cause and result of Indian Buddhism.

5. The last document truly antique in conception is that of Boethius: *De consolatione philosophiæ.*

6. In Corsica, for instance, the pressure caused by taxation forced parents to sell their children.

7. In 451, the defeat of Attila at Châlons by Visigoths and Romans under Aetius. Two hundred thousand Huns were killed. In 452 Pope Leo the Great succeeded in inducing the King of the Huns, who already reigned at Milan, to leave Italy.

8. 408, 422, 443.

9. 408, Alaric: 5,000 pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver, 4,000 pounds of silk garments, as contribution.

410, Alaric: Devastation of the Aventine, Cœlius, and the gardens of Sallust.

455, Vandals: Plundering of the imperial palaces. Theft of the golden tiles from the roof of the Temple of Jupiter and of the statue of Jupiter itself; also the treasures from the temple of Jerusalem, which were kept in the Temple of Peace.

472, devastation of the Vatican and Janiculum, by Ricimer, followed by plundering.

10. There still were 46,000 houses, 1,797 palaces, 423 temples, 2 capitols, 2 circuses, 5 theatres, 4 schools for gladiators and athletes, 4 naumachia, 15 fountain-palaces, 1,352 public fountains, 850 public baths, 11 large thermæ, 36 triumphal arches, 11 fora, 10 basilicas, 28 libraries, etc.

11. About A.D. 300, Forum Julium; 366, Thermæ of Agrippa; 362, Porticus Deorum; 377, Basilica Julia; 412, senatorial secretary's office. New buildings: about A.D. 350, Palazzo Tuscia, where Il Gesù now is; 350, Domus Pinciana, whose columns Theodoric took to Ravenna; 365, Baths of Caracalla, adorned with statues from the temples; 374, Porticus Bonus Eventus, each column 47 feet in height, 14 feet in circumference; 383, Porticus Maximæ, remnants of it found in 1883, on the Piazza Farnese and in Via de Capellari; 403, Palace of the Anicians, near the Tiber island (tower still extant); 420, porticus with columns in front of Basilica Æmilia on the Forum (about 500, taken to S. Paolo fuori le Mura).

12. Emperor Majorianus, 456, assassinated by Ricimer at Tortona.

13. A.D. 141, of Boethian marble, with two colossal statues of the imperial couple, remains of which have been found; since 700, S. Lorenzo in Miranda.

14. Atrium Vestæ on the Forum. In 472 Ricimer buried a treasure of 392 gold coins there; now in the Museo Nazionale. Odoacer made use of the stones for his fortress on the Palatine.

15. For example: the Pantheon entirely empty since 450. In 377 the city prefect Vettius decorated the Basilica Julia with statues of gods. In 365 the Baths of Caracalla were filled with them. The Capitoline Temple, the Temple of Peace, and that of Concordia were plundered by Vandals.

16. There were already twenty-eight titulary churches.

17. An enormous circular slaughter-house, built by Nero A.D. 59; to this day fifty-six antique granite columns support the ceiling.

18. Gregory the Great often preached seated on this bath-chair.

19. Aetius, 454.

CHAPTER XIII

1. Like Augustus, who had glossed over the monarchy, Theodoric also was successful in casting a veil over barbarian rule. The old forms of Roman civilization and law continued in all of Italy. No change in Roman civil administration. The Goths deprived the Romans of their arms and state politics by the purely physical force of subjugation. The king in his capacity of Roman patrician was but the highest official of the Roman emperor. Commerce flourished, especially in northern Italy and in the capitals of Ravenna and Verona. Istria became a second Campania. Baiæ again took up its old important place as a bathing-resort. Noble men, like Symmachus and Boethius, belonged to the senate. The Roman university flourished, under the support of the King (Festus). The mosaics of S. Cosmas still give evidence of the grasp of forms and depth of spiritual expression.

2. A.D. 533, fall of Carthage, capital of the Vandals. According to Pliny and Procopius, this tribe together with the Goths formed one nation, living in Sweden. They crossed the Baltic and pushed on as far as Silesia. From there some, A.D. 280, reached the Black Sea, circumnavigated Europe, and landed in Lower Saxony. Another division, which had penetrated into Gaul in 277, was moved by Emperor Probus to Cambridge. Constantine caused others to settle in Pannonia. The main division in 407 started from Silesia for Spain. Oppressed by the Visigoths, they conquered northern Africa in 429. In 439

Carthage became their capital. In 455 they sacked Rome. Their last king was taken, a captive, to Constantinople. It is believed that traces of the Vandals can still be found on the Canary Islands, whither they fled; and also in the present Riff-Kabyles, who have fought against Spain. In 554, conquest of southern Spain; in 561, of the eastern shores of the Black Sea. Erection of eighty fortresses from Belgrade to the mouth of the Danube.

3. Fifty years after the entry of Narses the last banker left Rome.

4. The senate, having fled to Sicily in 552, returned to Rome after it had been liberated by Narses. Most of the senators, however, were killed on the way by the Goths. In 554 the last senators received Narses in the Laticlavia when he returned from his defeat of the Alemanni. The senators were permitted to go wherever they pleased, and many settled in Constantinople. In 579 the last Roman senators appeared before the Emperor and implored aid against the Lombards. Later, in 757, the word "senate," meaning the nobility of the city of Rome, reappears in a letter to King Pippin.

5. In 534 the last occidental consul. 541, the last oriental consul, no one being any longer able to pay the two thousand pounds required for this office.

6. The principles of universal religion in a world empire. The Church meant to Romanize the new nations by the heritage of the old, and that the destroyers of the old world-empire should found a universal Christian empire under Roman leadership.

7. Supervision of the entire temporal administration was transferred to the clergy. The pope had the privilege of electing the governor, who was to reside at Ravenna, far away from Rome. Jurisdiction was wholly in the hands of the clergy; there was no appeal to temporal courts. For the rest, the pope, whose appointment had to be confirmed by the emperor, regarded himself as a subject of the latter in temporal affairs. The rulers retained the ancient legal idea of the summo-episcopate in the empire, until it was transferred to Charlemagne. All this happened because the old legal state was no longer able to sustain itself independently. Compare Rössler: *Grundlinien des Mittelalters.*

8. The material fundament of the Church, whose great estates in Sicily, Sardinia, southern Italy, Gaul, Dalmatia, and Campania were administered in exemplary manner.

9. In December 546 and January 547, when Totilas carried off the captive senate and all the people had to leave Rome.

10. By means of the aqueducts 240,000,000 gallons of water daily had been brought to Rome, more than in any large town of today.

11. The last fights against wild beasts took place in the Colosseum in 523; the last races in the Circus Maximus in 522.

12. The Temple of Peace collapsed during an earthquake in 408; the

library was consumed by fire in 191. In 455 the treasures from the temple of Jerusalem, deposited there, were carried off by the Vandals. On the Forum the famous physician Galen had lectured. There stood the treasures stolen by Nero from Delphi. A statue to the river Nile, standing there, was found in 1516 near S. Maria Minerva, now in the Vatican. Procopius in 527 reported that cattle when being driven past had been deceived by the cow of Myron.

13. Martyrs: St. Alexander, St. Prisca, St. Martina, St. Vitus, St. Crescentia, St. Modesta, and St. Maximus. Pius V, also, later advised pilgrims to take sand from the arena along with them.

14. Bells were already used in Egyptian religious services. The Romans had house-bells. St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, introduced church-bells.

15. By the apostle Luke in the Capella Paolina in S. Maria Maggiore; also ceremoniously carried through Rome at the time of the cholera in 1837 and during the war of 1860.

16. One of the greatest inundations of the Tiber in the history of the city.

17. Tomb of Hadrian. First used as a state prison in 500 by Theodoric. In 514 the stone pine-apple crowning it was placed in the entrance court of St. Peter's to serve as a well; in 1605 it was transferred to the Vatican gardens, where it stands at present in the Giardino della Pigna. During the storming of the tomb in 537, thirty thousand Goths were killed; the defenders hurled the glorious statues upon the assailants. Then the tomb was plundered, as the tomb of Augustus had been in 410.

18. There still is a procession on St. Mark's Day, because the plague ceased after the angel had appeared.

19. When Rome had been burned by the Gauls, M. Turius Camillus prevented the removal of the people to Veii as had been planned, and hence as *pater patriæ* he became the second founder of Rome.

CHAPTER XIV

1. Probably those that, according to Chinese chronicles, moved from Korea to Siberia A.D. 310. Since 822 partly absorbed by Bulgarians, the rest being the Lesghians of today. Their blood also in the Baj-awaren (Bavarians).

2. Bactria, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, 50 B.C. to A.D. 600.

3. In contrast to the Black Huns that moved on into Europe. The latter in 50 B.C. defeated the Alani; the White Huns developed from the mingling of the Alani and the Huns. When the latter were defeated by the Turks,

they mixed with them also and later appeared among the body-guards of the caliphs.

4. Finns on the Volga — hence people of the Volga. Moved to Thrace-Mœsia in 635 and paid tribute to Eastern Rome until 762.

5. The Magyar division of the Hungarian people moved from the western Ural to the Don.

6. Ural-Finns: 642–88, their state extended from the Caspian to the northern shores of the Black Sea. In 850 they were at their height. Astrakhan, their capital, was destroyed in 1060 by the Russians and Eastern Rome.

7. Turks: South-western shore of the Caspian Sea. In 1070 they pushed on to Hungary (in 1235, thirty thousand Mongols were settled in Hungary).

8. Turks: On the northern shores of the Caspian Sea, the Volga separating them from the Chazars. The Turks were driven out by the Chazars and laid Roumania waste.

9. Ancient royal residence of the Pandu princes in the epic: *Mahabharata;* since about 1000 called Delhi; the present village of Indraprat is near by.

10. The Persian monarchy continued without interruption in the Parthian Empire 256 B.C. to A.D. 226, and in the Sassanian Empire, 226–636, with all the manners and religious customs of the cult of Zoroaster. Cyrus, the founder of the old Persian Empire, was the ancestor of the Sassanians, who re-established the empire under Artaxerxes I.

11. Jerusalem was destroyed by the Persians in 614. With them the old temple treasures that Justinian had taken from Carthage and sent to the patriarch vanished for ever in the interior of Asia. In 628 was conquered by the East Roman Emperor, and in 637 by the Arabs.

12. In 426 the Temple of Zeus burned down. The statue of Zeus had been taken by Constantine to Byzantium, where it was consumed by fire in the house of Lausus in 394. A wall, six metres in height, constructed from the remains of the temple, enclosed the Altis, because Olympia had become an easy prey to barbarians.

13. An acre of land cost but four sheep.

14. A.D. 600, Olaf, the Swede, founded the Kingdom of Norway. In 640 Halfdan, his son, conquered Jutland and Schleswig.

15. The sterile country could not support them, hence the inhabitants gathered on the shores of the sea and sailed into the wide world. 860, Iceland; 876, Greenland; 1000, America; 850, Russia; 912, Normandy; 1056, England; 1043, Naples; 1130, Sicily.

16. After the withdrawal of the eastern Teutons to the Elbe, Saale, Rednitz on the Upper Main, about A.D. 500 Bohemia. About 550, Moravia occupied the upper left bank of the Danube, about 650 Mœsia, Thrace, Macedonia, Hellas, Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola. Serbian Croats are still

in Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Serbia. Slavs in Germany today: (a) Polabians near Ratzeburg; (b) Pommeranians; (c) Ukermarkers; (d) Obotrites and Rhenavians in Mecklenburg; (e) Dolemintzers between Elbe and Chemnitz; (f) Spreewald people; (g) Sorabians, between Elbe and Saale; (h) Liutitzers on the lower Elbe; (i) Hevellians on the Havel.

17. Burning of the largest library of antiquity in Alexandria.

18. Therefore the Bishop of Milan wrote the following epitaph for Gregory the Great: "The consul of God has entered upon the glory of a heavenly triumph."

19. In 496 Gaul, acknowledged as the oldest daughter of the Church, rejected Arianism; Spain followed next in 588 at the Council of Toledo. Influenced by Queen Theodelinda, the Lombards became Catholic in 590. In 596 Augustine christened the King of the Anglo-Saxons and his people. The old British Church adhered to old Christianity and was independent of Rome; it had accepted the Nicene Creed in 323, had converted Ireland in 431; in 409 its priests fled to Wales and Brittany.

20. In 431 the Council of Ephesus accepted the worship of many that had developed from the cult of Isis. In 609 cart-loads of bones of the saints were taken from the catacombs to the Pantheon, which was crudely repaired, A.D. 610, with stones from the Forum of Augustus. The ancient bronze portals are extant today.

21. A.D. 403, Stilicho stole the bronze portals, and the Vandals in 455 stole a part of the golden tiles. In 625, gold tiles of the Basilica Maxentia were used for St. Peter's; and in 630, golden tiles from the Temple of Venus and Roma, for St. Peter's.

22. There is no proof that Leo I, rejoicing in the withdrawal of Attila, had the colossal statue of Jupiter melted. He burned the Sibylline Books A.D. 452.

CHAPTER XV

1. Peter, the founder of the Church and first bishop of Rome, embodied the hierarchy, and Paul, the teacher of the pagans, the dogmatic strength of the Church. For that reason both their statues stand before St. Peter's.

2. O Rome, greatly blessèd art thou in the care
Of both princes!
Their blood consecrates and lends lustre to thee—
With thy splendour of purple, each city in worth
Thou excellest!

ROMAN BREVIARY

3. Until 800 the popes, "the nominal subjects of the emperors of Eastern Rome," dated the years of their pontificate according to the years of the emperor's reign.

4. Clovis was the first Teuton king to accept the Catholic Roman creed and not, like all the other army-kings, the Arian.

5. Battle of Poitiers. In 747 Carlemann, his son, became a monk in Rome.

6. Following his break with the Pope, the Emperor confiscated the patrimonies of Sicily, Istria, and Sardinia. The Sicilian estates alone yielded 35,000 gold solidi. There was a particularly large number of ecclesiastical estates between the Via Appia and Tiburtina. Lombard donations: In 726 Sutri, the corner-tone of the Papal State when the pope was wholly independent; for in the Ducatus Romanus he was but nominally so. In 741 and 742, Ancona, Valle Magna, Orto, Narni, Numana, Sabina, and Æmilia.

7. In order to keep up the appearance of legality the exarchate taken by the Franks from the Lombards was surrendered to the three imperial ambassadors present, and by them to the Pope, the vicar of the Emperor. In 757 the last Lombard King presented the duchy of Ferrara to the Pope.

8. The word "senate" representing Roman nobility reappears first in the letters of the Romans to Pippin in 757.

9. Charlemagne confirmed the donation of Pippin, but reserved jurisdiction over Rome, the duchy, and the exarchate for himself. The Pope remained in charge of the administration only. Rome herself was made neutral, no prince nor people was to possess the city. Hence the pope could be subject only to the head of the empire.

10. The 25th of December was at that time the beginning of the year in Rome.

11. Of Gregory the Great, 604 (in 777 removed to the Capella Gregoriana); the remains of Leo the Great were buried in the interior of the church in 688; Honorius I in 638; King Cawalla of Wessex in 689 (later Emperor Otto II).

12. By Hadrian I for 1,370 lamps, used only on holy days; otherwise 150 different lamps.

CHAPTER XVI

1. Flourished about 800. One million inhabitants, two hundred thousand houses, ten miles of illuminated streets, all paved. The chief mosque had nineteen naves, all paved with silver tiles; ten thousand lamps burned day and night. The East Roman Emperor, as friendly with the Caliph of Córdoba

as the Western Emperor was with the Caliph of Bagdad, had sent his mosaic-workers for the construction of the mosques.

2. Painted by Raphael in the Sala del Incendio.

3. Leo IV restored the half-burned porticus and the atrium. A new high altar, with golden tiles encrusted with precious stones and with the reliefs of King Lothar II and Leo IV, was placed beneath a ciborium resting on four silver columns (weighing 1,600 pounds) and adorned with gilded lilies.

4. The King of Lotharingia, a brother of Emperor Louis II, divorced his wife and wedded his mistress. This new marriage was confirmed by the archbishops of Treves and Cologne at a synod held at Metz.

5. In 876 the Saracens once more surrounded Rome. The Pope, acting as his own admiral, was victorius at Cape Circe, taking eighteen ships; but he was forced to flee to France and, receiving no assistance, had to pay a tribute of 35,000 mancuses in silver.

6. With the exception of the Monastery of S. Prassede, no new buildings were erected in Rome. In 812 S. Cæcilia was restored; the beautiful mosaics are still in existence, though some of them were destroyed in 1725. In 822, fine mosaics, at S. Prassede, likewise still in existence. 833, restoration of S. Marcus; 844, of S. Martino. In 847 S. Maria Antiqua was built into the Temple of Venus and Roma, in 872 S. Maria Egeziaca into the Temple of the Mater Matuta, and in 850 the Church of Ara Cœli into the imperial mint on the arx of the Capitol. In 874 the Palatine was devastated by an earthquake, the palace of Tiberius was no longer habitable, columns from the royal bedchamber were used in the construction of Ara Cœli. The Corsi erected their citadel on the Tabularium of Sulla. Bell-towers: S. Prassede, S. Eustachio, S. Cæcilia, S. Benedetto.

CHAPTER XVII

1. The term "Middle Ages" was coined by a Leyden professor in 1667.

2. First period: 476–843, struggles between old Roman and new Teutonic elements, producing the empire and its feudal system, the papacy and its hierarchy. Second period: 843–1265, struggles between emperor and pope. Origin of knighthood and right by might. Balance of power between king, nobility, and the Hanseatic League; legislation for national peace, Fehmic courts, national languages, and Scholasticism. Third period: 1265–1517, weakening of the feudal nobility, absolutism, rise of cities, written laws, humanism, printing, discoveries.

3. His real name was Octavianus; he was the first pope to assume a different name.

4. Henry V brought 30,000 men; Lothar II had the fewest — only 2,000.

5. The imperial chancellor walked on the left of the Pope; on the right of the Emperor the papal archdeacon.

6. The Porta Regia, or Gate of Silver, is the middle one of the five portals leading into the basilica.

7. The Pope referred to an old Christian custom not to lay hands on anyone rashly.

8. In every basilica the great arch that spans the middle nave and the transept.

9. First alliance with an Eastern Roman emperor, the ruler being a despot; the Church broke away. Second alliance with a Franconian emperor, the ruler being a protector; his death dissolved it. Third alliance with a German emperor; the Church, being older, tyrannized over her master and was treated by the latter accordingly. Finally the dissolving of all relations. Now: the Church, standing alone, is in the position of fellowship with the state.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. Neither the meeting of the electors at Rense in 1338 nor the Golden Bull brought about any final decision regarding the independence of the imperial crown from Rome. Maximilian I assumed the royal title upon his own authority in 1508 at Trieste. It was retained by Austria in spite of Francis I and Louis XIV of France; the heir apparent being called: King of Rome. Upon the dissolution of the empire in 1806, Napoleon I in 1810 bestowed the title "King of Rome" upon his son.

2. The small Lombard dukes in 1010 sent to France for mercenaries to fight against the Greeks. In 1017 they appeared, led by a knight exiled for murder. The Pope received them with honours, and thus the later connexion began. In 1022 Emperor Henry gave them estates in Campania and they there established in 1043 the military republic of Melfi. In 1053 their leader Cismanen defeated the Pope and took him captive. The Pope removed the interdict and made feudal treaties with them. In 1059 he invested them with the fiefs of Apulia, Calabria, Capua, and Sicily. The aim of the Pope was the establishment of a feudal state that would help him against the Emperor and the Roman nobility. The Normans wanted papal recognition to justify them in the eyes of the peoples subjected by them.

3. Gregory VII conceived the plan of driving first the Normans, next the Greeks and Arabs, out of Italy by means of a European army headed by himself. Next he wanted to conquer Byzantium and subject the Greek Church to the Roman and finally to set up the cross in Jerusalem.

4. Ice was first introduced as a dessert by Emperor Henry III.

5. A.D. 1000, by Emperor Otto III. Fourteen antique granite columns of the ancient temple, as well as mosaics from the time of Otto III in the choir are still extant. The bell-tower dates from 1115.

6. 11 B.C., by the son-in-law of Augustus. The first tiger-hunts took place there. Since 1500 the present Palazzo Savelli.

7. Overturned by the Normans in 1084; now newly erected in front of the Parliament Building.

8. Taken to the Capitol in 1348, it still leads up to the Church of Ara Cœli. 124 marble steps.

9. The fifteen hundredth anniversary celebrated in 1924.

10. So considered because of his astronomical studies. He was the first German pope and friend of Emperor Otto III. This lid is still extant; everything else was consumed in the many fires.

11. Explanation: Entrance into the city of God and to the eternal life of the phœnix is made possible only by the water of baptism, which descends from the Holy Ghost in the semblance of a dove. (Compare Wolf: *Reisebegleiter für Rom.*)

CHAPTER XIX

1. Ensler. Proclamation of Sylvester II in 999 for the liberation of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XX

1. Innocent III, 1198–1216. Boniface VIII, 1294–1303.

2. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226. Innocent III confirmed the order. Realizing the importance of object-teaching in the religious training of the people, mural painting, an especially helpful aid, was introduced.

3. Vision of Julianna, a nun, at Liége in 1246. Since 1264 the Corpus Christi day of the entire Church. The office for the day was written by Thomas Aquinus. The host is carried in the procession in celebration of transubstantiation.

4. 1215, the origin of a double religion: (a) the Church became a totally

external institution; (b) complete sacrifice of personality; (c) absolute rule of the priests; (d) weakening of inner life.

5. The royal crown was granted to Bulgaria in 1204; to Serbia in 1222; to Norway in 1246; to the prince of Galicia in 1247; to Lithuania in 1251. In the name of the Pope, Conrad of Wittelsbach, Archbishop of Mayence, crowned the King of Armenia. Scotland, England, the Isle of Man, were in feudal vassalage to the pope; likewise Portugal.

6. Rome was a democratic republic from 1143; the Pope chose the *summus* senator; after 1251 foreign senators were appointed. By confiscating the estates of the expelled Colonnas, the Pope gained nearly all of Latium.

7. Two million pilgrims were counted.

8. According to Dante, the pope was first robed as pope and then as imperator.

9. A.D. 1215 as a permanent institution, intensified in 1229. Capital punishment only upon proof. Surrendered to the Dominicans in 1232. In Italy, besides Naples, in Venice. As late as 1852 verdicts were rendered for becoming Protestant. In France till 1772. In Germany until the Reformation. In Spain till 1834. In England the last were under Bloody Mary.

10. The aims of reformers in pre-Reformation times (Scotus Erigena, Abélard, Arnold of Brescia) were: to strip the nobility of power, the clergy of landed property, the pope of his princely character; and to transfer all sovereign rights to the people.

11. Bonaventura, 1221–74. Franciscan, cardinal. In 1587 acknowledged the sixth of the great Church Fathers. Founder of mystical theology and propagandist for celibacy, worship of Mary, doctrine of transubstantiation. Attempted to prove religious faith by a Bible for the poor having allegorical mystical expressions. Thomas Aquinas, 1224–74, completely emancipated the Church from the doctrines of Christ. He established the doctrine of transubstantiation, of indulgence, and of the infallibility of the pope.

12. The clergy has more than one-third of the revenues *d'icelny au royaume.*

13. Natural sciences, geography, and Greek literature were brought into Europe by the mendicant orders that settled in the Franconian principalities of Hellas. Albertus Magnus developed mathematics. Marco Polo's journey of discovery to China.

14. Paris, 1200; Naples, 1220; Rome, 1265; Oxford, 1249; Cambridge, 1229; Valencia, 1209; Salamanca, 1250; Coimbra, 1279.

15. Cimabue, Giotto, Nicolo Pisano.

16. Music developed by Adam della Halle.

17. Philip IV of France had Boniface VIII's ears boxed, and appealed to a general council. In 1308 the papal residence was transferred to Avignon.

18. Latin emperorship, 1204–61. The Roman Church drove out the Greek in 1200; since 280 Rome was no longer the capital of the empire.

19. Horace.

20. Conquest of Peloponnesus by the Franconians, as in times past by the Dorians. Numerous principalities, duchies, domains were established — as complicated a political system as that of ancient Hellas. Fortified castles like the buildings of the Atrides in ancient times. The Acropolis and the Cadmea were fortified and became princely residences.

21. From Hunnish Turkish elements on the northern edge of the Gobi Desert: Burgas, Kalkas, and Kalmuck.

22. 1175–1227.

23. A terrible Mohammedan sect directed against the Christian crusaders. Absolute obedience to the "Old Man of the Mountain," where Mohammed lived. Arch-enemy of all Christians. Established in 1108. Small sect still existing in the Lebanon mountains.

24. In Samaria, where significantly the giant Goliath is said to have been killed.

25. They became Mohammedans, except in China, where they became Buddhists.

26. The Arabian Eiubite dynasty, dating from Saladin, was overthrown in 1257. The Sultan Beybar, 1260–77, descended from the Golden Horde, married the daughter of the Khan. The Mamelukes were Circassians and Turks and mercenaries from all parts of the world.

27. In 1261 the last Caliph fled from Bagdad to Cairo, where his successors were powerless religious chiefs until, in 1532, the last Abbasside was deposed by the Turkish Sultan, who himself assumed the office of caliph until 1920.

THE FOUR EMPIRES

1. China

The Mongolian dynasty of Genghis Khan in 1264 conquered southern China; vainly attacked Japan in 1251; conquered Burma, Tongking, Tibet, and Korea; and died out in 1368.

Mongolia
1368, Kalhas Great Khans
1630, Kalmuck Great Khans
to 1757

2. Russia
1272, Islam
Golden Horde
1224–1480

Astrakhan
1466–1554

Kazan
1438–1552

Chiwa
1480

Bokhara
still exists

Khokand
still exists

Crimea
1420–1783

Western Siberia
1538, destroyed
by Cossacks

3. Iran
Ilkhan, 1335
Ilkhani, 1389
Timurides, 1448

4. Turkestan
1480 to Usbegs
Timur

India
Great Moguls
1505–1857

CHAPTER XXI

1. 1600–1789.

2. First example of absolute monarchy was that of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, 1231, a Norman state aiming at the complete destruction of feudalism through a weak-minded and unarmed people, able however to pay high taxes. Following the example of Mohammedan states the entire judicial and administrative power was centralized in the emperor (Jakob Burkhardt).

3. While the thirteenth century was enthusiastic in its admiration for Roman law and had mastered it thoroughly, the fourteenth century turned to the philosophy and literature of the ancients, unearthing their masterpieces everywhere. Franz Philelphus (died 1388) was the first teacher of classical literature; Baarlam (1296–1348) was the first to bring back the seeds of Greek learning to Rome.

4. Rome had but 17,000 inhabitants.

5. 1355, Emperor Charles IV of Luxemburg, father of Bohemia, and archstepfather of the Holy Roman Empire. He was allowed to enter Rome only for the day of the coronation. Disguised as a pilgrim, he visited the churches, was crowned by the Cardinal of Ostia, and immediately left for a hunting-party at Tivoli.

6. A.D. 1367, John VI, Palæologus; the Turks took Gallipoli, Adrianople, and Philippopolis. The East Roman Emperor was made tributary. Oppressed, he fled to the Pope asking for his aid against the Turks, as the Pope had once asked aid against the Lombards. The Emperor, whose predecessors had been superiors of the Pope in matters of faith, now became Roman Catholic. Documentary evidence shows that the last of the Palæologues in 1495 at Rome surrendered to Charles VIII of France his rights to Eastern Rome. Thus the East Roman imperial crown was voluntarily given to France, as in like manner (but against the protest of Eastern Rome) the Western Roman crown had been given to Charlemagne, the lord of the Frankish states.

7. Leo the Great, 440–61.

8. As at present Anuradhapura, the old capital of Ceylon, and the Maya capital in the primeval forest of Central America.

9. The Frangipani citadel was destroyed in 1238.

10. Erected by Claudius with splendid parks and fine foundations. There, A.D. 190, Emperor Commodus resided, and was assassinated in the subterranean passage leading to the Colosseum.

11. In the ancient Temple of Venus and Roma, a church in 847. Restored in 1216 after a fire, by Honorius III. In 1378 Gregory XI was interred there and in 1440 St. Francesca de Ponziani; since then the church has been called

S. Francesca Romana. In the adjoining monastery Franz Liszt afterwards lived.

12. Simon Magus, christened by the apostle Philip, was punished by Peter for wanting to buy the Holy Ghost with money (Acts of the Apostles, viii, 18). Together with Helena, his wife, he wandered through the Roman Empire performing miracles. He caused a sensation in Rome, where he made an aeronautic attempt and preached gnostic doctrines, morally weak.

13. 121 B.C., the first triumphal arch in Rome, in honour of the conqueror of the Allobroges, previously an old Arch of Janus, demolished in 1541, used in lime-kilns for St. Peter's Church, then being newly constructed.

14. The horses crowning it were in 1204 brought to St. Mark's from Constantinople by the Venetians. Taken to the Castle of San Angelo in 1916 and returned to Venice in 1919. This arch, found in 1863, has reliefs showing Trajan's crossing of the Danube.

15. Now walled up in the Bourse.

16. Constantius II, A.D. 663, perhaps stole the statue of Trajan. In 1868 a colossal finger from the left hand of the statue of Marcus Aurelius was found. The Normans in 1084 probably overturned the statue.

17. The tomb of Augustus was destroyed A.D. 1241. Now restored. The largest Roman concert-hall.

18. In 1478 Cardinal Christoforo delli Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV, was interred exactly at the place where Nero's body was buried. The mother of Cesare Borgia was buried beside him.

19. The patron saint of prostitutes taking the place of the ancient Roman Venus Erycina in her temple outside of the Cœlian gate.

20. Beginning of absolute monarchy. Fall of the Roman republic in 1398.

21. Petrarch in a later letter to Cola di Rienzi (the last sentence only).

CHAPTER XXII

1. For example: the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and the Eskimoes.

2. The Akka tribe of central Africa, the Kolaba of India, Veddahs of Ceylon. Dwarfs from the Andaman Islands, who even today do not know the use of fire (Hagenbeck).

3. Since they are expressions of culture, brief references to architectural works and sculpture are made; parallels may be found in other cultural spheres.

4. Veddahs.

5. Æolians, the mixed descendants of various races on Greek soil, Phœnicians, Hittites, Aryan Pelasgi, Egyptians, etc.

6. 1462, still shown as a relic of St. Peter.

7. Campanile of S. Sisto, 1500; ceiling of S. Maria Maggiore completed 1495; S. Marcello, the interior by Sansovino, 1519; reconstruction of SS. Nereo e Achilleo, façade and portico of SS. Apostoli, 1479; S. Maria del Popolo, 1477; S. Sabina, new, 1465; S. Prassede, 1455; S. Prisca, 1455; SS. Quatro Coronati; S. Onofrio; S. Lorenzo in Lucina; S. Panlateone was changed into S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini, 1510.

8. S. Giacomo degli Spagnoli, 1450; S. Salvatore in Lauro, 1450; Monastery of S. Croce near the Villa Mellini, S. Agostino, 1479; S. Maria in Montorio, 1477; S. Maria della Pace, 1484, for the Neapolitan victory; monastic palace of S. Pietro in Vincoli, 1479; S. Maria del Monserrato, 1495; S. Maria del Anima, 1500–14; S. Maria in Loreto, 1507; S. Giovanni in Eleo, according to plans of Bramante, 1509; S. Eligio dei Orefici, according to plans of Raphael, 1509; S. Damaso, according to plans of Bramante, at its new site, 1495. S. Trinità del Monte, 1495, founded by Charles VIII of France. Spanish parts, 1495; Swedish, at the entrance to the Piazza Farnese, German, 1500.

9. The first straight boulevard was the Royal Street at Alexandria, the present rue de la Rosette; it was the model of all Hellenic and Roman street-constructions, the mother of the Champs Elysées, of New York's Fifth Avenue, of Unter den Linden in Berlin. In the Campus Martius the Romans copied rectangular city constructions. The plans of Turin and Treves the Romans made as truly with the aid of a ruler as later Mannheim, the Friedrichstadt in Berlin, New York, and all modern cities have been planned. — Via Alessandrina (now Borgo Nuovo), 1499; Via Giulia, 1505; Via Lungarina, 1503; Via di Tor Saguigna, 1480, still extant.

10. In the Borgo Nuovo: palace of the physician-in-ordinary of Leo X, numbers 102–5; palace of the court physician of Leo X, number 106; 1475, palace of Cardinal Nardini, now Via Governo Vecchio, number 134; 1560, Palazzo Turci, now Via Governo Vecchio, number 124; 1457, Alexander VI, when cardinal, reconstructed the old Mint, making of it the Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini of today; 1460, Collegio Capranico (still extant); 1468, house of Lorenzo di Maxili, still on the Piazza del Pianto; 1475, Palazzo d'Estouteville (now Roman Seminary); 1489, Palazzo Capellaria, by Bramante, for Cardinal Riario; 1494, Palazzo Cancelleria, according to plans of Bramante; 1504, Palazzo Castellani, according to Bramante, now Giraud-Torlonia; Palazzo Cicciaporci, by Giulio Romano, now Banca di S. Spirito, number 9–15; Palazzo of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, now Piazza Agonale (now Palazzo Ornani); 1480, Palazzo dei Penitenziari for Cardinal delle Rovere; 1520,

Palazzo Niccolini, by Sansovino; 1509, Palazzo Chigi, by Raphael (now Via dei Banchi), at present a storehouse for wood; 1522, Palazzo Lanti, by Peruzzi; Palazzo Pio, on the Theatre of Pompey, by the nephew of Eugene IV, about 1440. Palazzo Doria of the dukes of Urbino on the Corso, 1435. Houses of citizens: Via dei Coronari, number 157, about 1400. Corner of Via del Pellegrino and di Monserrato. House of Vanozza, mother of Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia, Viccolo del Gallo, number 12. Characteristics: only two front windows in early storey; five window-frames and portals; for example: Palazzo Pietri; Piazza Pallarola, number 43, and Via Coronari, number 45. House painted on the outside; for example: Palazzo Ricci, Via S. Aurea, number 27, by Polidoro Caravaggio (Pastor: *Rom am Ende der Renaissance*). House of the procurator of the Church of S. Maria dell' Anima, Via dell' Anima, number 65.

11. Mantegna's pictures perished when the Belvedere was turned into a museum.

12. (1) Monti; (2) Trevi; (3) Colonna; (4) Marzo; (5) Ponte; (6) Parione; (7) Regola; (8) S. Eustachio; (9) Pigna; (10) Campitelli; (11) S. Angelo; (12) Ripa; (13) Trastevere; (14) Borgo.

13. In 1510 about 50,000 inhabitants; in 1521 about 55,000. Venice at that time had about 150,000; London, 150,000; Paris, 200,000.

14. Inn of the Bell: still on the Via Capellari; the host in 1479 was Johann Teufel; many German princes had quarters there; for example, Count Eberhard of Württemberg, with Reuchlin, 1482. — Viccolo del Gallo: still the Casa di Vanozza, mother of Cesare Borgia, who is said to have kept an inn here. Inn of the Sun: Via del Briscione, number 73, still existing; where the ambassador of France lodged in 1489.

15. Via de Capellari, Via de Giubbonari, Via de Pettenari.

16. S. Brigida, S. Tommaso, S. Monserrato.

17. Publishing house of Pannartz and Schweinheimer, 1465, previously in the monastery of Subiaco (windows in the first storey at the back may still be seen). Twenty printing houses in Rome at the time of Leo X. The first works printed were those of Cicero, Lactantius, and Augustine. 925 books had appeared before 1500.

Total production of books: (1) by Gutenberg by 1500: 40,000 early copies; (2) from 1500 to 1600: 570,000 volumes; (3) from 1600 to 1700: 1,250,000 volumes; (4) from 1700 to 1800: 2,000,000 volumes; (5) from 1800 to 1900: 8,250,000 volumes; from 1900 to 1922: 4,400,000 volumes. Only 5,000 of these works were of lasting value.

18. Johannes Müller from Königsberg. Commissioned by Sixtus IV to improve the calendar at Rome. "If his tools had only had a few technical improvements, he could have anticipated the discoveries of Galileo" (Bailly).

19. From the Golden House of Nero, above which the Baths of Titus and Trajan were built. Giovanni da Udine also studied there. From these subterranean vaults the word "grotesque" is derived, because statues and paintings were found in these "grottoes."

20. Pius II, 1458; Leo X, 1514.

21. In 1451 Alberti used columns of the Iseum for the construction of the Loggia of Benediction. Temple of Venus and Roma: lime-kiln. In 1484 the Temple of Hercules Æmilianus on the Forum Boarium was demolished for the construction of the Vatican Library. 1450: Temple of Venus Erycina in the gardens of Sallust; thirteen columns for the balustrade in S. Pietro in Montorio. Alexander VI partly demolished the Baths of Diocletian because the rabble sought shelter there. In 1498 Bramante used fifty columns of the curia of Pompey for the court of the Palazzo Riario.

22. The custom of taking possession of the Lateran, dating from the early Middle Ages, at one time exclusively determined the authority of the pope in case several were elected.

23. This symbol was used also during Roman triumphal processions, where a slave standing behind the conqueror constantly whispered to him: "*Tu es homo, non deus.*"

24. In 1506 Bramante had already begun to tear down half the ancient Lateran basilica as well as that of St. Peter.

25. In 1512 Michelangelo finished the painting of the Sistine Chapel; Raphael and Sodoma completed the frescos of the Villa Farnesina. In 1514 Leonardo da Vinci painted in S. Onofrio; in 1517 Piombo in S. Pietro in Montorio; in 1514 Raphael finished the Stanze and became architect of St. Peter's; he painted the Sibyls in S. Maria della Pace and in 1517 the tapestries for the Sistine Chapel.

26. His Orthodox Majesty of Poland complained because everything was treated *græca fide;* nothing was done gratis; everything had become venal and had to be paid for.

27. The Spanish-German mercenaries were recruited without money, solely with the hope of plundering Rome. Bourbon, their commander, having fallen, the troops entered the city without a leader. A month later the Pope surrendered in the Castle of San Angelo. All silver and gold, all tiaras, had to be melted together, for the ransom of four hundred thousand ducats. In the court of Damaso and in St. Peter's Church the soldiers lighted their watch-fires, and part of Raphael's tapestries were burned. All artists fled. As a result of the terrible massacres the population was reduced from 30,000 to 13,000. Plague and famine raged. Soldiers drank and threw dice on the altars. On February 17, 1528 the remaining army, consisting of only 1,300 men marched on to Naples. 17,000 perished through sickness, etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. The Greek Catholic Church was the third, having separated in 1054.
2. Rutilius.
3. Lichtenberg.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. In Babylonia, Judea, Egypt, China, and the Mohammedan states.

2. (a) Aristocracy of officials and classes (Eupatridæ, etc.): They claimed that since their occupations best developed the qualities of courage and intelligence, certain privileges should be theirs; yet they tried to suppress courage and intellectual and moral forces in other classes. (b) Aristocracy of age (Gerusia in Sparta, Areopagus, Roman senate, *Grafen*, counts, = the grey-haired): Had its origin in the assumption that those advanced in years make the best leaders of the people, because of their greater caution and experience. Being open to all, it is less detrimental to equality at law, but it has a paralysing influence on youthful initiative, since old age likes ease and hence is conservative. (c) Aristocracy of inherited nobility (Spartiates and Eupatridæ): It claims that only ancestral merits count and sustains itself by the monopoly of military authority.

3. Pericles.

4. Wat Tyler in England; during the reign of Charles V in France; in the Peasants' War in Germany.

5. France: Garde du Corps (1440–1830), Régiment de Flandre, Chasseurs de Lorraine, Scots. Pope: Corsicans, Swiss (since Nicholas V). Denmark: Holsteiners, Norwegians. Russia: Strelitzes, Opritschniks. Prussia: Trabantengarde (1542), Garde du Corps (1622–1918). Turkey: janizaries. Naples: Swiss (to 1860).

6. The petty princes of Italy and Germany and the so-called high nobility (not reigning) of the remaining countries, their last movements being suppressed in France by the War of the Fronde. In 1660 the kings of Denmark became absolute. In Spain the aristocracy had been suppressed as early as Charles V. In England since 1660 (Charles II and absolutism). In Sweden the nobility was made dependent by the *coup d'état* of Gustavus III in 1770.

7. Entire façades seemed to oscillate, gables rose in power, and all lines became curves of whirling motion. Lively multiplicity, and loosening of all mass effects.

8. The fine tendril-like ornament of the Renaissance was superseded by

vases and brackets covered with foliage, by chubby-faced cherubs projecting from cornices, by snail-shaped designs; strangely fantastic cartouches, decorative emblems, escutcheons, and small heraldic figures were scattered everywhere.

9. Il Gesù, S. Andrea delle Fratte, S. Carlo alle Quattre Fontane.

10. Villa Aldobrandini, Mondragone, Borghese, Doria-Pamfili, Conti-Torlonia.

11. Pheasantries and orangeries.

12. Florescence of poisonings, camarillas, and duels.

13. Ludovico Viadana's and Orazio Benevoli's beautiful melodic chant in place of the old counterpoint.

14. Shakspere, Lope da Vega, Calderón, Corneille, Molière, Racine.

15. The so-called "scientismo" in the forms of Marinism in Italy, the "*précieux*" period in France, gongorism in Spain, and euphuism in England. All repellent in their extravagant affectation and emotionalism. Salvator Rosa (1650) was the first to bring about reaction.

16. A post station was there as early as A.D. 300. Ignatius de Loyola had his famous vision there in 1537.

17. *Sedia di vetturino*, still used in the time of Winckelmann and Goethe.

18. About 8,000 clergy to 150,000 inhabitants; men all wore the dress of abbés.

19. June 27.

20. Born 1601 in Geisa, near Fulda; professor at Würzburg; later professor of mathematics at Rome; died 1680. His fine museum is still in the Collegio Romano.

21. 1689, but without success.

22. 1625: 110,000; 1633: 105,000; 1656: 120,000.

23. Coffee was first grown in Yemen, Arabia. Brought to Constantinople in 1534; 1624 to Venice; 1660 Café Greco, Via Condotti number 86, still extant. Until 1817 coffee was unknown in Württemberg.

24. *Notizie Scritte*, first European newspaper in Venice. The fee paid for reading was called *gazetta* (reading of the papers).

25. Built in 1564 by Michelangelo in place of the closed ancient Porta Nomentana; the escutcheon of Pius IV was cut from a column of the ancient Porticus Boni Eventus behind the Pantheon.

26. "*Lettigha*" from Latin "*lectica*" — large litters drawn by small Sicilian horses, with silk curtains instead of windows.

27. Immortalized by Guido Reni in his painting "Aurora." The English king still uses Isabella horses at the opening of Parliament.

28. Her debts swallowed everything. The Vatican obtained her magnificent library for the ridiculous sum of eight thousand talers. The picture-gallery,

after passing through several hands, was bought by the Duke of Orléans, regent of France, for ninety thousand talers. From the Palais Royal, it was taken to England in 1848 by Louis-Philippe. Statues and medals fell to Odescalchi, a relative of the Pope.

29. Urban VIII entirely surrounded with walls that part of Rome which lay on the right side of the Tiber. He had 120 cannons for San Angelo cast from the bronze roof of the Pantheon porticus. The Romans cried out: "*Quod non fecere Barbari fecerunt Barbarini.*"

30. Since 1644 this, the highest, civic office was purely decorative. The senator was permitted to adorn his coat of arms with a crown and the horses of his coach were allowed to wear black ostrich plumes. The senator was no longer chosen from the nobility.

31. Also true of the Circus Maximus of the Renaissance period, when Cesare Borgia in 1500 produced the *Triumph of Cæsar.*

32. Many German inns, Genoese *osteria,* Swiss pastry-shops, forges and locksmiths from Friuli. Today, also, Rome is the only capital without industries, factories, and a proletarian working-class.

33. Now Bonaparte, erected 1660, where in 1836 the mother of Napoleon died.

34. Begun about 1417; finished by Michelangelo.

35. Wonderful fireworks, introduced by Michelangelo, once set off by Bernini from the cupola of St. Peter's; but since then discontinued because of the danger; they are now set off on the first Sunday in June in celebration of "Constitution Day" from the Piazza del Popolo, the Pincio, or elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXV

1. The Marquise de Maintenon to her guest, Peter the Great in 1715.

2. Hoop-skirt.

3. For example: The Prussia of the soldier king. The monastery of Mafra in Portugal, in celebration of the birth of an heir apparent in 1717; 45,000 workmen; it cost 85 millions, ruining the empire for ever. Castle Christiansburg in Denmark, 1730–46, built at a cost of twenty-seven tons of gold. The King introduced the strict observance of the Sabbath along Jewish ideas; during the whole of his reign no festivities were allowed to take place; he never spoke Danish; his family adored him almost as divine. The rural population was not permitted to leave the estates, but was chained to the soil for life. In Russia the orgies of Catharine II, of Elizabeth; the villages of

Potemkin; the reign of mistresses in France; Maria Theresa's moral government in Vienna, etc. No nobleman was permitted to leave Savoy without the permission of the king of Sardinia.

4. For example: Holsteiners and Norwegians in Denmark; Germans, Swiss, Scots in France; Germans in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; Corsicans and Swiss with the pope; Christian janizaries in Turkey; Cossacks in Russia, etc.

5. Menshikoff, a baker's boy, tutor of the heir apparent, sold his mistress to Peter the Great, who made her his empress; 1706, Duke of Ingermanland; 1727, imperial administrator. Died in Siberia. Struensee, son of a clergyman, autocratic minister in Denmark, and lover of the Queen, did not know any Danish. Died on the gallows. Alberoni, gardener from Parma, regent of Spain, and cardinal. Jud Süss, autocratic minister of Württemberg, died in a cage hanging to the gallows. An Englishman for many years was the first minister in Naples and Sicily. Cardinal Coscia, a simple clerk, was imprisoned in the Castle of San Angelo because of swindling schemes involving millions.

6. In 1739 the Capitoline Museum was founded by the collection of imperial statues; 1748, Egyptian Museum; 1749, picture-gallery; 1750, Galeria del Nudo. From 1750 to 1800 the following students attended the public life-model school; 24 French, 25 German, 16 Flemish, 8 Swiss, 8 Portuguese, 5 English, 4 Polish, 2 Russians. Gifts: 1741, "Boy with a Goose"; 1744, "Flora"; 1745, "Satyr"; 1749, "Cupid and Psyche"; 1752, Capitoline Venus. Compare Noack: *Deutsche in Rom.*

7. Founded by Louis XIV. 1725–1800, in the present Palazzo Salviati; since 1800 in the Villa Medici, on the Pincio.

8. Before her Raphael Mengs painted there (1752–7); later Piloty (1858–9) and Lenbach (1858–9).

9. He had painted the Stanza dei Papiri in the Vatican and the "Parnassus" in the Villa Albani in 1761. Wealthy and honoured, like Raphael, he died in 1799 and was interred in S. Michele in Sassia.

10. 43 statues, 70 busts, 144 reliefs. In 1807 the greater part of them were taken to Paris.

11. Charles III of Naples, 1744; Elector of Cologne, 1724, in Via del Tritone, number 60; Joseph II, 1769 and 1783; Duchess Amalia of Weimar, 1788–9; Emperor Charles VII, when elector, 1722, Palazzo Angeli, Via Tritone, number 60; the later Prince-primate Dalberg, 1763, Margrave of Bayreuth, Palazzo Vidoni, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, number 2, 1755; Czar Paul I Hotel Condra, on the Piazza di Spagna, 1782. Compare Noack: *Deutsche in Rom.*

12. Charles de Brosse, 1730.

13. Special train-bearers of the cardinals.

14. Letter to Frau von Stein, April 7, 1786.

15. Maria Pezelli. The *salons* of the Countess Cheffarini and Lady Montagu also were famous.

16. Via Condotti, begun 1660; since 1800 Café Tedesco, frequented by Schopenhauer, Wagner, etc.

17. Letter to Duke Charles Augustus, dated April 2, 1788.

CHAPTER XXVI

1. Two hundred thousand inhabitants.

2. Emperor Francis I of Austria and his wife, who in 1819, together with Prince Metternich, lived in the Quirinal; Christian VIII of Denmark and his wife, 1819 to 1821; Prince Hardenberg, 1821; Freiherr von Stein, 1820, in the Hotel d'Allemagne; Crown Prince, later King Louis I of Bavaria, in the Villa Malta, fifty-four times; Frederick William III of Prussia and Prince William (later Emperor William I), 1822, with the Humboldt brothers in the Albergo di Londra, Piazza d'Espagna; Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia and King Frederick August II of Saxony, Palazzo Cafarelli, 1828; Crown Prince Alexander of Russia in the Palazzo Odescalchi on the Corso, 1830; King John I of Saxony, 1838, in the Palazzo Firenze; Czar Nicolas I, 1845; King Max II of Bavaria, Villa Malta, 1863; the later Emperor Frederick III and his wife, together with the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), Palazzo Cafarelli, 1862. Compare Noack: *Deutsche in Rom.*

3. Succeeding Niebuhr, Bunsen in 1823 became Prussian chargé d'Affaires at the Vatican.

4. Gregorovius, 1861–74, Via Gregoriana 13; Leopold von Ranke, 1828–30, Tor de Specchi; Mommsen, 1844; Gsell-Fels, 1844; Jakob Burkhardt, 1846; Baedeker, 1856; von Reumont, 1858, Villa Malta; Brentano, 1823–7, Via Gregoriana 46; Ludwig Tieck, 1805, Via Quirinale 21; Willibald Alexis, 1847; Andersen, 1833, Via Purificatione; Platen 1826–8, Via Sistina 107; Hermann Grimm, 1862; Gervinus, 1832; Cotta, 1817–19; Freiherr von Stein, 1820–1, Hotel Allemagne; Mendelssohn, 1831–2, Piazza d'Espagna; Moltke, 1846; Böcklin, 1862–6, Via Babuino 68; Kaulbach, 1835, Via Margretta 53; Schwanthaler, 1826–7, Via Sistina 107; Peter Cornelius, 1835, Palazzo Bonnacorsi on the Corso; Begas, 1856–7, Via Sistina 121; Lenbach, 1863–4, Via Sistina 134; Ludwig Richter, 1823–6, Via Porta Pinciana 3, I; Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Via Porta Pinciana 37; August von Goethe, 1830, Via Porta Pinciana 17; Liszt, 1863–4, Via Sistina 113; Feuerbach, 1867–73, Via S. Nicolo del Tolentino 72; Leo Klenze, 1848; Schwindt,

1835; Rethel, 1844–5; Achenbach, 1850; Piloty, 1858, Via Sistina 58; Hans von Marée, 1864; Horace Vernet, 1831. Compare Noack: *Deutsche in Rom.*

CHAPTER XXVII

1. Legends of the fourteenth century say that when the senate desired to erect an altar to Augustus (he had the Ara Pacis), the latter appealed to the Sibyl of Tivoli. When he heard her reply, the heavens opened and he beheld the Mother of God on a celestial altar. A voice cried: "This is the Virgin who will beget the Saviour of the world! This is the altar of the Son of God." This legend has some connexion with Virgil's *Eclogues:* "A new scion comes from the heights of heaven." Hence Augustus had the Ara Primogeniti Dei erected on the Arx.

2. Mussolini's own words on the Capitol.

3. As in Berlin, since 1870, the new imperial capital, where as early as 1888 there was a crisis in building operations. In 1897 a municipal deficit of seven millions.

4. Gas used generally since 1891, on the Corso as early as 1854. Electric wiring runs along the Aqua Marcia as far as the distributing tower at the Porta Pia. Electric light, 1886.

5. Ponte Garibaldi, 1889; Margherita, 1892; Vittorio Emanuele, 1893; Umberto, 1895.

6. 1870, last great flood; and tablet on the Church of S. Maria Minerva.

7. Mons Acceptorius = Monte Citorio, so called for the popular assembly of the centurial comitiæ that met in the neighbourhood (Sæpta); "*accipere,*" proposing of a bill. Palace, 1650, on the former Ustrina, the crematory of the emperors since the time of the Antonines. "The first, on a large scale, of the temporal buildings of Rome." A parliamentary hall was formed by putting a roof over the court.

8. Beneath the Ministry of War: villa of Consul O. Valerius Vegetus, A.D. 91, and villa of Consul Vulcacius Rufinus (the uncle of Emperor Julian), A.D. 368. On the Esquiline: villa of Næratius Cærealis, A.D. 358, with private baths (1873). Beneath the Aquarium: Castra Fontanorum, 1885. On the Tiber: granaries and grave of Galba, whose father was consul in 108 B.C. When regulating the Tiber: Youthful Bacchus, Minerva with ægis, Venus Marrone, Apollo copied after Phidias (all in the Museo Nazionale). On the Tiber: In the ancient grove of Poetelinus (Æsculetum?): sacrificial altar. When building the Ministry of Finance: Porta Collina and Ager Sceleratus discovered.

9. 1897 in the Vatican.

10. 1925, tearing down of the macaroni-mills, and re-erection of the circus.

11. The Pantheon stands where the first Roman king, Romulus, is said to have ascended to heaven. In the Campus Martius — a possession of the kings — the ancient kings were interred; later also Sulla, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and all emperors to Nerva.

12. A promise of Mussolini in 1924. By voluntary agreement with the clergy the monastery of the Annunciates on the Forum of Augustus will be razed. Also a trend of modern times. On the birthday of Rome, April 21, 1925, the dedication by the King took place; houses built on the ruins of the Ulpian Library have also been acquired by the state and will be razed (1925).

13. Additional new churches: Sacro Cuore di Gesù in Via S. Lorenzo, 1887; S. Giacchino ai Prati, by Leo XIII; S. Thomas degli Inglesi, rebuilt 1870; S. Marcello in Corso restored; etc. Other denominations were then permitted to build churches in Rome: as, in 1879, the American Church, Via Nazionale; 1874, English Church near S. Silvestro in Capite.

14. Wrongly called Minerva Medica, built 82 B.C. by Sulla after his victory over Marius, or by Augustus for his grandsons, G. and L. Cæsar, or not until A.D. 263 as a nymphæum. As late as 1828 in perfect condition; many famous statues.

15. April 21, 1925; since 1923 the national Italian festival, reintroduced during the Renaissance by Pomponius Lætas.

16. Built about A.D. 350 by the *gens* Pincia, for whom the whole district was named; about A.D. 500 Theodoric the Great took its marble decorations to Ravenna. A.D. 537 Belisarius lived there and deposed Pope Sylvester II. Now about the location of the Hotel Excelsior in Via Veneto.

17. Vanozza, mistress of Alexander VI, the latter buried in 1889 in S. Maria in Monserrato.

18. Poussin, 1613–75; Lorrain, 1650–82; the latter interred first in Trinità del Monte and in 1840 at S. Luigi dei Francesi. Poussin lived on the Piazza di Spagna S. Trinità; Lorrain, Via Sistina 63, where he died.

19. The first to do so was Pope Pius XI in 1923.

20. In mediæval times it was believed that the ball crowning it enclosed Cæsar's ashes. Sixtus V, 1589, encased a piece of wood from the cross of Golgotha in the golden cross.

21. Mussolini.

22. Mussolini on the birthday of Rome in 1924, when he became *civis Romanus.*

23. Built, A.D. 608, in honour of the East Roman Emperor Phocas — the last monument erected on the Forum. Excavated in 1813 at the expense of the Duchess of Devonshire. Forty-five feet high.

24. The illumination of the Colosseum on the birthday of Rome.

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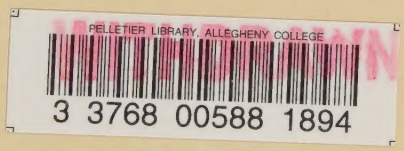
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